Liberty

SEPT. 23, 1944

10c

Book: THE CORPSE CAME C.O.D.

A Hollywood Whodunit

HOW THE ARMY HANDLES THE G.I. VOTE

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
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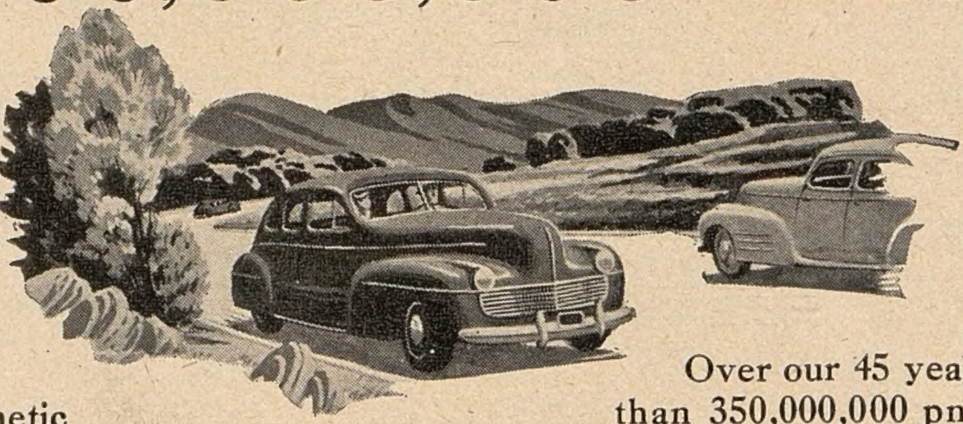


IT'S natural to think of these Goodyear synthetic rubber passenger car tires pictured here as brand-new products hustled into being by the emergencies of war.

That's true only in part -- no more true, for example, than to think that rubber is all it takes to make a tire good or its performance satisfactory.

How much manufacturing skill matters, how much design and construction count in the final result, can be seen in the vast mileage differences between tires of earlier days and now, though both were made of rubber.

The fact is, what you do with rubber, or with synthetic rubber, or with cotton or rayon or other material, is of far greater importance in the long run than the material itself.

Considering this, we sharpened a pencil to puzzle out approximately how much experience is behind the big, tough, springy Goodyear synthetic rubber tires now being made available for essential civilian use.

Over our 45 years we've made more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires—the world's record — and, taking into account the short life of early tires, we took a nominal figure as a rough average mileage.

Even on that basis, the stalwart Goodyear synthetic rubber tire your Goodyear dealer rolls out for you to look at now, has something like 4,200,000,000,000 miles of Goodyear "know-how" behind it.

Certainly that keeps it from being a "Johnny-come-lately," and if you try these tires our judgment is they'll so satisfy you that you'll call our figuring too low.

LIFEGUARD—A PRODUCT OF GOODYEAR RESEARCH

Only sure protection against the danger of blowouts is the LifeGuard, Goodyear's safety inner tube. It makes the worst tire failure as harmless as a slow leak. Some Goodyear dealers still have a limited supply. Get them if you can—for peace of mind, safety and economy.

GOODYEAR RESEARCH

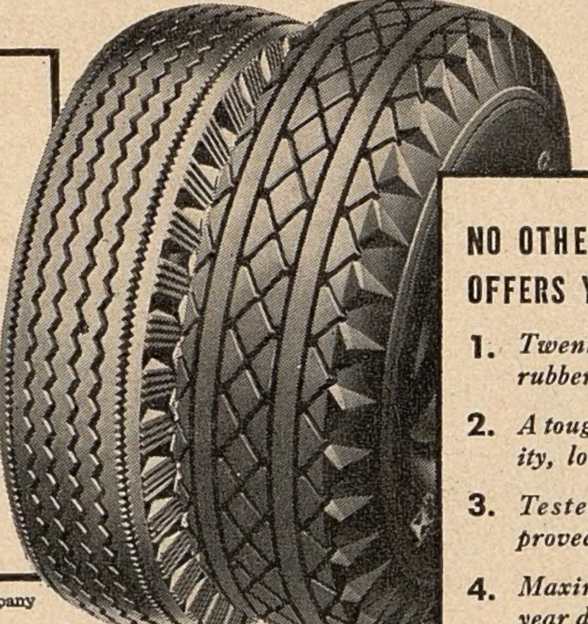
Another reason for choosing Goodyears

177,810 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE—AT YOUR SERVICE

GOODYEAR TIRES

Next to quality, competent service counts most in getting full performance from tires. Goodyear dealers comprise the largest, most efficient, veteran tire service group in the world.

Supertwist, LifeGuard—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



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BUY FOR KEEPS

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1. *Twenty years' experience with synthetic rubber*
2. *A tough, sturdy carcass of prewar quality, low stretch Supertwist cord*
3. *Tested non-skid safety from time-proved Goodyear tread design*
4. *Maximum wear from scientific Goodyear design that keeps tread under compression*
5. *Greater experience and skill evidenced by Goodyear's record in building more than 350,000,000 pneumatic tires—millions more than any other manufacturer*

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

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You Think of Your Throat and Lungs?

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THROAT
LUNGS
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Exclusive with Royal Duke
SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

You Owe it to Yourself to have its protection

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

This Laughing, Loving Story of the Brooklyn Nolans Is the Nation's Smash Hit!

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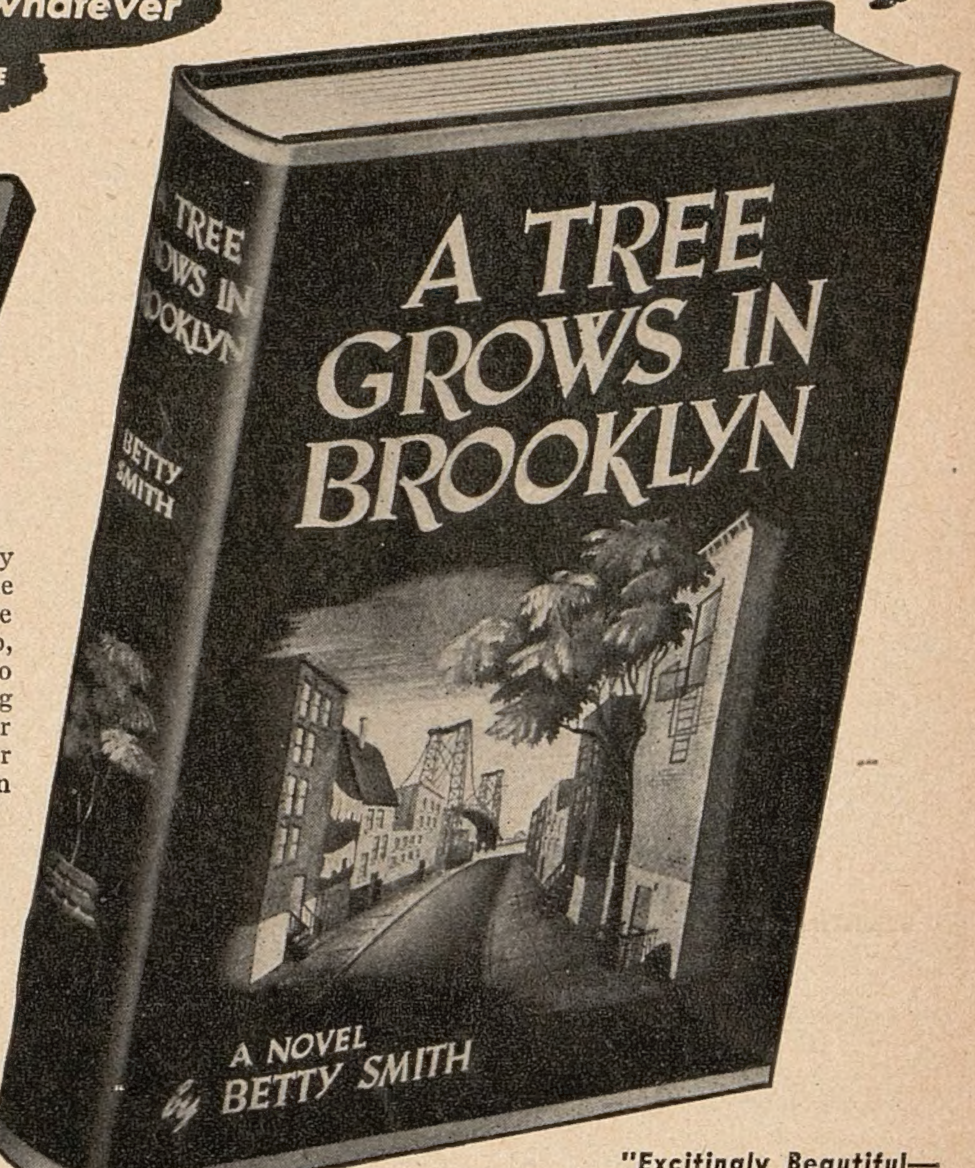

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn is the story of the Nolans, a family like many others in the Williamsburg section. Francie, the daughter of the family, learned in her early years that the simple things of life—getting enough to eat, having a place to sleep, keeping clothed and being able to go to school—were not easy to get. But to Francie and her brother Neeley, the world was a shining place and every day too short for the adventures it held. From her seat on the fire escape, Francie could see into the rooms of her neighbors and knew as much about them as she did about her own family. Her father was a singing waiter who didn't always bring home the money he earned, but to the Nolans, poor as they were, money was not too important as long as they had each other.

Francie's life story is the story of a city girl who grew into beautiful womanhood because she chose to make life give her its glorious things, because she knew she could have them if she chose. Reading *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* is a rich experience. It is a book to own and enjoy and remember. A FREE copy will be sent you as soon as you join the Dollar Book Club—which you can do merely by mailing the coupon below.

"Excitingly Beautiful— *one of the outstanding fiction works of the year, perhaps, many years."—Chicago Sun.*

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Again America has given Americans a new treasure! A virgin forest, deep in North Carolina, now sends out pipes astonishingly light in weight, remarkably sweet-smoking! Ask your dealer to let you weigh a Breezewood pipe in your hand—then buy one, and discover America's big success story in pipe-smoking pleasure! Ask for the pipe from the Great Smokies—Breezewood!

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I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

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The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

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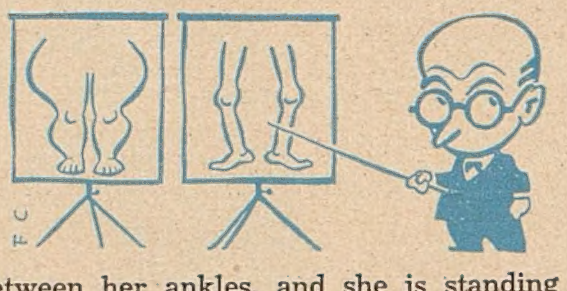
VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

BEAUTIFUL LEGS EXPERT

Army Airfield, Ardmore, Okla.—On the Camera Eye page of August 12 Liberty, I saw one really awful-looking pair of legs, and yet the owner of them (Miss Janice Hansen of Union City, N. J.) won a $1,000 bond and bested 6,000 other pairs of legs as well. I've lived in New Jersey (New Brunswick) for twenty-two years, and now wonder what happened to the legs I used to see there. If they're all worse than those pictured, the girls must be getting to look pretty bad.

Any girl should know that with her ankles touching, there should be only two places where the legs do not touch—just below the knees, and just above the ankles. Now, although the girl pictured has her knees touching, there is an inch of space between her thighs, two inches of space between her calves, at least four inches between her ankles, and she is standing on the outsides of her feet.



Now I ask you, and the others who saw the picture—do they really look like the best pair of legs in 6,000?—*Amazed and Bewilderedly yours, John M. Karl.*

ONE FOR ROOSEVELT

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—I agree with your August 12 editorial (Let's Continue to Debate the True Issue) except where you say the responsibility of the last depression is not an issue.

We veterans of World War I cannot forget that it was the Republican President Herbert Hoover who ordered troops out with tear-gas bombs, etc., to drive our brothers out of Washington when they went there to ask that their bonus be paid.

We workers cannot forget that it was the laissez-faire attitude of a Republican Congress that refused to adopt the World Court and the League of Nations. We cannot forget that it was during the administrations of Harding, Coolidge, et al., 253 ships of our Navy were scrapped, and the finest merchant marine in the world allowed to rot in our ports.

You say Mr. Dewey's mustache is not an issue. No; but the interests that are behind Mr. Dewey are an issue—the interests that blocked any legislation for the workingman for a century.

Why in Sam Hill, if the Republican party are so much interested in the Common Man, did they not put into force the many social and economic reforms that the Democrats have in the past eleven years? They were in control from Lincoln's time, except for the terms of Cleveland and Wilson.

As to our being in the war, if it had not been for Republican opposition, we would have been prepared, which would have saved thousands of lives and millions of dollars.—*Thomas M. Street.*

ONE FOR DEWEY

Brookings, S. D.—We buy Liberty every week and always read Vox Pop with a great deal of interest to see what the pro-Rooseveltites will be able to think of next in defense of the "commander in chief."

If Mr. Roosevelt isn't careful, someone may take that soldier business seriously and the Secretary of War would have to forbid him to campaign while on active duty.

The New Dealers object to the pre-war isolationists on the ground that they were a little slow in catching on to what was happening in the world. By the same token, I would like to object to their re-hashing of the elections of twenty and twenty-five years ago. After all, this time it is Dewey versus Roosevelt; Harding and Wilson are not in the running.

If it weren't for numerous other things against him, the fact that the C. I. O. Political Action Committee is backing Roosevelt would be enough to cause any rational American—who cares more for the future of the U. S. than he does for the next dollar the New Deal might give him—to vote for Tom Dewey.—*Julia Maher.*

AND ONE FENCE SITTER

Lenox, Iowa—I voted for Roosevelt the first time he ran for office as President, but I haven't voted for him since. I would not vote for Roosevelt and I won't vote for Dewey either—*Mrs. Jess Toland.*

HARSH WORDS

Cody, Wyo.—In regard to Lew Stoner's letter in your August 5 Vox Pop, I am surprised that if some one who thinks he is such a *he man* uses so many swear words in a letter, you publish it. I've noticed that especially since the war the papers are filled with more of this trashy language.

If what a person has to say is important enough to listen to, then people will listen without all this swearing.—*Mrs. Lawrence Bailey.*

Redondo Beach, Calif.—Received your card expressing regret for lack of space to print my letter in Vox Pop. If you would eliminate the "cuss" words in the other letters, there would be more space for

(*Continued on page 13*)

How a Larger Vocabulary Can Bring You Quicker Advancement

Why are you more likely to get ahead in life if you acquire a larger vocabulary? And how can you acquire one—in an interesting new way, and in only 15 minutes a day? Here are the answers:

A FEW YEARS AGO a well-known authority, with the co-operation of a faculty-member of a large university, conducted an interesting experiment. He gave certain carefully planned vocabulary-tests to high school freshmen, college freshmen, college graduates, college professors, and major business executives. Here are the results: High School Freshmen, 76 errors; College Freshmen, 42 errors; College Graduates, 27 errors; College Professors, 8 errors; AND MAJOR BUSINESS EXECUTIVES, ONLY 7 ERRORS!

DR. WILFRED FUNK

is the well-known author and lexicographer, for 16 years President of the famous dictionary-making firm of Funk and Wagnalls. His collaborator, Mr. Norman Lewis, is a well-known author of text-books and teacher of English.

In summarizing the results of the experiment (*in a 7-page article which appeared in* THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY) this expert said: "Why do large vocabularies characterize executives and possibly outstanding men and women in other fields? The final answer seems to be that words are the instruments by means of which men and women grasp the thoughts of others and with which they do much of their own thinking. They are the tools of thought. "The large vocabularies of successful individuals come before success rather than after . . . An exact and extensive vocabulary is an important concomitant of success."

What the Army and Navy Have Found

In both the Army and the Navy a man's rating in his vocabulary-quizzes overshadows any other single test in deciding his advancement! And at Stanford University, to cite another example, it was found that vocabulary tests are 90% as accurate in determining a person's intelligence quotient as the Stanford-Binet I. Q. tests.

Of course, despite what these tests show, it would be an exaggeration to say that just as soon as a person enlarges his vocabulary he hops right into an important executive position; or that the person with a limited vocabulary can never get anywhere in life!

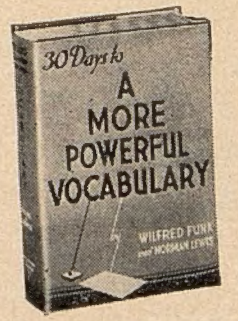
But it **would** be fair to say that the person who does increase his vocabulary, and learns the exact meanings of the new words he acquires, has a much greater opportunity of advancing himself than the person who does not. In fact, out of a group of 100 young men, also tested by the same previously mentioned authority, all of those who passed in the upper 10% had obtained executive positions 5 years later—**while not a single young man of the LOWER 25% had become an executive!**

How to Acquire a Larger Vocabulary—in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

You have probably **always** wanted to increase your vocabulary. But perhaps you have been hoping to find a way to do it that would be interesting and still take only a few minutes a day of your time. If that is the case, then the method you have been seeking has now been discovered FOR you—by the well-known lexicographer, Dr. Wilfred Funk (for 16 years President of the famous dictionary-making firm of Funk and Wagnalls) and his collaborator, Mr. Norman Lewis.

Since this method really **makes it fun** to learn new words it is no wonder that the new book which tells about it—entitled **"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary"**—has become a NATION-WIDE BEST-SELLER! OVER 100,000 COPIES HAVE ALREADY BEEN SOLD! This book is divided into 30 delightful daily chapters. Each day you spend 15 enjoyable minutes with it—and it does for you, and for your vocabulary, the things you will read about in the 30 little boxes shown here.

You'll Enjoy Yourself With This Book



"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary" does many more things than merely add words to your speaking and writing "toolbox." It digs into your present vocabulary, and roots out the mispronunciations you have been making for years. It tells you the intensely interesting stories behind many of our words, so that you'll understand them better, use them more expressively. You will find scores of tests for checking yourself—even a whole section that will make a lively parlor game for your friends!

If you will enjoy yourself with this unique volume for just 15 minutes a day and for just 30 days—you will (as proven by tests) acquire more new and **useful** words than the average adult does in 25 years.

What This Book Will Do For You:

1. How you may talk and write your way to greater business success and social position.
2. A series of fascinating tests showing whether your language helps or handicaps you.
3. Why world-leaders, business heads, successful men and women, all have powerful vocabularies.
4. How increasing your vocabulary develops your mind and imagination; leads you to success.
5. The explosive power of words; how they can win or lose a friend or job. How to choose dynamic verbs.
6. How to add words to your vocabulary, while at movies, listening to radio, reading newspapers, or books.
7. Why these Latin word-roots multiply your vocabulary so amazingly.
8. Ten fascinating quizzes which "nail down" your three weeks' progress.
9. Why neither age nor any lack of education need handicap you in gaining a mastery of words.
10. How to find exactly the right words to express your innermost feelings and ideas.
11. Why day by day your expanding vocabulary builds self-confidence; lends new color to your personality; increases your popularity.
12. Easy, entertaining methods that, in 30 days, will give you more new words than the average person acquires in 25 years.
13. Hints or words ending in "ology"; and how using them erroneously can be so embarrassing.
14. Seventeen ways to describe what people are like; how to avoid hackneyed expressions when doing so.
15. Seventeen other ways to define accurately the faults of human beings; and how to avoid the commonplace in your conversation.
16. How you help to create the American language; and the way in which slang attains respectability.
17. A surprise test that shows the progress you have already made in increasing your vocabulary.
18. How to capture personalities in words, making them and yourself more interesting to others.
19. Why adjectives add flavor to your language; and how to use them more effectively.
20. How words can make you appear brilliant or ignorant; and how to turn them into your slaves.
21. Learning scientific words in common usage which everyone should know how to pronounce correctly.
22. A quiz challenge that will test your wit in guessing at word meanings.
23. You learn a group of vital words that describe you and your personality.
24. How to remember the words you learn, so that progress you make through this book will never be lost.
25. Simple exercises on French phrases which will make your speaking or writing more engaging.
26. Ten words that define and describe the kinds of words we use, and how to know specifically into which classification words fall.
27. Some interesting examples of how words are built and how they "unfold"; how to use them to impress others, without being a show-off.
28. Here are some simple classic "roots" which will quickly and automatically increase your language-power.
29. A fascinating sketch showing how words change their meanings; how our language shifts, changes, grows.
30. Thirty tests to prove how far you have come! How to make vocabulary-building a lifetime habit. Complete index and pronunciation key.

"I Like This Book Immensely"

In an interesting review written for the **Springfield (Mass.) Union**, *Mr. A. L. S. Wood writes:*

"This book is really something. It goes at the business of giving you a better command of English in a novel way. You'll master not only a number of words, but use them properly, and improve not only your speech but your thinking.

"The more you know about words the better you will get along. For life depends upon thought; thought must precede action. The clearer our thinking, the more effective our acts. We cannot think clearly unless we think in words.

"I like this book immensely. In 30 days it really would give you a more powerful vocabulary. It will give almost anyone a better understanding of his language, a closer grasp of its infinite variety, and a greater love for it."

EXAMINE IT 5 DAYS FREE

It costs only a postage stamp to have this book delivered to you for FREE EXAMINATION. No money need be sent now. **"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary"** will be sent to you with the understanding that you may keep it for 5 days. If, even in that short time, you do NOT feel that this book offers you the most interesting way to increase your vocabulary you have ever seen or heard of—then simply return the book to us without the slightest obligation. Otherwise, it is yours to keep for only two dollars, plus few cents postage.

Get into this fascinating book without delay—and **out** of it you'll get the kind of mastery of words that will mean much to you all your life! The number of words you know and can use correctly is the most important single measurement by which others judge your ability. Therefore, a better command of words will not only help you get ahead faster; it will also give you assurance, build your self-confidence, lend color to your personality, increase your popularity. So mail the Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. 99, 354 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

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No wonder you caught cold that day

(You'd lost your shirt at the races)

Then someone gave you a tip about KOOLS

(And you tried a pack)

If they turned out to be a winner then

(When your throat was raw)

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

UNION MADE

It's a Sure Thing you'll like 'em all the time!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

—for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

NEXT WEEK

THE GHOST TALKS

By Charles Michelson
Liberty's Book Condensation

These lively reminiscences by the veteran publicity director of the Democratic National Committee are a liberal education in practical politics. No one knows better than "Charley" Michelson how Presidents are made, "palace favorites" rise and fall, and history is written by quirks of human nature.

WILL THE ATLANTIC CHARTER APPLY IN THE PACIFIC?

By George Howes

Will freedom really come to Asiatic peoples when we have tossed the Japs out? Here's an analysis of the policy of America and her allies regarding erstwhile colonies.

RUSSIA'S WIZARD OF WAR

By Captain John H. Craige

Behind the gigantic Soviet offensive is one of the great "brain" generals of this war—and possibly of all time. The story of Russia's "unknown soldier."

YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH THE JUDGE

By Lloyd Shearer

For nearly twenty-five years, Kenesaw Mountain Landis has held the power of life and death over baseball. Yet fans still know little about him personally. Meet "the Jedge."

SEVENTH AVENUE VENUS

By Keith Ayling

For pin-up girls you can't beat the sample models of New York's wholesale dress business. They've got everything—including the pins!

AVIATION'S BIG QUESTION MARK

By Russell Porter

An argument which vitally affects every citizen is raging over how we shall organize our postwar international flying. Here's the succinct story of what it's all about.

EASY THERE, EDDIE!

By Thyra Samter Winslow

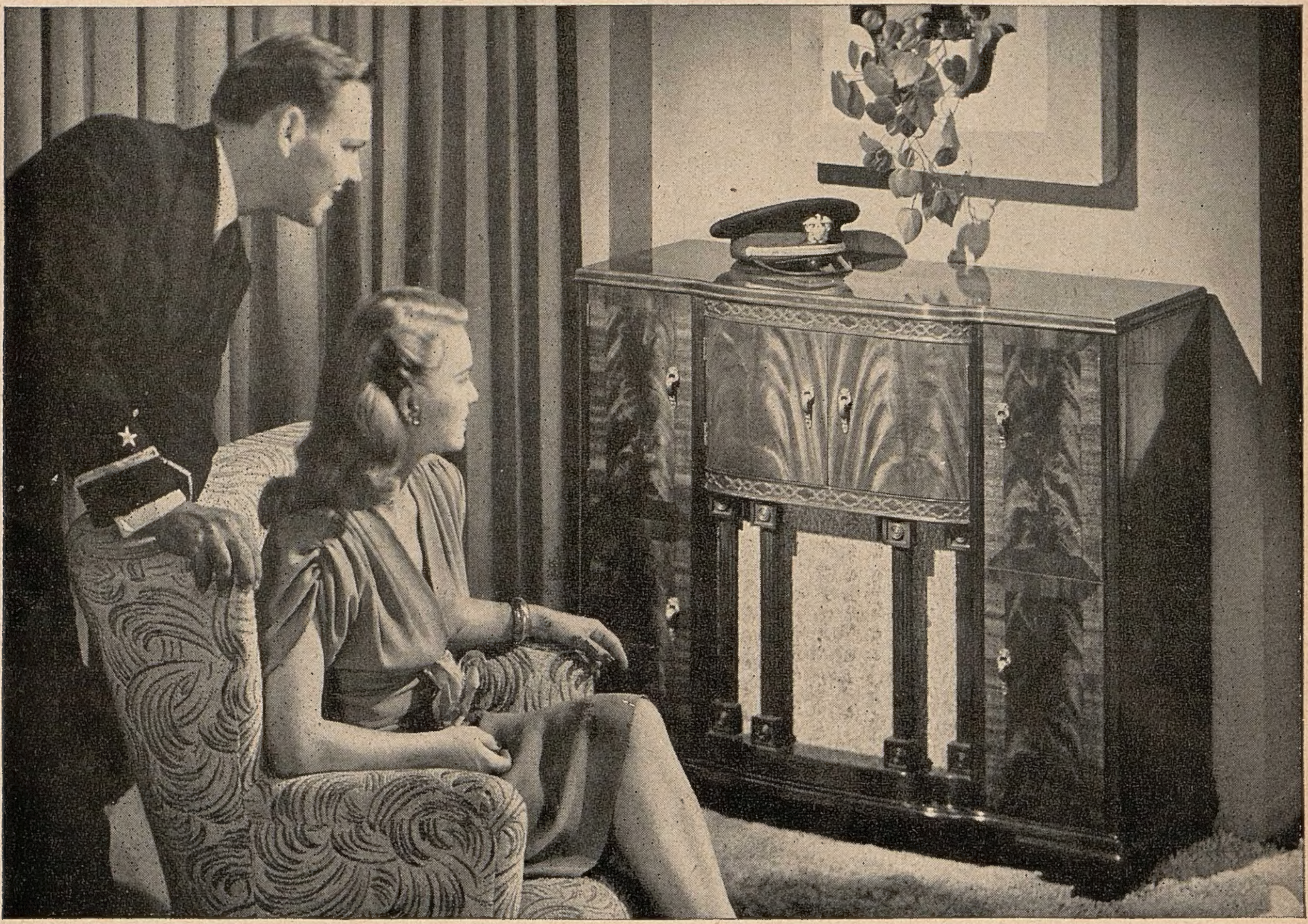
Eddie had to get fired or else he couldn't get married—but even clipping the boss on the jaw didn't solve the problem. However—there is always Lady Fate to be reckoned with!

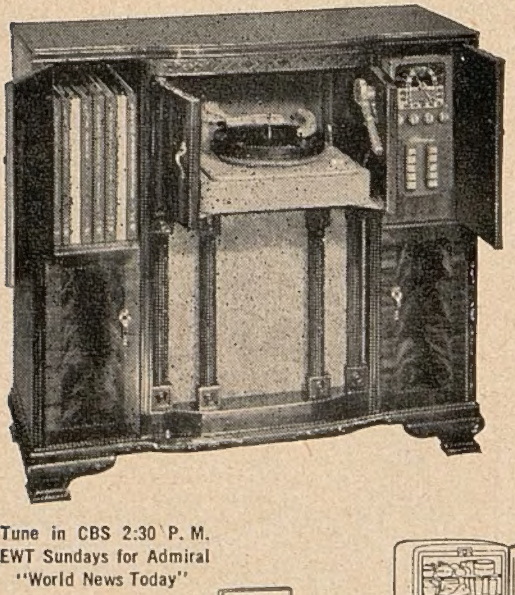
SHE MARRIED A HERO

By Joseph Harrington

There will be many a marriage like this—the rich girl and the war hero. But can love build a bridge that will reach as far as the other side of the tracks?

It's a postwar Promise ... *from* Admiral





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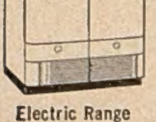

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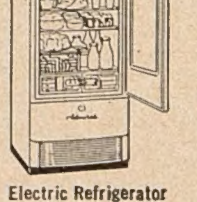

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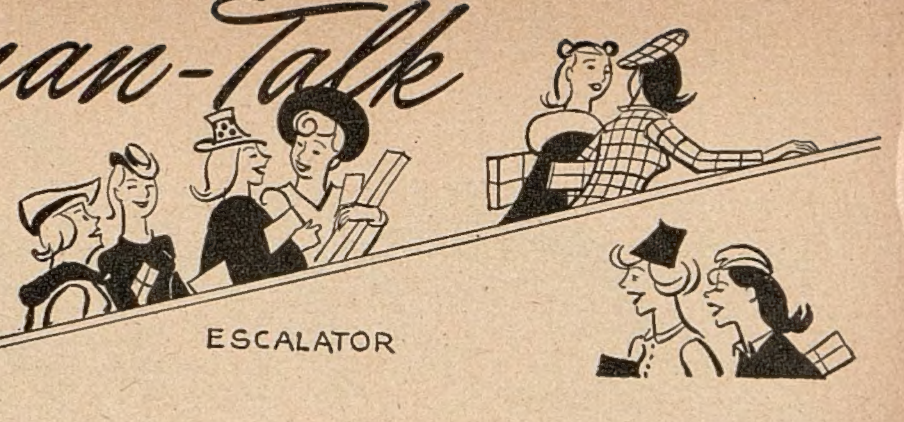
Woman-Talk



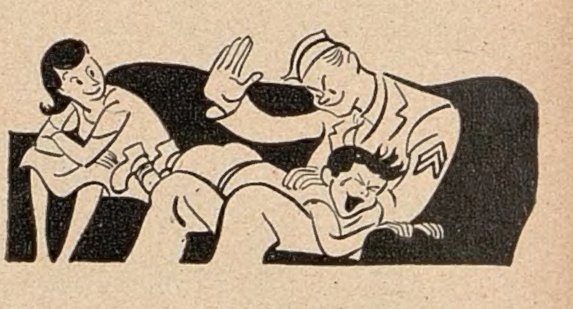
BY MARGARET FISHBACK

ANIMAL LIFE IN BROOKLYN: Blackie, the gifted female feline mascot for Engine Company No. 203, Brooklyn, has learned to slide down the brass pole as her firemen colleagues do. Captain William A. Neilan demonstrates her art by standing several feet from the pole and tossing her toward it. She catches it tidily and slides down with complete sang-froid. . . . A black-and-white cow belonging to Mrs. Olga Savish of Brooklyn got loose and ate up a neighboring Victory garden. It was Policeman Peter Maggio's unhappy lot to have to escort the cow to the Miller Avenue Police Station. En route the odd duet was observed by John Gately, a bartender, who enjoyed the spectacle so vocally, he was fined three dollars in Night Court on a disorderly-conduct charge for interfering with a policeman on duty.

PILOT LANDS ON BOTH FEET: The American combat flier whose letters have been quoted on this page is now a prisoner of war in Germany. His father remarks how accurate was Ken's sixth sense when he wrote (August 12 Liberty): "If I am ever reported missing in action, take the report at its face value. Don't try to read in it a meaning that isn't there." Two letters have arrived since Ken's plane was shot down, and again their rugged optimism and wit are an inspiration. In the first he wrote, "As you undoubtedly know by now I was shot down April 13, 1944. No one in my plane was hurt and we all got out O. K. My health is good as ever. We have sports, books, school, and the food is good, so don't worry about me even a little bit." In his most recent letter to his father, who had been on an extended trip, he wrote, "By now you must have completed your peregrinations and settled down to enjoy the usual unusually hot weather of Washington. I too have done a bit of settling down, and have decided to cease traveling for the duration. I believe the parachute jump was the best sport I had. You should try one some bright day when you are bored with things and feel inclined toward a deviation from the norm. However, ascertain beyond a reasonable doubt that the damn thing will work, as failure involves too great a deviation. . . . My allotment goes on, so I'd like you to give the Red Cross ten bucks each month for me. They have won my eternal gratitude."

HOW TO GET A FURLOUGH: Army men interested in achieving special furloughs should get the sort of co-operation from their wives that Mrs. John Greenwood gave her husband. She had triplets in Holy Name Hospital, Teaneck, New Jersey, and the proud father, Private Greenwood, was given a special furlough from his Army Air Forces base in Chicago to visit his large and sudden family.

CHRISTMAS-MAIL MONTH: Now's the time to buy Christmas gifts for those serving overseas. Christmas gifts from home play a vital part in maintaining the morale of men and women far away, so let's all be on time. The special overseas mailing period runs from September 15 to October 15, and packages may be mailed without presentation of a request. The Army and Navy postal services anticipate handling from forty to sixty million packages during this month, not to mention tons of letters. Christmas cards may be mailed during or after the package-mailing period, but inasmuch as millions of them will have to go tremendous distances, it will be wise to mail early. Cards must be sent in sealed envelopes, prepaid at the first-class rate. Packages must not weigh more than five pounds when wrapped, or measure more than fifteen inches in length, or more than thirty-six inches in length and girth combined. Since packages must be handled and rehandled many times in reaching such destinations as Attu, Tulagi, Saipan, Rome and points north, they must be wrapped securely in strong boxes and clearly addressed. Bringing the Christmas spirit to every man in every foxhole, ship, outpost, and beachhead is a job that is up to us home folks first, and *then* to the postal services. Packages should be marked "Christmas Gift Parcel." Perishable foods, intoxicants, weapons, and inflammable materials such as matches and lighter fluids are strictly prohibited.



LINES ON A TOUGH BABY

My offspring needs the strong right hand
Of Daddy, overseas.
And though I think the lad is grand,
Of all war's casualties
He is the very closest one,
So I will offer thanks
When Pop is here to give our son
The necessary spanks.

PERIPATETIC BRIDES: An inspired gift for the traveling war bride is an Early American Old Spice Vanity Box containing toilet water, dusting powder, perfume, sachet, and bath salts. When she has used up the contents, the box itself will be useful for hairpins, ribbons, cosmetics, and jewelry. There is a mirror in the hinged top. Many department stores and drugstores carry this attractive case. ($5.)

No Money Worries for Him!

ACCIDENT, HEALTH and HOSPITAL INSURANCE hastens his return to work without the fear or burden of unpaid bills, debts or depleted savings.

You, too, can apply to share the security he enjoys through membership in the largest and strongest company in its field, DIRECT—*at cost*—only a few cents a day.

You get $2,600 for any one accident if you are disabled for two years, at the rate of $107.14 every 30 days while you are laid up . . . whether your income is affected or not . . . half benefits for 26 weeks for partial disability . . . double amounts optional at twice the cost. Pays from the first day!

$5,000 for loss of life or sight or limbs if caused by accidental means!

Or $1,300 for Sickness lasting 52 weeks after the first 10 days at the rate of $107.14 every 30 days while confined. Half benefits for 26 weeks if disabled but not confined.

Up to $290 in addition for hospital room or a nurse in the home, surgery, X-ray, operating room, anaesthesia and laboratory fee . . . paid direct *to you* along with the above compensation for lost time. Payments never prorated on account of other insurance held.

Age for joining—18 to 55. No age limit for continuing accident benefits . . . our *oldest* member is 96.

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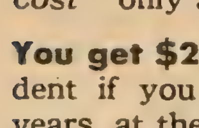
Send No Money Now! . . If you qualify, as little as $2 pays until late next December for the plan you choose. Succeeding quarterly payments as low as $2.50 for accidents only—moderately higher for health and hospital.

You pay only your share of the relatively low cost of protecting preferred risks like yourself if you qualify for membership as a salesman, lawyer, teacher, writer, doctor, businessman, merchant, office clerk (many kinds of store clerks, too), draftsman, superintendent, accountant, engineer, technician, or one of most other "white collar" groups.



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Address ....

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Age .... *Occupation* ....
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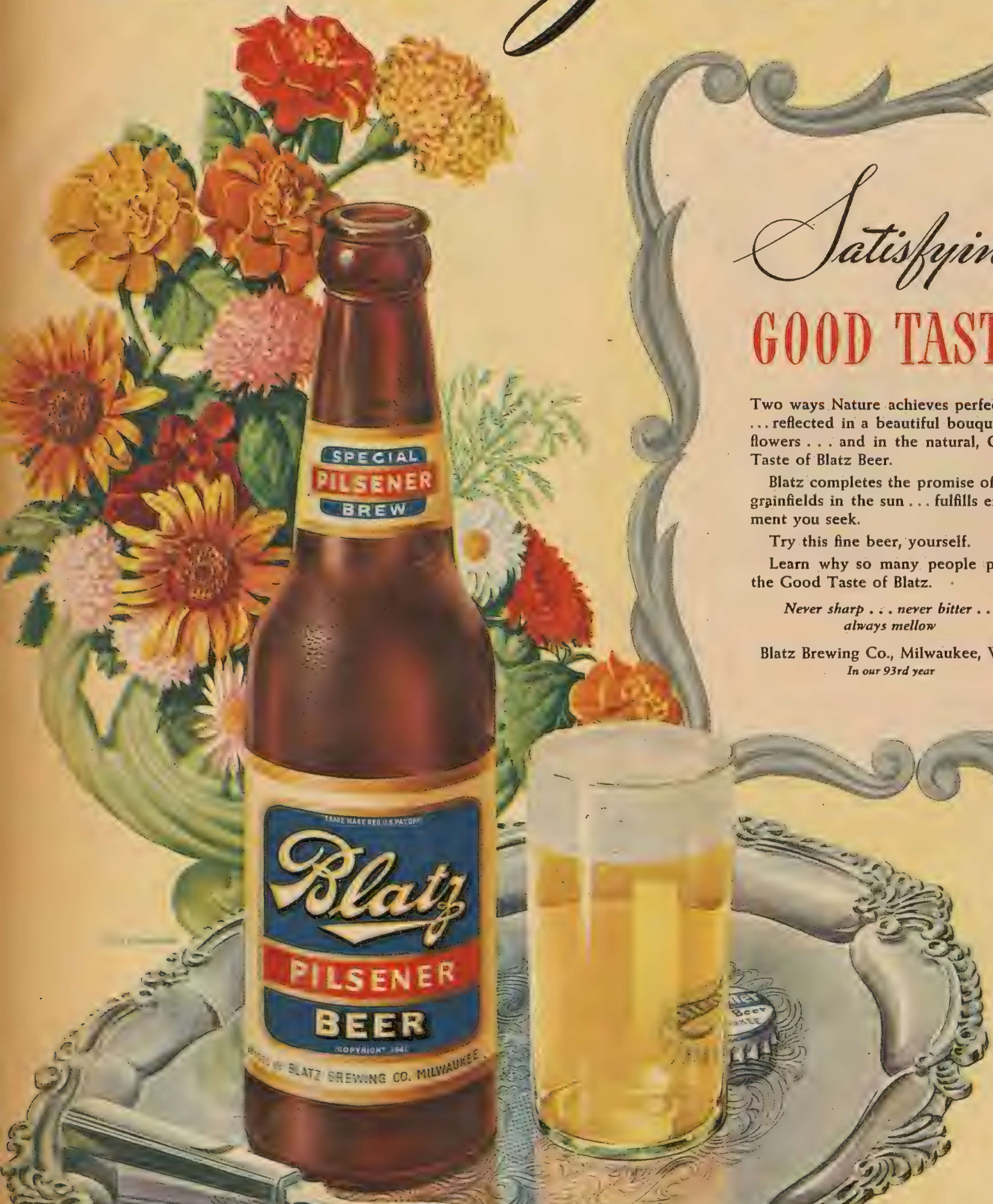
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Two ways Nature achieves perfection . . . reflected in a beautiful bouquet of flowers . . . and in the natural, Good Taste of Blatz Beer.

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to your source of supply
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Buy MORE
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MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

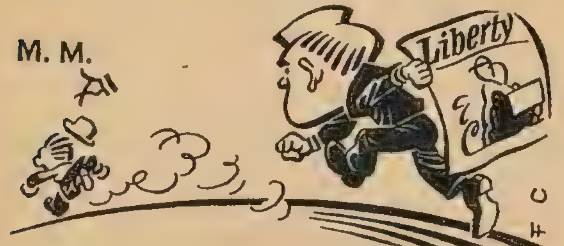
(Continued from page 6)

other ideas. The cuss words are worn threadbare. We like variety.—*Eleanor Conway.*

GETTING TOUGH ABOUT IT

San Francisco, Calif.—On behalf of the crew of this ship we resent being called the 4F Navy in the article The Army's Got a Navy, Too (July 1 Liberty). The entire crew of this ship and quite a few more somewhere in the Pacific are members of the regular Navy and Navy Reserves.

We are not looking for praise from anyone, but when Morris Markey writes articles about the armed forces he should investigate and get the facts straight.



The only reason this article ever came to light on this ship was due to the scarcity of reading material out here. In fact, it is so scarce we read Liberty from cover to cover.—*C. F. Cummings, Chief Machinist, U. S. N.*

WOMAN BACKTALK

Breckenridge, Texas—Seldom does anything I read arouse my indignation as did Margaret Fishback's Woman-Talk in your August 12 Liberty. Your ultra-ultra modern woman gossip writer seems to think that Daddies away at war are missed most because they are not on hand to "mix the cocktails." I just want to inform Fishback that some of our fathers were employed at more wholesome undertakings around some of our *modern* homes. Such as reading the Bible aloud to their children and prompting their good-nite prayers.—*Mrs. Ruth Sumner.*

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—AND SO HAVE WE

Camp Sibert, Ala.—Things have changed in Liberty since I first entered the service something better than two years ago. I had the impression you were right behind the "Tear America Apart First" people and in the same bailiwick as Massa Joe of The Daily News of N. Y. Your forthright editorial in the August 5 issue has convinced me that I was wrong. In a while I'll be reading Liberty from the other side of a large pond. It's good to know that another good magazine is on the side of international co-operation to prevent war in the future. Keep at it.—*Cpl. M. Cyrmot.*

VALIANT PLUS

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—What a wonderful musician is Clarence, the Major's orderly in Tower of the Lion (August 12 Liberty). He realized that his "Juice-harp" would be inadequate to render martial music for their peace parade, and expressed the hope that he might borrow a "accordeum." But lo and behold, illustrator Al Schmidt shows him holding a tambourine on which Clarence had apparently played "an impromptu arrangement of local airs combined with Dixie and Yankee Doodle." Pretty good for a tuneless percussion instrument.—*J. L. Allen.*

To take the measure *of a coming job*

Few people notice or even think of the many special abilities the railroads have been required to develop. One of these is accurately anticipating the need of agriculture and other industry for rail transportation.

Because they do this, freight cars for years have almost always appeared at the right place, at the right time and in the right number. This has been a *must* for orderly marketing and efficient low-cost transportation.

Today, while everything they have is working day and night to hasten victory, the railroads are busy also taking the measure of the jobs that lie ahead.

What new kinds of goods will have to be carried? What kinds of cars will they need? Where will they come from and where will they go? What service and rates will be needed to develop business, shipping and employment?

Long before the call comes for post-war action, the answers to these and hundreds of other questions must be ready. Finding the answers to these questions is the work of a separate group of seasoned railroaders — the Railroad Committee for the Study of Transportation.

In this way, the railroads are looking ahead to the time when America turns again to peacetime work — and planning their necessary part in helping to make it a wonderful land to live in, just as they have helped make it strong in time of war.

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FOR LEISURE OR PLEASURE . . .

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General Dobbs—All wool Button Front Loafer Coat in your choice of Camel or Brown. 2 roomy lower pockets and an upper breast pocket. ¾ lined with iridescent rayon lining. Smart leather buttons. Sizes 36-46. Priced about $16.50

The Sgt. Major—Wind and water repellent combed cotton gabardine, reinforced and rayon-interlined throughout. Full length zipper, deep slash pockets, shirt cuffs. In Cocoa-Tan. Small, medium and large. Priced about $10.00. Extra large about $11.00

Admiral Drew – A warm, sturdy but surprisingly light coat of 2 ply combed Poplin, treated with water repellent. Genuine Alpaca wool pile lining and collar. Zipper front...Sandlewood color only...in small, medium and large sizes. Priced about $16.50

Mt. Hood–A smart zip-front Blouse of herringbone fabric with Hug-Tite knit waistband and Yoke lining. Slash pockets...shirt cuffs ...Natural Color. Sizes 36-46. Priced about $10.00

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The new "W" fin manufactured by Wright Aeronautical gives airplane engines greater horsepower, besides saving millions of pounds of steel.

Pressure Pattern Flying

There are year-round flyable air routes across the North Atlantic on which the weather is as good as on the average transcontinental airway in the United States. This is the conclusion reached by two pilots of Transcontinental & Western Air, Incorporated, following an extensive series of weather tests in a four-engined Douglas C-54 cargo plane conducted for the Army's Air Transport Command during the past winter.

The weather on the North Atlantic has long been considered a barrier to year-round commercial air-line service, especially westbound trips in the winter, which must often buck stiff headwinds. But the TWA pilots have developed a system they call "pressure pattern flying," which will enable airplanes to use the North Atlantic all the year round without having to fly westbound over a southern route as in the past.

Describing the tests in American Aviation Magazine, Eric Bramley wrote: "This method makes the winds do part of the work, rather than bucking them. The wind in high-pressure areas blows in a clockwise direction out of the middle of the area, while wind in a low-pressure area blows counter-clockwise into the middle. Thus, if a pilot was planning to fly the shortest distance between Newfoundland and Scotland, for example, and not deviate from this course, he would have adverse winds for at least part of the trip.

"However, if the first area he encountered was high pressure, he could, by flying through the *northern* part of it, get a tail wind to push him along, whereas on the shortest course, farther south, this same wind might be a headwind. After passing through the high-pressure area into one of low pressure, the pilot, by heading south and flying through the *southern* portion of this latter area, would continue to have a tailwind. If he continued in a straight line after leaving the high-pressure area, he would run into headwinds from the northern part of the low-pressure region. Winds in this region rotate in the opposite direction from those in the area he just left."

The two TWA pilots are Captain H. H. "Dutch" Holloway and Captain Howard E. Hall. With a great many trans-Atlantic flights in progress all the time, the pair were able to test their own timing with other flights and they discovered they could fly 500 miles farther than another plane and arrive more than an hour earlier. The two most important instruments for pressure-pattern flying, they say, are the radio altimeter and the barometric altimeter. The former enables the pilot to know exactly his altitude above the water and this, in turn, enables him to determine, with his barometric altimeter, pressure trends at a constant altitude.

Thus it would seem that step by step the troublesome Atlantic is being conquered so that commercial flights can be made on schedule throughout the entire year.

Air Blockade

In one area of the Pacific about the size of West Virginia, the Japs have discovered deadly meaning in the hop-skip-and-jump strategy of U. S. air and ground forces. A 20,000-square-mile area in the Marshall Islands has been by-passed and the remaining Japs are isolated beyond hope of help from the homeland. U. S. air power has established a complete blockade.

There was a time when the Jap-held islands were "immovable and unsinkable aircraft carriers" and, as such, were a peril to the United States. But that time has gone. These so-called "aircraft carriers" are now helpless.

Ironically enough for the Japs, four of these Jap-held islands are now being used as training and proving grounds for Army, Navy, and Marine fliers. In four months we have lost only 26 airplanes. Week by week the Jap defenses are wilting away.

When the Japs moved into the Marshalls, they built good runways for the largest Jap bombers. Here was to be another one of those island steppingstones to batter U. S. shipping and provide forward bases for further eastward moves. But the by-passing has destroyed the Jap plans for all time. The islands are Mille, Wotje, Jaluit, and Maloelap. No American soldiers have landed on them. But air power has them firmly in its grip.

On one occasion a transport airplane, a Douglas C-47, was so bold as to pass over one of the islands. The crew had borrowed some bombs from a Liberator squadron and rolled them out of the cabin parachute door while flying on a regular passenger-freight schedule.

On another occasion Lieutenant James Brown of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, brought back the Rising Sun flag lodged in his left engine nacelle after a mast-clipping low-level attack on a Jap cargo vessel, which he sank.

The constant bombarding and strafing of the four Jap bases have eliminated all air opposition. Now only some ground defenses remain. With no hope of surface or aerial supplies from Japan, the Japs on these four islands are trapped. And the Marshalls are, for all intents and purposes, ours.

Reversible Fighter-Bomber

Another famous aerial fighter has added bombs to its regular striking power of six .50-caliber machine guns. It's the Chance Vought F4U-1 Corsair, the Navy and Marine Corps fighter which is seeing extensive service in the Pacific. Thousand-pound bombs are now attached under the fuselages in place of expendable fuel tanks.

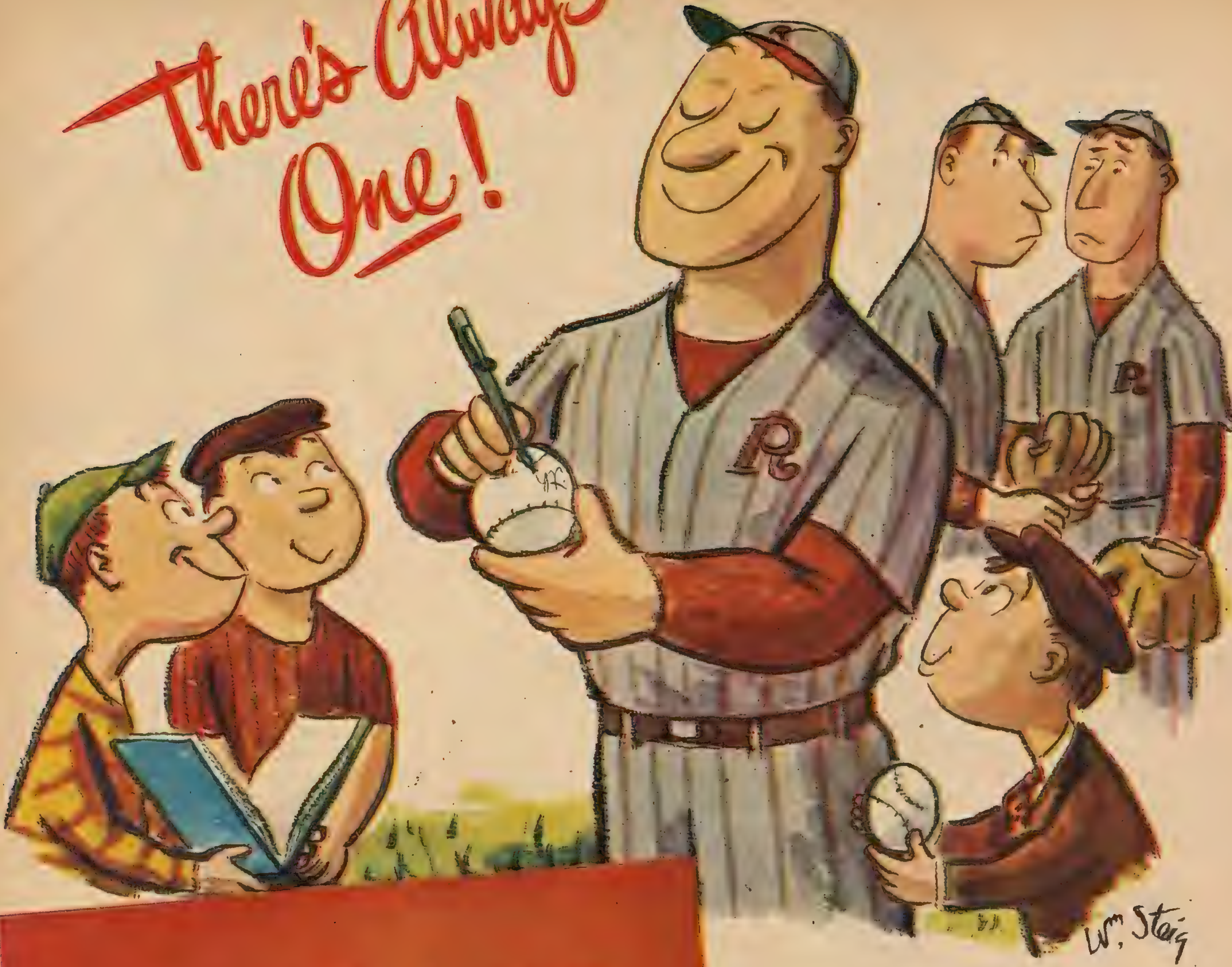
Thus almost every U. S. fighting plane of any note has become a fighter-bomber when occasion demands, and the fact that thousand-pounders can be carried is a testimonial to the construction and performance characteristics of American planes. These fighters can deliver a wallop right on the button at close range, and the fighters' speed makes a quick getaway possible.

The Douglas Dauntless

You'll continue to hear about the Douglas Dauntless dive bomber, the Navy's SBD, for a long time. But the last of this famous strain of aircraft rolled off the production line of the Douglas plant at El Segundo, California, on July 21. It was the 5,936th to be produced.

To those who flew or serviced the SBD in the Pacific, the Dauntless was a real work horse. It will be talked about as long as the men live who fought in those early battles against the Japs. Even at Pearl Harbor it was the Dauntless, flying from the U. S. S. Enterprise, that gave the Japs what little opposition they had during that fateful sneak attack. Since then the Dauntless has been in just about every scrap across the vast ocean—and it will continue to be there for some time to come. The closing of the production line just means that there won't be any more replacements. The Dauntless will go into gradual eclipse with the production of newer and better models.

There's Always One!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Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Truman at work. Left to right: Senators Truman, Brewster, and Ferguson at a hearing of the investigating committee.

HE DIDN'T WANT THE JOB

BY MARQUIS W. CHILDS

A profile of Harry S. Truman, the man who survived the crash of the Pendergast empire to become the Democratic Vice-Presidential nominee—against his wishes

DURING the backstage negotiations in Chicago that preceded his nomination for Vice-President, Senator Harry S. Truman was scared to death. He honestly did not want the nomination. The thought of new responsibility filled him with apprehension.

It has been that way throughout his career. With many politicians, you would put this down to calculation. But that cannot be said of Truman. He has a genuine, determined modesty that has made him shy away from fame.

One day ten years ago big Boss Tom Pendergast called Truman over to his office on Kansas City's Main Street. Truman had no idea what Pendergast wanted. "How'd ya like to go down to Washington?" the boss asked.

"Why, I don't know," Truman replied. "I hadn't thought about it at all."

"Well, you're going. You're going to run for the Senate and you're going to be elected."

The boss's word was law. Truman had no desire to be a senator. He wanted to stay on in a lucrative fee office in Jackson County, which includes Kansas City. In November Pendergast delivered a thumping majority for his candidate in Kansas City. A large part of it, it developed later, was a ghost vote made up of padded lists and names from tombstones.

This was the handicap Truman was under when he came to Washington. Political reporters referred to him contemptuously as "Tom Pendergast's messenger boy in the Senate." Veteran senators ignored him or snickered behind his back.

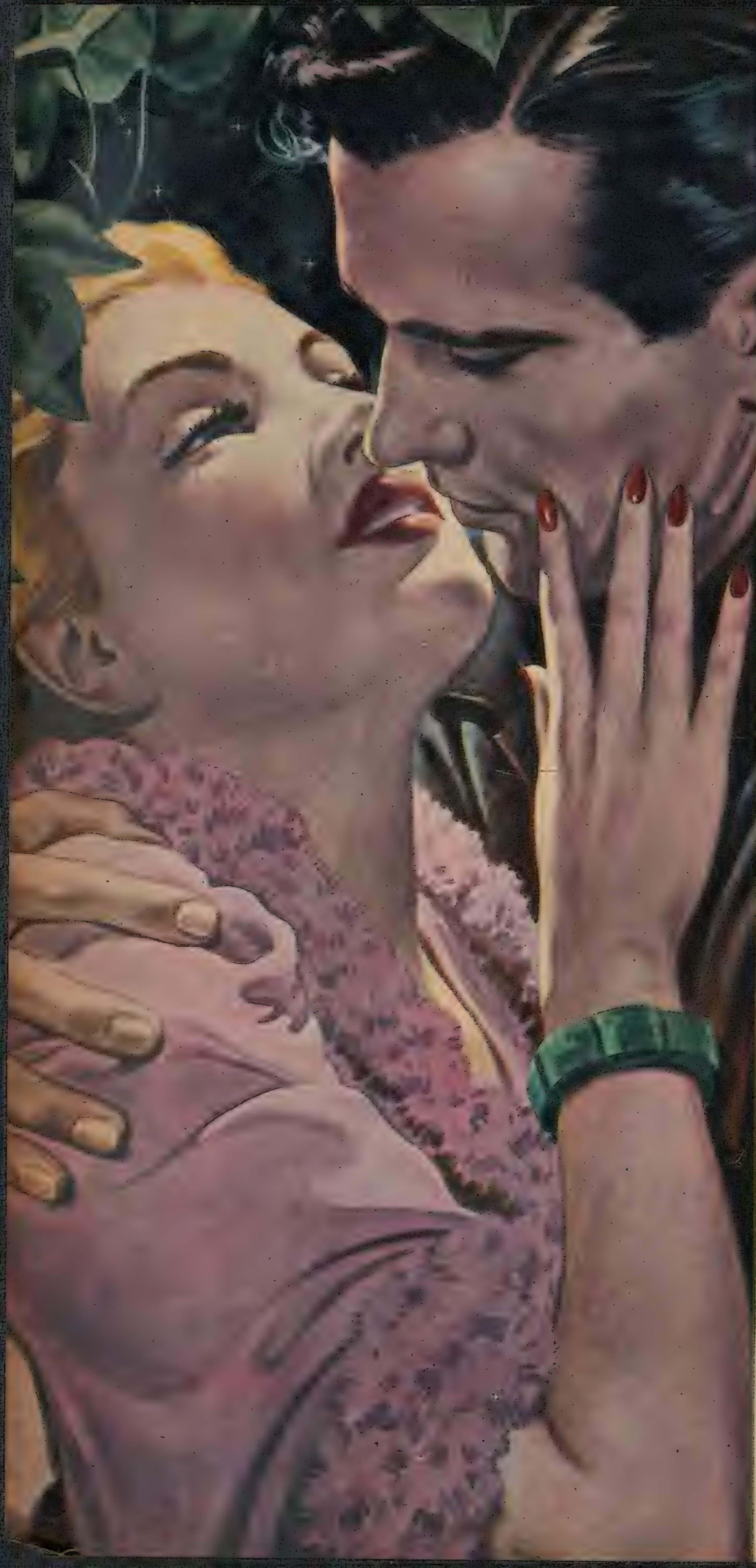
Yet Truman showed no resentment. He sat in the back row and listened. You could see him there almost every day. Anywhere else, you would have taken him for a small-town business man or a moderately successful insurance salesman.

Gradually he began to catch on to what the Senate was about. The really important business, he realized, takes place not on the floor but in committee. He succeeded, after the departure of many veteran Republicans, in obtaining a place on the important Interstate Commerce Committee. Its chairman, Senator Burton K. Wheeler, was conducting an important investigation into railroad finance. Wheeler discovered that Truman was willing to do some hard work, and named him chairman of a subcommittee assigned to do part of the investigative job. Truman's subcommittee wrote several lengthy reports in which the freshman senator from Missouri took a quiet pride.

Today the list of his committees includes, besides Interstate Commerce, Appropriations and Military Affairs. Each is in itself almost a full-time job.

But his real assignment he carved out for himself. As defense billions began to flow out of Washington at the end of 1940,

(Continued on page 56)



HIDEAWAY

TURNING the windy corner of Tenth Street into Pennsylvania Avenue, Paul Vestry came face to face with the red-haired man. Their eyes met. Paul's spine crawled with the physical shock.

He hurried on, sweating in cold clothes. The thin sunshine, so pleasant a moment ago, seemed sucked instantaneously into the arctic darkness of the side streets. And after all his caution—after almost coming to be human again!

He was back again in the little room, under the aching lights, hurting all over, wanting death, seeing the snub nose with the large pores come closer, and the arm with the curled brick-red hairs pushing the lighted match toward his eyelids. . . . He swallowed hard, regained control with a monstrous effort.

He must not be followed now. Expertly he set about shaking any possible tail. So many times, in so many cities, had he gone through this maneuver! His confidence increased. The movies to the contrary, this was one situation in which the quarry always had the overwhelming advantage, provided he knew he *might* be followed. When finally he let himself in the apartment he was using over a florist's shop, the fear was blown out of his nerves. Fear? What was that? He ought to know, and yet he didn't. It came in so many guises. It was as various as love.

He called Major Kirk.

"You better come over."

"Anything serious?"

"You better come over."

He was sitting in the twilit living room with the second whisky and soda in his hand when Major Kirk knocked. A childish one-one-two-one rap, prearranged, which would have attracted the attention of anyone passing in the hall but which gave the major a thrill of conspiracy.

"I rushed right over. What's happened?"

Paul sank in a leather chair.

"Take your coat off, pal. Have a drink."

The major bustled onto the divan opposite. He was broad-shouldered, running to fat at forty. He had an uptilted nose and eager eyes stricken by quick laughter and quick alarms. Paul, on the other hand, was thin, wiry, with a long pale face—black unruly hair over black unruly eyes.

"Well?" The major fumbled at his tie.

"I saw Unsner on the street today."

"Was that one of the Nazis who interrogated you when you were—ah—"

"He was one of them."

"Did he see you?"

"Yes."

The major leaned forward, excited.

"What does that mean?"

"It means I'm blown. Uncovered."

"Does it mean our mission is off—that you can't go back in?"

The combination of the word "our" with a childish petulance of disappointment in the major's voice caused Paul to push back in his chair and shrug. The major had done a lot of planning of the new mission for Paul; it would be a shame for Paul not even to die trying. And yet Paul liked him, as he liked so many of these fresh, untouched, idiotically romantic fellow Americans of his—whom he saw now with new eyes after so long.

Finally Paul spoke:

"Paul, you're mine. You're safe. You're going to stay forever."

The war had left scars on both their hearts, and with each other they thought they could forget—but for patriots there can be no separate peace

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

"Maybe. You know, I'm supposed to be in a plaster cast in Rouen. Discovering me here—getting word back—would involve the man actually in the cast in difficulties. It would involve a lot of other people in difficulties. At the least, it will make going back in—a very exciting enterprise."

"Oh, too bad, too bad. But you just *must* go in, Paul. It's too important. We'll just pick up that Unsner before he can get word back."

He rose quickly and made for the telephone.

Paul watched him with a dead grin.

All right, let's go, Paul thought. He'd do it. He'd go back in just for the hell of it, to do as much of a job as he could before being caught. He was a professional with one great asset: he had absolutely nothing any more. That was a tremendous advantage. The Freedom boys, the ideologists, usually had something—and that ruined them in the crises.

The major replaced the receiver, grinning complacently.

"We'll run down that character. And listen. I'm going to send you for this last week to a little hideaway inn out in the country. Wonderful cover—a medically discharged Army captain. I'll have all the papers by morning. You'll be convalescing."

No, I won't, Paul thought. But he nodded in agreement.

PAUL dismounted from the bus in the new dark. He stood beside his bag, watching the red lights blow away into a following dust of snow. Then he hunched his shoulders under his fleece-lined coat. The major had said seven or eight days. The last week had commenced: the seven days out of this world.

He walked quickly now toward a colonial hulk set back from the road behind a tired gray lawn. "The Manor House" curled across a dim square sign.

The blonde girl in the Russian blouse who came to meet him from a yellow rectangle off the hallway did not smile.

"Captain Valery?"

"Yes."

"I'm Joan Pettie. Mother is fixing supper. I'll take your bag."

He waved her off.

"Well, I'll show you your room. I thought you were sick or something." There was a petulant note in her voice, as if he were supposed to be ailing and was not displaying a proper infirmity.

Paul laughed. "I'm about convalesced. Another week should do the job."

Then he saw her. Why, she was a blinding beauty. All pink and gold, her blouse low on bare shoulders and unforgettable legs in socks and sandals. Maybe nineteen. Too young. And, anyway, no more women for him; he seemed incapable of being casual enough for one kind of relationship—and the other had led him through glory into—nothingness. Never would he get vulnerable again. His lip twisted as he followed the unforgettable legs up the narrow stair.

She turned on the light in the little room and stood watching him, unsmiling.

"Is it all right?"

"Great," he said.

"Our mattresses are inner-spring and the bath is two doors up the hall."

She hadn't moved, but was staring at him. He saw with astonishment the flicker of hatred behind her bright blue eyes. They were big eyes, shadowed as if by sleeplessness or grief, and full of the round accusing resentment of a child.

She said, "Supper is ready when you are." And she went out.

Paul looked after her, frowning.

He removed half a dozen books from his suitcase, stacking them on the table by the bed. A bottle of dark rum he transferred to the top closet shelf. Then he came to a photograph. A slight, merry girl snapped against the background of a European street, hands outstretched in some urgency of forgotten laughter. So far off, so long ago. The photograph had stayed with him through how many strange times—danger, terror, loneliness, and despair? It had traveled with him along the periphery of death within the high stockade of occupied Europe. He had nodded goodby to it once as he left his room that time in company with the two stocky men in derby hats. But now its talismanic power had departed. He tore it slowly into a dozen pieces, which he deposited in the waste basket. On second thought, he retrieved the pieces and stuffed them in his pocket for later burning. He must discipline his habits once again—in preparation.

MRS. PETTIE, Joan, and Paul ate at a small table near the kitchen door in a capacious dining room.

Mrs. Pettie, a stout cheerful woman with an inexhaustible line of chatter, clearly had no help but her daughter. Paul decided he was the only boarder.

"I hear your nerves are bad," Mrs. Pettie rattled away. "Joan, get the captain another glass of milk. Yes, indeed, nerves are terrific these days, worse than real sickness. I had a dear sister who simply wasted away from nerves. And such dreams! Captain, have some more hot cakes. Take my dearest daughter here. Nerves too. Just a mass of nerves, but without the dreams, she says. Yes, she has very few dreams—"

Mrs. Pettie broke off at a single low-voiced word, "Mother!" said so fiercely and with a look to back it up so peremptory that Paul watched the tableau with a perverse desire to laugh.

Mrs. Pettie rose quickly then.

"Will you clear, Joan? Give the captain everything he wants. I must get back to my writing. Oh, captain, I want to talk to you tomorrow about my history of the Pettie family. We have some captains, you know, one that fought at Bull Run and Chickamauga on the side of the Lost Cause." She laughed cheerily. "Now, be nice to our guest, darling. Remember he is a hero himself, just like Gordon."

JOAN PETTIE threw back her chair, stood up in an extremity of anger. Paul thought, She's lovely now.

"Mother! You stop it! This man is nothing like Gordon in any way whatsoever and if you don't stop talking, I'm going to gag you with this napkin in my hand!"

She waved the napkin at her mother, who retreated a few feet. But Joan was sobbing softly now, and Mrs. Pettie began to laugh again in genteel distraction.

Joan lowered her head and shook the tears out of her eyes. "I'm sorry," she said and fled to the kitchen.

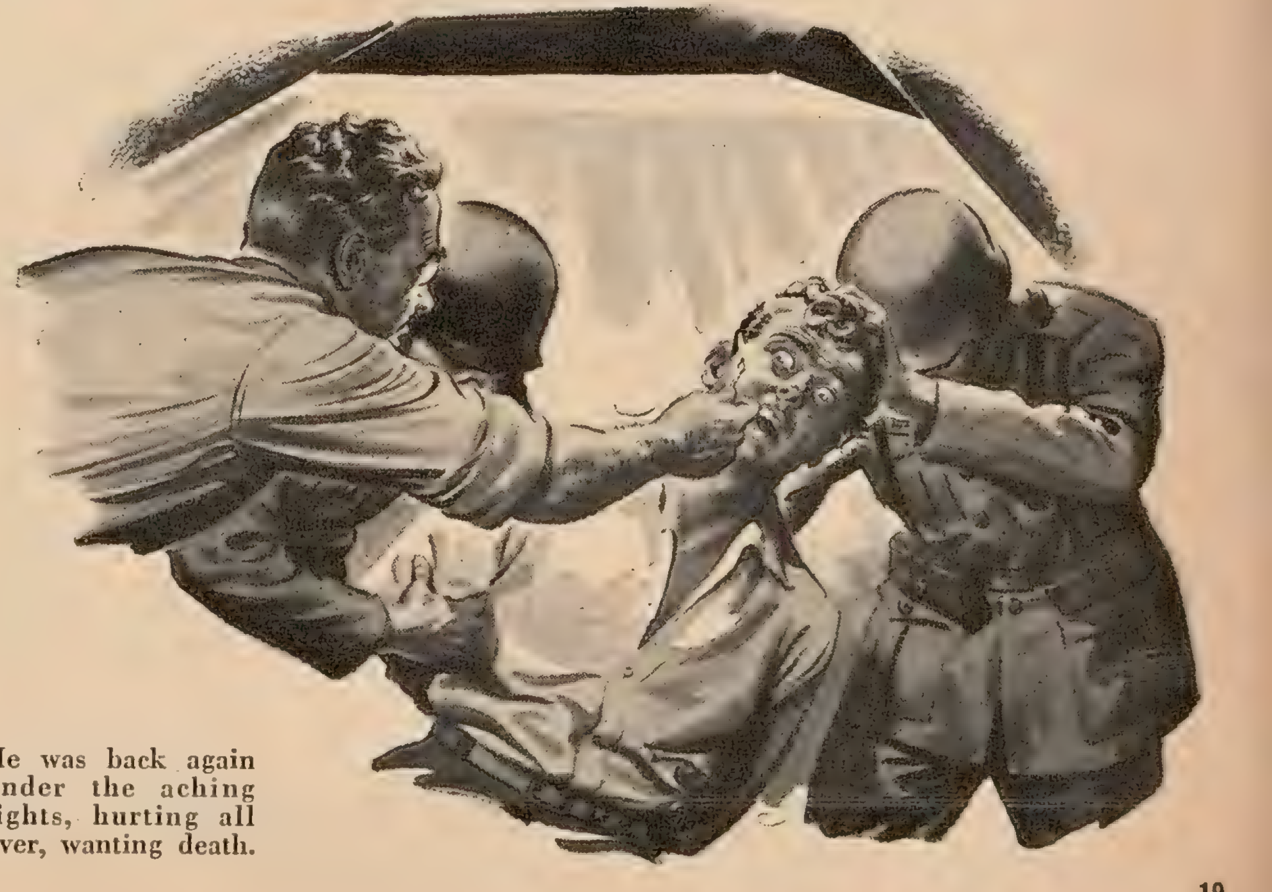
"You see?" Mrs. Pettie asked, but with less confidence. "Just nerves. Pay no attention, captain."

He left the dining room and mounted the stair. Mrs. Pettie's typewriter gonged away in diminuendo until, with his door closed, he could hear it no longer.

Now once again he asked himself the question that had not recurred since the time of waiting, in the cubicle with the whitewashed walls, to have his stomach X-rayed by Gestapo technicians. What, he demanded, am I doing here?

No, brother, he had no "ideology." In that, he was like most of the people inside, to whom words like honor and glory and patriotism had a snide, exhausted ring. Butter was real. Meat was real. Hate was real. Only outside, in Britain and America, did people romp with soaring words.

(Continued on page 72)



He was back again under the aching lights, hurting all over, wanting death.

GETTING OUT THE G.I. VOTE

The United States is using ballots as well as bullets in its fight to preserve democracy. Here's what the Army and Navy are doing to see that G. I. Joe gets his vote

BY LESLIE S. PEARL

REQUIREMENTS FOR SOLDIER VOTING
by STATE ABSENTEE BALLOT
General Election—7 November 1944

INTERNATIONAL: FROM ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Joe will get his vote wherever he may be. Saipan veterans get the details.

WITHOUT flags or fanfare, this country is about to present to the world a dramatic illustration of what we are fighting for.

Amid the crescendo of the biggest war in history, American soldiers and sailors will take time to help choose the next President of the United States. Thousands of them will mark their ballots within sound of the guns. In the jungle, in the Arctic, on ships at sea, and in hospital beds they will exercise their privilege to share in the government of their country. Too bad that the people of the Axis powers won't be able to witness the spectacle. It might open their eyes.

Not since Lincoln have we had a Presidential election during wartime. Never before have we had one while our troops were overseas. It isn't surprising, therefore, that the soldier vote has a lot of people guessing. Civilians are wondering whether their sons and husbands will be *eligible* to vote. The election pollers are wondering how many servicemen and servicewomen actually *will* vote. And politicians are wondering *how* they will vote.

The only ones who aren't guessing are the Army and Navy. They're too busy shipping tons of voting materials to the ends of the earth, figuring out ways to tell every G. I. Joe what congressional district he comes from, generally making sure that every last provision of the Soldier Vote Bill is carried out to the letter, and implementing their policy to assist and encourage the members of their services who want to vote to do so if consistent with military operations. Each detail has been planned as carefully as if it were a triphibious operation. Come to think of it, that's exactly what it is. Land, sea, and air forces are all involved.

You certainly remember the nine months of hot and heavy debate that went on in Congress before the bill finally became law last April 1. But you've probably forgotten what the bill said. It made plain that all questions of voting are the prerogatives of the separate states and not of the federal government. Under the law, the services must furnish each soldier or sailor with a post-card application for a state absentee ballot, as far as compatible with military operations.

True, the bill provided for a federal ballot, but it did not say that any state had to authorize it. As a matter of fact, only twenty states have since authorized it. And servicemen from these states may vote the federal ballot only on condition that they applied for a state ballot and have failed to receive it in time.

In other words, there is no one law that says whether a soldier or sailor may vote or not. That's what makes the Army and Navy's job so tough. There's the new federal law, and in addition there are forty-eight laws, one for every state in the Union. For example, if Joe comes from Georgia he may be eligible to vote even though he's only eighteen. All other states have a minimum voting age of twenty-one. If Joe is from Texas he has to supply proof that he's paid his poll tax. If he's from South Carolina he can't get a state absentee ballot by sending in the standard post-card form.

Then, of course, there's the matter of timing. Here in the United States we all vote for President on the same day. It's not so simple, however, where absentee ballots are concerned, especially if they have to be carried from 17,000 to 23,000 miles to the China-Burma-India theater and back. Here, again, state laws differ. Almost every state has a different day on which it starts filling requests for ballots from its native sons. Some started in July or August. The majority are mailing them this month. But Arkansas won't send them out until October 26 and won't count them unless returned by November 7. That's only twelve days for the round trip! Eight states require the ballot to be back before November 7, but eight other states permit the ballot to come back after November 7. Rhode Island will count ballots up through December 4.

Now that you know some of the complexities, take a look at the way the armed forces have tackled the job. It is typical of the thoroughness that has enabled them to solve the bigger and bloodier logistical problems of global warfare.

To begin with, put yourself in Joe's position, far away from home. He would like to vote—but, cripes, how does a fellow find out all about it? How do you get a ballot? Who are the candidates? What if you're not registered? What's the real dope?

The Army solves those problems by using its established and tested procedure. It passes the responsibility for answering

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States which will supply servicemen with absentee ballot upon proper request

No special steps necessary for registration other than applying for and executing a state absentee ballot:

Arkansas, California, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

States which permit use of a federal ballot

(Voting by federal ballot in October)

Provided that a *state* absentee ballot is applied for before September 1 and not received by October 1:

California, Connecticut, Florida, Georgia, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Washington.

Two Signal Corpsmen at a forward post in China learn the mechanics of soldier voting.

Joe's questions right down to his own company. Every company commander—usually a captain commanding about 200 men—is required to appoint a soldier voting officer. In most cases he is a lieutenant already acquainted with Joe. If he himself needs advice, he can get it from the battalion or regimental voting officer and so on, all the way up to the theater commander—General Eisenhower, for instance. Every theater commander has on his staff as adviser a soldier voting officer who was trained in the United States before going to the theater. And, of course, the theater commander can get any further help he may need from the War Department in Washington.

States which have special requirements for the registration of unregistered voters—in addition to applying for and executing absentee ballot

ALABAMA: By registering in person only.

ARIZONA: Special form must be filed before absentee ballot can be obtained. May be filed by parent, spouse, or next of kin.

CONNECTICUT: Special form necessary.

DELAWARE: By registering in person only.

FLORIDA: Personal registration. State absentee ballots of unregistered voters counted only as to votes for President, Vice-President, senators and representatives.

GEORGIA: Special form necessary. Relative or friend may request it.

LOUISIANA: By registering in person only.

MISSISSIPPI: Special form must have been filed on or before July 7.

MONTANA: Special form necessary.

NEW JERSEY: Request (before August 1) for inclusion on list of voters.

SOUTH CAROLINA: Special form necessary. Relative or friend may request it.

WEST VIRGINIA: Special form necessary.

So far so good. But how does any voting officer get to be an expert? The answer to that is found in the simple factual Army manuals (one for overseas, one for at home), which explain everything in detail, and in the series of soldier voting posters that are being displayed where Joe and his buddies can examine them. One large poster charts the detailed voting requirements of each state. One big map shows every one of the 435 congressional districts. Still another poster will list all the candidates for office in those states that have approved the federal ballot. And for those men who are allergic to the printed word, an animated movie short made in Hollywood not only explains the whole business, but actually succeeds in making it entertaining.

Just to see how it works out, let us suppose that Joe is from somewhere in New York State (or any other of the states shown in the first of the three lists that appear on these pages). Early in August his voting officer gave him a special red-striped post-card application for a state absentee ballot. All Joe has to do is mail the post card back. Perhaps he has already done so. New York started filling requests September 7. One state ballot will go to Joe at the APO number shown on his post-card application. Joe must then mark his ballot and it must be back in Albany by November 3. That's a maximum of fifty-eight days for the round trip if Joe's ballot was sent out September 7. With the air priority set up by the services all the way, his ballot should arrive in time.

However, if Joe is from one of the states in the third and final list, he has to do more than make a post-card application for a ballot if he is not already registered at home. The second list shows the states which have approved the use of a federal ballot by those who applied for a state ballot before September 1 and fail to receive it by October 1. G. I.s from these states may, if they don't get the state ballot they applied for, vote the federal ballot in October. The services will fix the voting days overseas in time for the federal ballots to be flown back to the United States before November 1.

Will the service vote, whatever its size, be honestly cast? There were many, wise to the stratagems and shenanigans of party politics, who were worried about what would happen if Joe were ordered to vote by his top sergeant or commanding officer. They needn't worry. The law is strict about such things, and the Army and Navy are sticklers for seeing that a law is fully enforced.

No soldier has to vote. No soldier may be told to vote. No soldier may be marched to a voting place. Voting is secret. No one is permitted "to attempt to influence any member of the armed forces to vote or not to vote for any particular candidate." And the law places certain restrictions on political argument or propaganda or material paid for or sponsored by the government.

Several times in the past, despite all its efforts to be impartial and keep clear of politics, the Army has been accused of issuing information or news tinged with partial propaganda. But now, with Title V of Public Law 277, the services are confronted with categorical and sweeping restrictions on what they may distribute or present to servicemen. The law covers all "literature or material," with certain explicit exceptions. It carries criminal penalties for violation. The services'

(*Continued on page 65*)

THE ROMANTIC

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Love has its place, but it's not in a jungle foxhole—where life depends on cold steel, driven hard and first

BY RICHARD G. HUBLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"DURING the fighting in the New Georgias," said the old sergeant, "our battalion had a terrible time." He was talking about the Marines in the second campaign against the Japanese in the South Pacific.

"Those islands," said the sergeant, whose name was Retenu, "were masses of jungle. From the air, I remember, they looked delightful. But that was from 20,000 feet. You understand that usually I was much closer to them than that. I knew them for their treacherous vines, the shadows that swayed like cobras.

Retenu was a Frenchman and had a vivid imagination.

"There was one man in particular," he continued. "For a reason, he clings to my mind. He was tall and blond, which was a dangerous way to be in jungle fighting. The sun will catch a shine in the hair. A tall man will be hit with bullets which will pass over a smaller. But this fellow Maxwell seemed to be as immortal as he looked. And he was a romantic, which is the reason I remember him."

Retenu sighed. "He went with us against Munda. If you have not fought in the jungle, you cannot believe what it is like. On the maps, our job was to cut off the retreat of the Japs from their base.

"Death goes with you everywhere at such times. It eats from the same cup—and the rattle of a spoon will make it spring at your throat. It sleeps with you. Passing through swamps and jungles with this bony companion, learning to survive, requires great control and sense.

"A man must learn not to splash the water too loudly in the swamps, or to let the vines swing back, or to stay too long in the patches of sunlight. Not to eat too much or too little or drink too much. To keep the ears and eyes, but especially the ears, alert. All this Maxwell learned very well for a giant with blond hair.

"He was very good at fighting, too, and he might be alive with me today if he had not been such a romantic.

"The Japs made it very hard for us. They had a new method of fighting. During the day they would disappear and we would advance. Sometimes we would shoot down the snipers from the tops of palms where they had been strapped in, but usually we ignored them. They were such bad shots.

"It was in the night that the horror came. The Japs returned. We would dig our foxholes for those hours and remain ready with our knives. The Japanese would strip themselves and rub their bodies with coconut oil. Then, naked, they would slip into our foxholes with a knife in each hand.

"Those were deadly fights in the impenetrable darkness of the summer nights. We could not fire. The flare of the muzzle would give us away. There would be no warning of attack, merely a phantom passing like a breath over the lip of the foxhole, and the dark gleam of a knife over your heart.

"It was very wearing. Even Maxwell and I, who fought together, found it exhausting after days and weeks of a slow advance. Munda, to our brains inflamed from lack of rest or sleep, seemed a dream. It did not exist. The High Command had sent us off with false directions, to die in the jungle surrounded by the evil, grinning Japanese.

"It was easy to build upon these imaginings during those night hours. Often, in the soundless terror of those fights, the thought of such things almost made us cry out—which would have been our end.

"To exorcise the demons that took hold of us in the night, Maxwell and I disobeyed orders. There were two standing commands: Do not talk and do not smoke. We did not smoke. But we talked, in whispers. We talked of home, friends, women.

"MAXWELL talked mostly about a girl whose name I could never understand. He had not talked about her before, and speaking in those halting whispers in the gravelike smell of the foxhole, I could not catch more than a fading murmur. It began like a note of music. El——.

"It was strange to hear his hoarse breathings on the very drum of my ear, to feel his words vibrate in my brain.

"Very like phantasms of sleep, I thought then, and I still think so. Nothing could be seen but darkness; even the sky and trees were but lighter darkness. There were the sounds of the jungle, and the ear strained to distinguish all these from the sounds of the enemy.

"Both of us were afraid. We were so frightened that we sweated continually and our clothes were always damp and our foreheads clammy. As if we lived in a nightmare without the hope of waking. The most terrible thing that happened to us on that march now happened daily.

"It was the falling of each night."

Retenu sighed, begged a cigarette.

"It was during the third week that it happened," he went on in a faint voice. "Maxwell and I had dug ourselves a fine foxhole between the roots of a banyan tree. There was the usual grenade ditch, a pit some feet deep in one corner where we would kick any object which fell into our hiding place. Beyond this, the foxhole was little bigger than our bodies.

"As I say, it was the romantic instinct of Maxwell that was the poor fellow's death. He had a picture of this El—I do not know her name—in his pocket. It was small, with a taped cover of plexiglass over it. I knew this because I felt it. I never saw her face. Maxwell and I did not have our fears in the daytime, and both of us forgot about things other than the trail while the sun was over the trees.

"It was only at night, when we could not see or make a light, that his longing and memories of this girl returned. He knew what she looked like; I had to be content with my own images. Maxwell's passion for this sweetheart was so powerful and pleasing to me that I shared in his emotions as if I, too, were her darling. Which made what happened all the more tragic.

"On that night it was particularly dark and starless. Maxwell and I were crouched at the bottom of the foxhole, knives ready. He was whispering to me when I saw this flitting shadow at the lip of the hole. I leaped up, Maxwell with me. The Japanese, for it could have been nothing else, took a sudden cut at Maxwell.

"True to the boy's luck, he was unharmed. But the point of the Japanese knife sliced into his open pocket and cut the picture out of his shirt. The little photograph with its imitation glass covering stuck for a moment to the point and was slipped into the blackness.

"Maxwell gave a half-stifled cry. It was his life, you understand, the one thing that gave him courage to carry through those desperate hours of night. I tried to stop him, but he was like a maniac. He put his knife between his teeth and climbed out of the foxhole.

"For moments I lay there trembling. Through my brain flashed all of the dreadful things I could imagine. Though Maxwell could not have been gone more than a few seconds, I knew he was dead. I felt as convinced of that as I was of my own existence. The whole night world outside became my enemy.

"My breath came hard. I was stooped over, my fists clenched around my knives, half naked, waiting for the enemy. My fear was gone. I felt a fierceness, like a flame, that consumed it.

"Now that I was sure Maxwell was dead, there was no need to be anything but a fury. I was as bloodthirsty as a tiger.

"AT that moment I heard a crumbling of earth. I looked to my left. A figure was slipping noiselessly into the foxhole.

"My rage against the world of night burst. I thrust, the true and terrible way, with a full follow-through.

"Too late I caught the glint of blond hair. I could not stop the slash of my knife. It felt as if the blade were a live thing, striking of its own will.

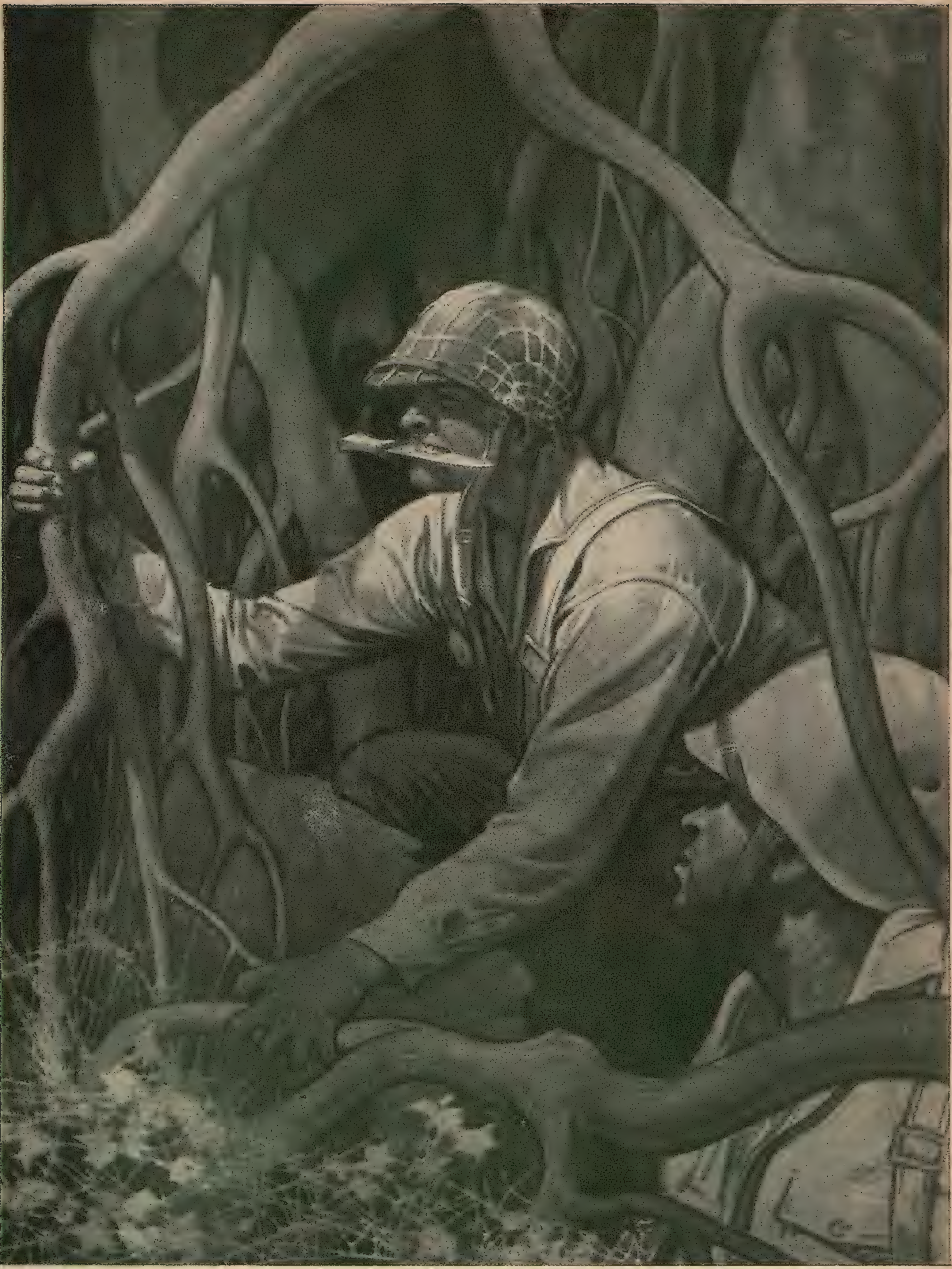
"It was Maxwell. He died soon after. He had not found the picture, he whispered. Those were his only words. No reproaches, no cursings.

"The colonel, when I told him about the incident next day, was very sober. At last he shook my hand and told me I had done the right thing.

"I looked for Maxwell's picture when I left the foxhole, but I could not find it.

"I would have liked to see the face of the girl for whom that romantic Maxwell had died."

THE END



"I tried to stop Maxwell, but he was like a maniac. He put his knife between his teeth and climbed out of the foxhole."

WHAT ABOUT THE POSTWAR AUTOMOBILE?

BY ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR.

Chairman of General Motors

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WILDE

ONE thing is certain! Everybody is interested in the postwar automobile. It has been said many times that, next to food, shelter, and clothing, everybody wants a car. It might almost be said that everybody will accept a lower standard of living or less food, shelter, and clothing in order to have a motorcar. The reason is simple. The automobile is no longer a luxury, and has not been for years, except in a minor degree. It is a necessity in today's scheme of living. That has been dramatically demonstrated during the war effort. We must have motorcars to maintain our daily routine. Many of our cities have developed around the automobile. Without it they cannot function. But the motorcar is more than an economic necessity. It is a social need as well. No wonder everyone is interested in what the "real" postwar car is to be.

Today, of course, our energies are concentrated on the needs of war, and war production must continue to have top priority until final victory is achieved. But it is important that, as we can spare the time, we give some thought to the future.

At the moment, people's natural interest and curiosity in this postwar car have been intensified by the wonderful pictures appearing in our magazines, drawn by artists whose imaginations have an unlimited ceiling. Often there is an utter disregard of the fact that, after all, there is more to the development of a car than achieving dramatic effects. Engineering limitations must be recognized. After all, the poor engineer must give some consideration to making the car work. This brings us to the facts in the case.

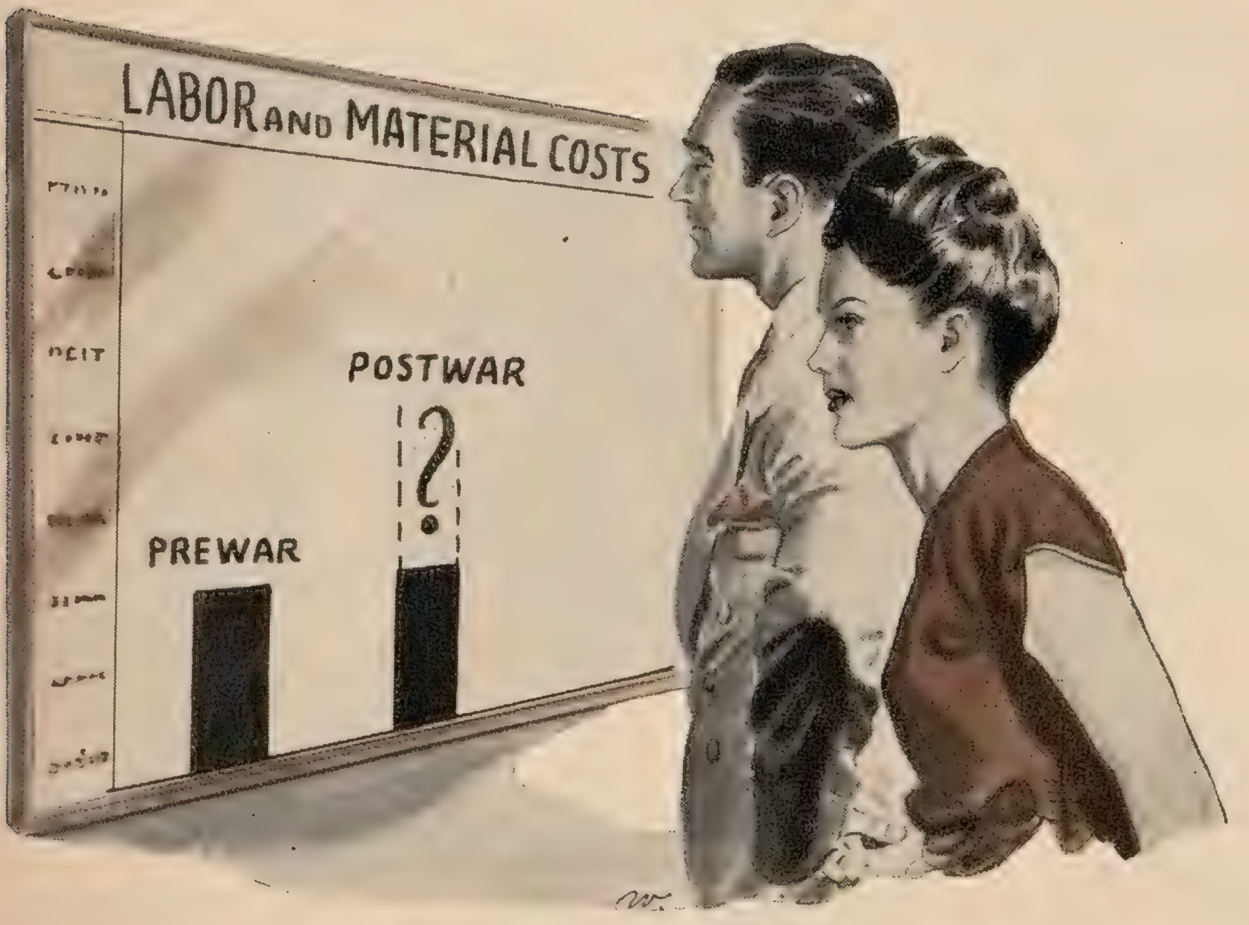
Now that you've seen all the "artists' conceptions" of that postwar car, let a top-flight automotive executive tell you what it's really going to be like

Every piece of engineering design is a compromise. Generally, it is not that a thing cannot be done, but how, if it is done, will it affect other parts of the apparatus and the end result we have in mind? Perhaps in your automobile you would like more miles per gallon. Well, you can have it. But you will have to take with it a smaller car, or a somewhat lower maximum speed, or a reduced rate of acceleration, or something else less. Perhaps you are one of those who say motorcars have been getting too big, too expensive to own and operate. You may say, "I want a small, more economical car that will cost much less." Again the engineer can give it to you. But will you buy it when he does?

Let us take a 1942 Chevrolet for instance. Suppose the car costs $1,000. Now let the engineer start out to redesign the car as you would like to have it, so that it will cost less to buy in the first place and also less to operate. What happens? Well, the engineer has to recognize facts. There can be no such thing as "something for nothing" in his scheme of things. He soon finds out that if he takes this or that thing out, if he cuts the size, if he reduces the weight, if he makes the engine smaller, or what not, he comes up against some solid facts. In the aggregate he is up against what might be called a law of diminishing returns.

In other words, he finds that though he may cut down much, he reduces cost but little. The end result might be to reduce the price, perhaps, by something like $100 or $150. If he decides to make any dramatic reduction, he finds himself restricted to a rather primitive form of transportation. And when you see the car, whatever it may be, you well might say, "I would rather pay the difference and have a real car." If you are an average buyer you may say, "I would rather pay a few dollars more for a few more months and get what I want." This is particularly true because the average purchaser of a motorcar buys on money differences; that is, the difference between the price of the new car and the value of the old one that he is trading in.

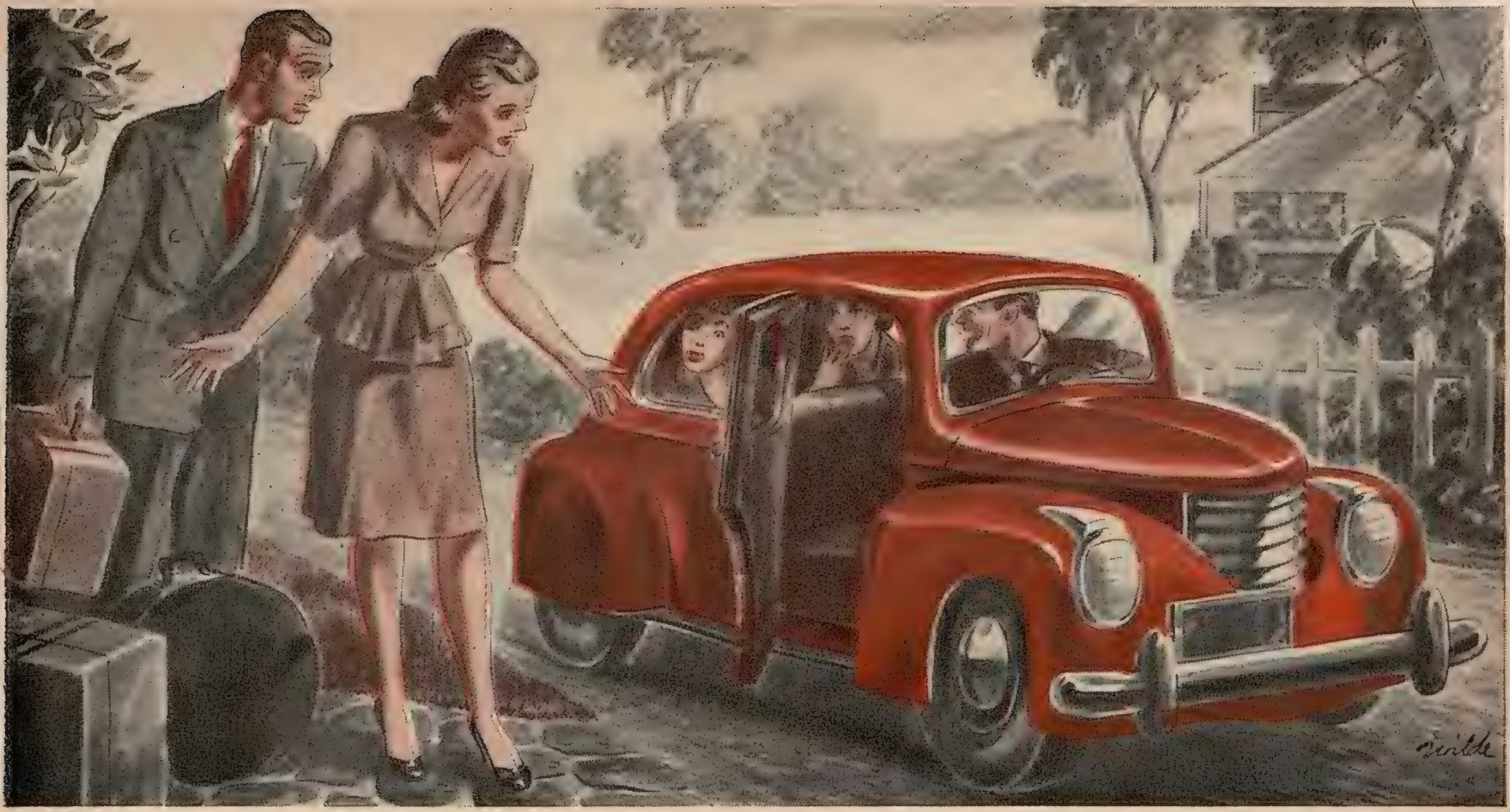
Staying on the road is important, too. It takes weight.



Selling price depends on manufacturing costs.

But perhaps you will say, "I still would rather have the smaller car, because it will be more economical in gas, tires, upkeep," etc. But that is only a part of the problem the manufacturer faces. How about your neighbors? How about everybody else's neighbors? In other words, if more people want the better car at the difference in price, then the price of the smaller one must be increased because of the smaller quantity that would be produced. The cost of engineering, development, of tooling up, and many other costs would have to be distributed over a smaller number of cars. Hence the increased cost per unit would offset in part what saving in price might otherwise have been made.

The opposite of this is also true. A little extra cost and additional selling price will make an important difference in appeal. This is the reason cars have been getting bigger and better. Here we have the law of increasing returns, in other words. The economies of production have been used in recent years to make cars better—not to sell them at a lower price. You may well say, "That is not the right way to expand



Small, cheap cars can be built, but . . .

business. We must sell more goods to create more job opportunities. We should move always toward lower prices." In general, that is a sound economic philosophy.

But think of the manufacturer. He must produce what people will buy. The American buyer is an autocrat. He is the boss. He knows what he wants. And he wants, generally speaking, the best he can reach up to. But here a new question arises. Will he accept much less postwar than prewar?

Of course this is not by any means the whole story, and that is what makes the automobile picture different. Normally there are millions of used cars available at prices as low as twenty-five dollars—cars that will still run and serve. As a matter of fact, if there were not a ready market for used cars, the automotive industry could not produce so many new cars. Hence there would be fewer job opportunities. The new-car buyer makes available to the used-car buyer automotive transportation at a price difficult to compete with, because he is willing to pay for the privilege of owning the latest and most attractive design. And that is quite outside the economics of production. So, in reality, there is available normally in the market everywhere transportation either in the form of new or used cars ranging from the price of the new car to as low as twenty-five dollars.

WHAT has all this to do with the postwar automobile? Simply this: we shall probably see a car of about the size we have been accustomed to, so far as passenger accommodations are concerned. The average prewar car, it is believed, gave the motorcar buyer about what he wanted in this respect.

Naturally, if it is possible to improve the end result—and it will be—so much the better. But the prewar car gave comfortable seating space for five passengers, with ample baggage accommodations. This is about what most people need. They do not want to have to double up like a jackknife to get in and out. They want to be comfortable for long trips. We in this country are used to luxury. We want more of it—not less.

How about appearance? Are we spending too much for style and appearance, for design of such things as fenders, that add little to the transportation value of the vehicle? That, again, is a matter of what people want, or rather, what they will buy. Weight could be saved, cost could be reduced, but again we are up against the law of diminishing returns: much less eye appeal and generally reduced appearance for comparatively little saving. That is the problem that faces the engineer.

Will the postwar automobile be lighter in weight? Are we to enter a light-weight age through the expanded use of aluminum and magnesium? Will the postwar car be an aluminum automobile? The use of light-weight metals in the mechanical arts is bound to continue to expand after the war, as it did before. Production will be available in greatly increased quantity as a result of new plants built for the war. Generally speaking, if we reduce the weight of the car, we can reduce the size of the engine—hence less fuel. We can reduce the size of the tires—hence smaller tires and less cost. There are other advantages.

On the other hand, weight is not on all counts a liability. Up to a point it may well be an asset. So, again, it is a matter of a desirable balance of engineering factors. On the cost side it is hardly possible, with the present known methods, to bring the cost of the light metals to the point where their use may be decided only by engineering desirability without economic consideration. The postwar car will in all probability use somewhat increased quantities of the lighter metals, but the aluminum car is not yet in sight. How about plastics? Too many limitations as yet. Perhaps sometime.

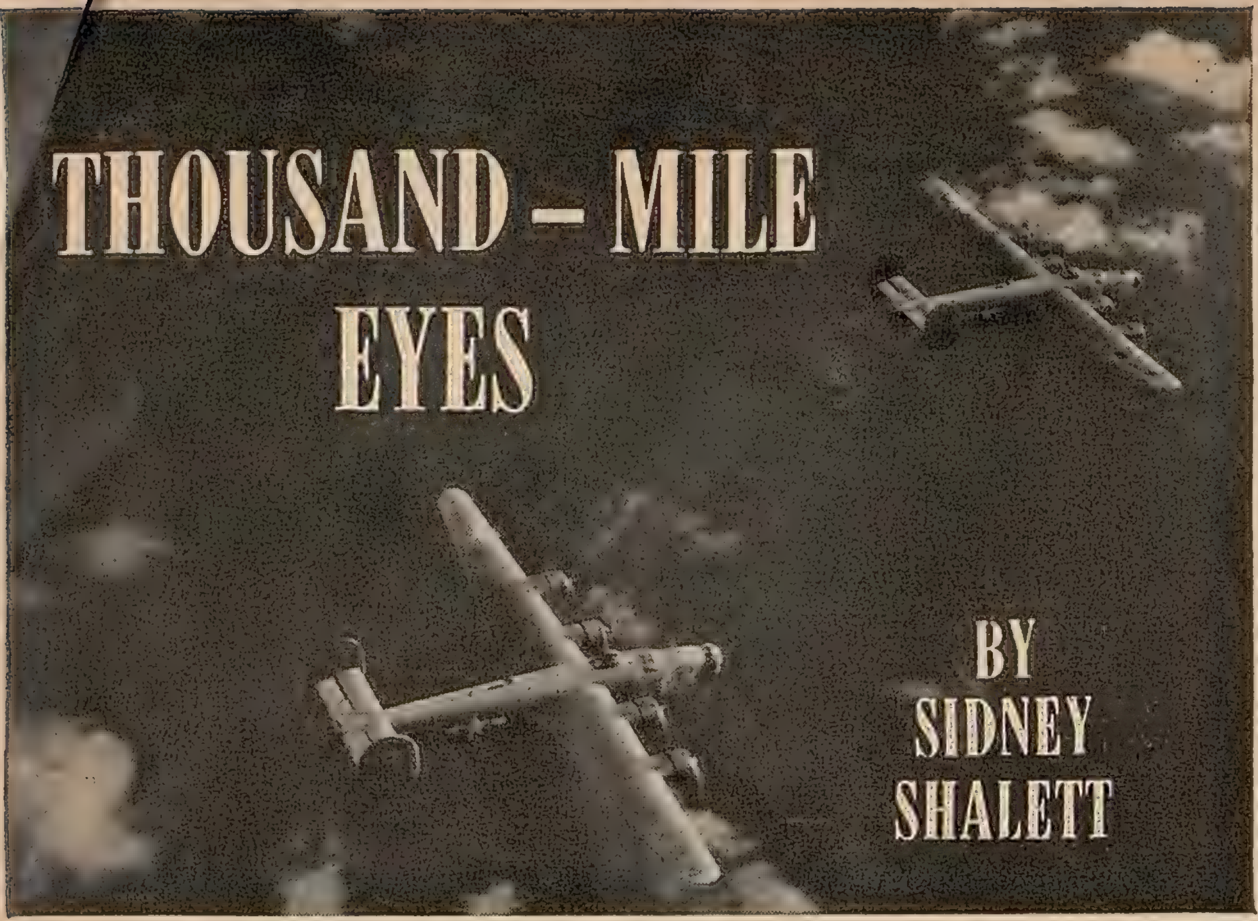
How about the advantages of the so-called high-octane fuels? Will they increase the miles per gallon? The answer is yes, they will. Fuel economy of the engine increases as we increase the octane rating of the fuel we burn, but we must increase the compression of the engine to correspond. Prewar fuels, in general, were around 74 octane. If we reconstruct the engine to use 90- to 95-octane fuels, we may well expect an increase in mileage of, say, 20 to 25 per cent. And—this is important—a smaller engine will do a bigger job. Thus we save weight in the engine and that influences the car structure. However, the cost of the better fuel is a factor in the over-all economy we are seeking. Not much can be said about this at this time.

Generally speaking, higher-octane fuels cost more; but there will be an enormous capacity available, developed for airplane use during the war. We may expect the postwar automobile to have a higher compression engine—probably a somewhat smaller engine. We may expect, for normal use, higher-octane fuels at little excess in cost, over the long pull. Twenty years ago our fuel was about 46 octane. It was the best we had. Today 120 octane is possible. Tomorrow fuels are in sight that will far outreach existing standards. The day after tomorrow—who can say?

LET us try to imagine the car of tomorrow as compared with the one of yesterday. Suppose we should see both cars side by side on the salesroom floor, what would our reaction be?

Well, we would first say that the change is very definitely evolutionary rather than revolutionary. (This gets us back to the imaginative artists again.) In other words, there will be nothing radical, but a far more attractive design—much more pleasing than prewar. It should give the impression of being more modern in detailed appearance, inside and out. We will like it. We will even be enthusiastic. It will have about the same passenger space—more rather than less—with ample baggage accommodations. It will look somewhat smaller over all. It will weigh somewhat less, not because of any extensive use of lighter metals, but because of more effective use of the heavier materials. It will be somewhat more economical in operation. Its standard of quality—that is, its service-

(*Continued on page 70*)



THOUSAND-MILE EYES

BY SIDNEY SHALETT

It's the job of the Navy's search planes to keep tabs on where the Japs are and what they're doing. Here's an account of these daredevil spies in the skies

NOWHERE in the Pacific can the hunted Jap hide any longer. His sneak-attack days are over. Largely responsible is the Navy's new system of combing the vast Pacific with its land-based Liberator bombers, now operating under the new designation of "search planes."

In unpopularity with the Japanese, the Navy Liberators rank close to the new B-29 Superfortresses, which are dropping bombs on Japan itself. These whale-bellied, four-engined "Libs," flown by hell-raising, Jap-hating Navy crews, have a score of ways to harass the enemy. Whenever there is action, the Liberators are part of it—helping to find the elusive Nips for our Pacific forces. When the Navy air arm smashed the Jap fleet west of Saipan, the Liberators served as the "eyes of the fleet."

One of the Navy's most glorious Liberator squadrons in the Pacific called itself the Buccaneers, and buccaneering is exactly the kind of swashbuckling, relentless, lone-wolf operation that the Libs go in for. They fly by day and they fly by night. Let a covey of Jap destroyers, transports, or tankers try to sneak from a besieged island to a safer spot, and the Navy's flying pirates are on their tails, radioing back their position to the fleet and dropping bombs down their smokestacks. Let the Jap or German submarines (for the Liberators operate in the Atlantic, too) raise their periscopes against our shipping, and the search planes appear to drive them down.

Liberators flying search missions from England helped the R. A. F. and Allied navies keep Nazi U-boats away from our invasion armada on D Day.

In the Pacific, Libs regularly fly photographic missions to pave the way for amphibious landings. They go out as weather scouts for the fleet and air arms. They fly as armed escorts when the Navy's "Dumbo" ships go out to rescue a downed aviator. They "spot" for bombardment by naval task forces, they drop propaganda leaflets on enemy territory and food for our own stranded aviators, and they even condescend to haul a visiting brass hat around on occasion.

Perhaps it should be mentioned that they have also been known to carry beer. When Guadalcanal still was a forward post, the Liberator boys there got to brooding because the rear echelons on Espiritu Santo had plenty of beer and they had none. Lieutenant Thurlow G. Doyle, a resourceful fellow who was flying to Espiritu Santo, volunteered to rectify the situation. Somehow fifty cases of beer and some salted peanuts found their way into his Liberator's bomb bay.

But a great tragedy occurred. One engine failed while Doyle was over the water. The peanuts went first; then he had to jettison the beer. The cases landed right in one of our mine fields with disastrous results.

The admiral in charge of the mine field sent a pretty peppery note about it.

"His mines!" the boys on Guadalcanal said bitterly. "Hell, it was *our* beer!"

The main job of the Liberator squadrons, however, is to keep an eye on Jap movements. "The ability to get information early to the task-force commander may spell the difference between victory and defeat," the skipper of one of the leading search squadrons declares. Yet, while such missions are their primary task, it is only natural that the pilots should take keen delight in shooting down Jap planes. They have quite an impressive record at this, too. On their lone far-ranging missions, the Liberators often come across Japanese search planes—twin-engined "Bettys" and sometimes four-engined "Mavis" or "Emily" flying boats. (The Army and Navy adopt these names so our pilots won't have to yell Jap names like Mitsubishi and Kawasaki over the air in the middle of a battle.) The Japanese try to copy our search tactics, but their results are not good. Our Navy pilots are somewhat contemptuous of the Japanese search pilot; they say he seems to fly with his eyes shut and his ears plugged, and that knocking him down is like potting a clay duck in a shooting gallery.

More risky are the encounters of the unescorted Libs with Japanese fighter-plane squadrons. Even in this type of unequal warfare, however, the record is good, for the Libs are tough planes and they bristle with .50-caliber machine guns packed into maneuverable turrets.

The Buccaneers, officially known as VB-104, operated off Guadalcanal and Munda airdromes between August 15, 1943, and March 29, 1944. In thirty engagements involving 179 enemy planes, they definitely destroyed fourteen, probably destroyed another five, and damaged eleven. They lost only one plane of their own as the result of enemy action in the air.

Another squadron in its seven months on Espiritu Santo engaged seventy-five enemy planes in aerial combat and destroyed eleven. It also destroyed five "Rufes"—single-engine float-plane fighters—on the water by strafing. It lost one plane to Jap night fighters over Kahili, and another failed to return from a routine patrol.

THE Liberator, known in the Navy as a PB4Y-1, is ideal for its chief strategic purpose of searching because of its toughness, fire power, and extremely long range, which enables it to make round-trip search flights of 2,000 miles plus as a matter of routine. Liberators poked their noses around Truk long before our carrier task forces smashed at it.

The whole history of the Pacific war, from Guadalcanal through the latest American advances, has been marked by the work of the Liberators as the "thousand-mile eyes" of the fleet. Not only have they smelled out the hiding places of the Japanese and kept an eye on their movements, but often their interception has forced Jap naval units to flee.

Redheaded Lieutenant Bob Van Benschoten, pilot of a Liberator called Red's Devils, once performed the astounding feat of tracking an enemy task force more than 1,000 miles from his home base and forcing it to hide.

He picked up this force, which included some formidable heavy cruisers, just as it was steaming out of Truk harbor, undoubtedly bent on making trouble for the Yanks. Benschoten began radioing information to our forces. There never was a fight, for as soon as the Jap commander saw he had been discovered by the lone Liberator, he turned tail and scurried back to Truk.

Beer and a cigar for a hit against the Jap. Commander Hayward got the cigar.

The present Liberator, adapted from the Army's B-24, virtually has outmoded the Navy's old work horse, the Catalina flying boat. In the early days after Pearl Harbor, Catalinas carried out the Navy's patrol bombing missions in superlative fashion, but they simply were too slow and too vulnerable to attack to defend themselves adequately when jumped by enemy fighters. There's the famous story of the Catalina pilot who radioed his base: "Trailing enemy carrier. Notify my next of kin." It's been a different story with the Liberators. Single Liberators have fought off ten Zeros or more and have come home on three engines with as many as 200 bullet holes in their fuselage.

Navy authorities point out, however, that their increasing use of land-based bombers does not mean the end of Navy flying boats such as the "Cat" or the Mariner. When we move in on new enemy territory, for example, seaplanes, supported and serviced by seaplane tenders which move right in with the fleet, can start operating long before we have an airfield prepared for the huge four-engined bombers.

LIBERATORS had a rather grim introduction to Pacific warfare. We definitely did not have superiority in the air in the early days. There weren't enough patrol planes to hunt for the enemy, there weren't enough bombers to paste the enemy when we found him, and there weren't enough fighters to protect the bombers. Navy Liberators used to fly wing to wing with Army bomber formations on bombing missions, and also carried out some missions of their own. This was the situation that prevailed when the first Liberator squadron was activated in February, 1943.

The first skipper was Lieutenant Commander (now Commander) Bill Moffett, Jr., son of the late Admiral Moffett, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, who was killed in the crash of the dirigible Akron in 1933. Moffett's fliers had served under him in a Catalina patrol-bomber squadron, and their training in four-engine ships was necessarily hurried. On February 13, when they went out to seek the enemy for the first time, it actually was their first attempt at formation flying.

The results that day were pretty much no hits, no runs, no errors. They sighted two Jap destroyers and a transport between Bougainville and New Guinea, dropped some bombs and dodged a lot of flak, but they neither hit anything nor lost any of their squadron. Some Army bombers, coming back over the ships from another mission, lost three planes to enemy fighters which had swarmed out after the Navy Libs departed.

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The way Charles Lamb used to deal with hecklers should be interesting to any public speaker. Whenever a loud hiss was heard during any of Lamb's lectures, Charles would stop and say coolly, "There are only three things that hiss—a goose, a snake, and a fool. Come forth and be identified."

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Next day was a different story. Nine Liberators, each loaded with 8,000 pounds of bombs, went after Jap ships at Kahili.

"Our fighter escort consisted of only twenty planes," Commander Moffett relates. "We were so short in the South Pacific then that twenty were all we could scrape up.

"Four Jap ships were anchored off Kahili. We made a formation run on the largest ship—a transport. Bombs dropped all over it. There was a magnificent belch of smoke, and when it cleared away the ship had simply disappeared."

But then the Liberators began paying for their first victory. Ack-ack started barking. It was extremely accurate. One bomber was knocked out of formation but limped back in. Then the Zeros came, sixty to eighty of them, more than our twenty fighters could handle.

"If the Japs had been American pilots, not one of us would have got back," Commander Moffett declares. "As it was, they shot down two of us simply by making head-on runs. The Liberators didn't have bow turrets in those days and were extremely vulnerable.

"Our squadron got nine Zeros and seven probables that day. Our fighters were busy as hell; they lost five and got six or seven. One Zero, I remember, was shot down in a head-on collision.

"One of the men we lost that day was Lieutenant J. D. Bacon, my second section leader. Jay had a case of whisky back at the base. 'Don't let it go to waste if I don't come back,' he told me just before we left on this mission. We all toasted Jay with his whisky that night.

"The pilot of the second plane was Lieutenant R. W. Cooper. His plane was leaking gas badly and dropped out of the formation. Our fighters had to go on ahead because their gas was running low, but the Zeros had dropped behind, so I took a chance and slowed up the formation. 'Don't wait on me!' Coop yelled over the radio. His plane plunged into the water and floated, but not a man got out. I figure they must have been overcome by the gas fumes."

When the remains of the squadron got back to base, a council of war was held with the air commanders and it was decided that the Liberators would have to avoid day bombing until stronger fighter cover could be provided. From then until July they flew against the Japs only at night.

Night flying was something else the boys hadn't been trained in, but they took off at night from Henderson Field, each time with an overload, and never had an operational accident. They were damn good pilots.

BEFORE the squadron had left the area in September, 1943, after having flown 8,000 hours against the Japs, its successor squadron, originally under command of Lieutenant Commander Bruce A. Van Voorhis, had come in. As a result of the other squadron's experience, the new Liberators came in with nose turrets, which helped them give a better account of themselves in head-on fights with Jap fighters. Things still were pretty primitive on Guadalcanal, though. For a while the mammoth planes had to be gassed up by hand with seven-and-one-half-gallon cans. Since a Lib takes 2,700 gallons, that meant 360 pouring operations.

One day Commander Van Voorhis flew over to Kapingamarangi (Greenwich Island) alone, trying to get a seaplane tender anchored there. He never came back. Other planes were lost later on the same mission.

One of the pilots was Burton F. J. Albrecht, a twenty-four-year-old junior lieutenant coming from Mesa, Arizona. Albrecht is a quiet redheaded kid who, according to his colleagues, "never said two words to anyone." But he won a batch of medals for his exploits, which included singlehandedly taking on a convoy of nine armed enemy cargo ships, hitting and probably sinking three of them, and on another occasion beating off attacks by fourteen fighters, shooting down three and possibly a fourth.

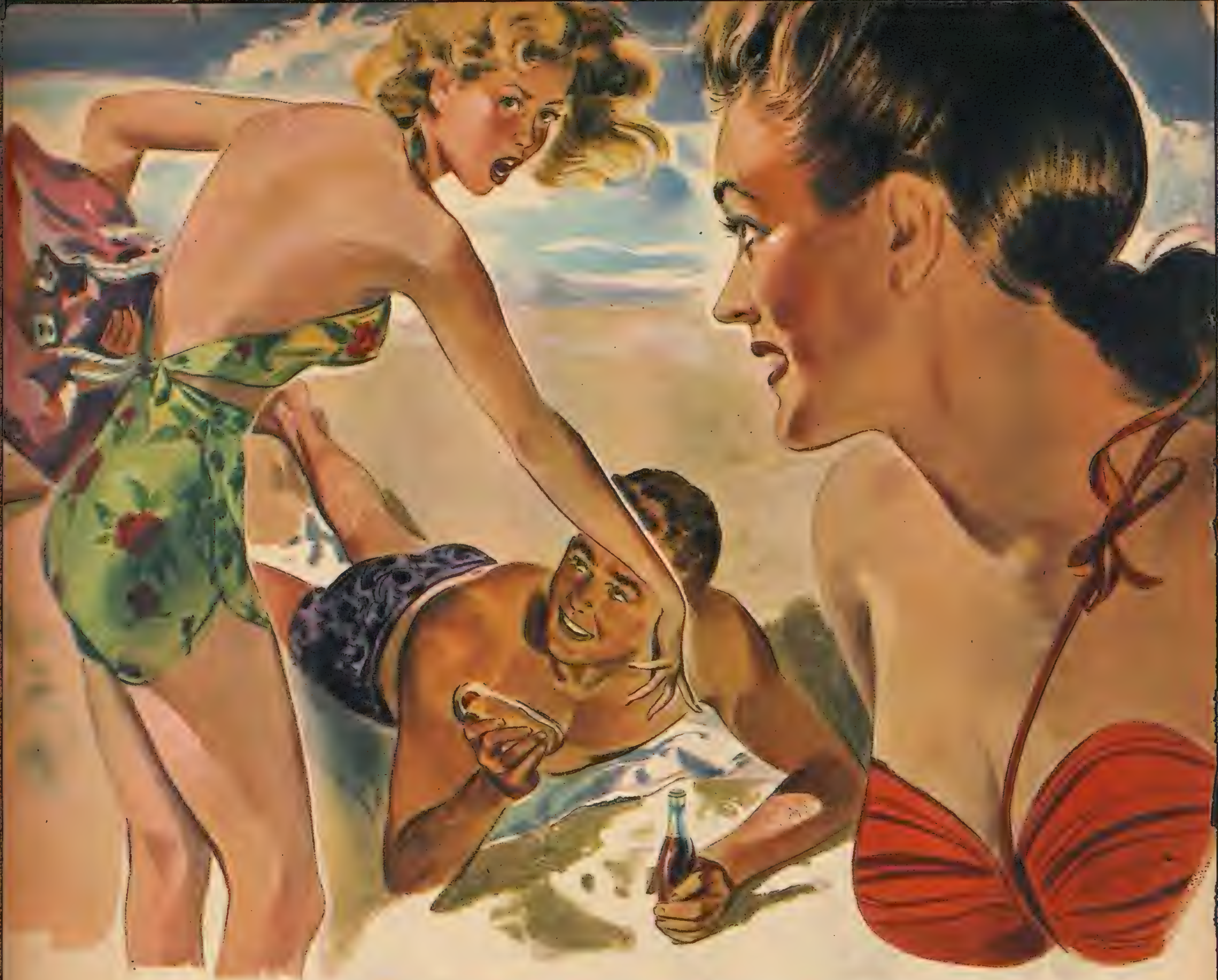
"Albrecht quietly studied this situation at Kapingamarangi," relates Lieutenant Commander Gordon Fowler, who suc-

(Continued on page 60)

Gal on Hayward's Liberator, "Chick's Chick," wears nothing but a cracked eggshell. Besides other ships, it once sank a Nip rowboat.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Search pilots never lose sight of the Japs, and hit him wherever they find him. A briefing before a mission for men of squadron VB-106.



"I want my towel," said Abe. "She goes on like that all the time," Smith explained. "A one-track mind," Cass snorted.

ROLL ME OVER EASY

BY NORBERT DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

She was just an honest working girl—even though she did pick up a man who didn't belong to her. Or was it vice versa?

JUST in case you've never seen it, the Pacific isn't always calm. Sometimes, when the wind is from the nor'-nor'-west, the breakers come in about as high as that lamppost, with a bump and a ka-whoosh, and if you're not as good as Abe, they put a finger wave in your ears and sand in your good sinus.

Abe coasted right up to where the tourists say O-o-oh and stood up and shook herself and tightened the drawstring in the small of her back. She was petite and quite neat and tidy, taken in all. She pulled off her white rubber bathing cap (prewar) and shook out her hair (blonde, and not dark at the roots, either) and walked up the slope of the beach through the salt froth and goo, leaving nice small high-arched footprints behind her, until she reached the place where she had left her towel and bag.

The bag was red and shiny, decorated with white plastic initials—A for Abiel and B for Burch. The towel was not red nor shiny—nor even there. A character was occupying the space where it had been. The character, definitely masculine, was long and lean and deeply tanned and had close-cropped hair and a concave stomach. It also had its eyes closed and its toes turned up.

"I beg your pardon," said Abe.

The character opened gray-green eyes and regarded her thoughtfully. "That's all right, honey. I'd already guessed the ending of that dream."

"I would like my towel," said Abe.

The character pursed his lips. "As an opening, that's sort of an oldie, but I'll accept it. Sit down. What's your name, and how old are you, and where's your husband?"

Abe said clearly, "My name is Abiel Burch, and I'm twenty-two, and I have no husband. And I want my towel."

"You can drop that gag now, honey. You've succeeded in meeting me. I'm Smith. John Smith. I mean, for a fact. But don't believe all the things you read about me in hotel registers and court records. I'm actually a very upright citizen and an excellent conversationalist. Sit down and we'll beat the gums a bit."

"Give me my towel," said Abe in a remarkably restrained voice.

"Well?" said someone else. "*Well?*"

This new element was a girl, and she was beautiful. It's a word that is bandied about pretty carelessly these days, but here it was justified. She had black sleek hair and flashing brown eyes and flawless skin tanned to the color of a good brand of malted milk.

She was wearing a red satin bathing suit that would have resulted in her immediate arrest or a first-class riot, had she appeared in it any place where admission was charged. She was carrying two hot dogs in one hand and two bottles of pop in the other.

"Hi, honey," said Smith. "Meet up with a Burch. Her first name is Abiel, but I'll bet she'll let you call her Abe after you've known her for five minutes, like I have. Abe, fill your eyes full of Cass Simmons and compliment me on my good taste."

"It's a fine situation," said Cass. "A girl can't turn her back any more without some sniper moving in." She dug a tinted toenail into Smith's ribs. "Take some of this."

Still reclining, Smith reached up and relieved her of one hot dog and one pop bottle. "Thanks, honey. Abe, sit down and gnaw yourself a chunk."

"I paid for those supplies," Cass stated. "And I'll supervise their distribution. This is all posted property here, Burch. Private and no trespassing. Must you hurry away so soon, I hope?"

"I want my towel," said Abe.

"She goes on like that all the time," Smith explained. "A one-track mind, I think."

Cass snorted. "Towel! Are you very sure you didn't accidentally drop a handkerchief, too?"

Abe was a little white around the lips. "He—is—lying—on—my—towel."

Cass nudged Smith with her toe again. "Get up."

Smith sat up, balancing the hot dog and the pop. He had been lying on a towel—a blue-and-white towel with the initials C and S scrolled artistically in its center.

"Oh," Abe murmured.

"I was under the impression," said Cass, "that the C stood for Cassandra and the S for Simmons. Have you any other explanation for them?"

Abe swallowed hard. "I left—I left it right here. I did."

"It's very dangerous," Cass told her, "to leave private property lying around on a beach. You can better believe I won't do it again."

"Now, Cass," said Smith, chewing cheerfully on some hot dog. "You wouldn't love me if I wasn't irresistible. And don't you be downhearted, Abe. It was a nice try."

Abe picked up her bag and walked down the beach very rapidly.

THE sun was advertising its last appearance for the day, throwing gaudy red streamers all over the left half of the sky and painting the surface of the ocean a very ghastly hue indeed. Abe was standing on the corner of Colorado, waiting for the bus that went wheezing and sneezing over the steeper parts of the surrounding landscape.

The hood of a custom convertible job that was long and jauntily rakish and a brilliant pale blue slid up even with her.

"Hi, honey," said Smith. "How'd you know I would come by this way? Have you been waiting long?"

Abe stared at him in silence for the count of ten. Smith smiled charmingly. Abe turned around and started to walk up the hill. Smith hooked his thumb over the horn ring on the inlaid steering wheel and held it there. The horn played the first four notes of How Dry I Am—in tune, too, but loud. It was that dry for a total of eight times, and people began to open their windows and look outdoors.

"You stop that!" said Abe, coming back quickly.

Smith did. "Hop in, honey," he invited, opening the door.

"Will you take me straight to my boardinghouse?" Abe demanded suspiciously.

"I'm sorry, Abe," Smith said, "but I'll have to this time. No use hinting about a longer ride. This candy wagon isn't mine, and I promised to bring it right back."

Abe stepped back. "Does this belong to—"

"Yup," said Smith. "Come on. Use up some of her gas coupons. Help wear out her tires."

ABE hesitated and then slid cautiously into the far corner of the wide seat and closed the door. "I live at Sea View Acres. That's up this street ten blocks and then over two."

Smith was still wearing nothing but his trunks. "It's a long walk," he commented. "No wonder you have corns."

"I *don't* have corns!"

"What's that?" Smith asked, pointing.

"That's a blister! And you mind your own business! And just why aren't you in uniform, may I ask?"

"I'm conservative. I go in for the more conventional types of swimming attire."

"You know very well what I mean. I should think a man of your age would have something better to do than to lie around the beach with—with—"

"Her name is Cass Simmons," Smith said. "And I want to tell you I'm engaged in some pretty important work there."

"What?"

"Providing for my future in this brave new world you read about. Sometime a cute tot with curly hair is going to toddle up to my wheel chair and ask, 'Grandpappy, what did you do in the fifth from last Great War?' And I'm going to answer, 'Married a million dollars, you nosy little rat, and if you think it's easy, just run out and try it.'"

"I think that's utterly loathsome."

"Loathsome?" Smith repeated, surprised. "A million dollars? Oh, no. You've got it mixed up with something else. A million dollars is very wonderful. Do you know how long it would take you, if you started counting now three numbers every second, to get up to a million?"

"I'm not interested. Turn left here."

"A depressing district," said Smith. "Are you one of these socially conscious people who knock around in the slums by preference?"

"I stay here," Abe said clearly and coldly, "because I can't afford any better place. I work for my money."

"How odd," said Smith. "It's a sort of getting there the long way round, isn't it?"

"It's a lot better than being a—a—a gigolo!"

"Oh, no," Smith denied. "We have a very soft time of it. Of course you have to have natural gifts—charm, personality, good looks."

"This is it. Let me out here."

Smith stopped the car. "It's too bad I haven't time to come in so you could display me. Shall I blow the horn so your fellow inmates can come out and gape as I drive off?"

Abe slammed the door. "Just go away—as far as possible!" She opened the gate so violently that it groaned in aged protest.

"Hey, honey," said Smith.

Abe kept right on going up the board walk. Smith touched the horn, but so lightly that it only said "How." Abe stopped and faced around very slowly.

Smith was holding up her shiny red bag. "Look, dear. I know you just wanted to make sure I'd come back, but won't you need this in the meantime?"

Abe returned to the car and snatched the bag from his hand.

"Thanks?" Smith insinuated gently. "I know the lower classes neglect the small courtesies, but you mustn't let your environment influence you too much."

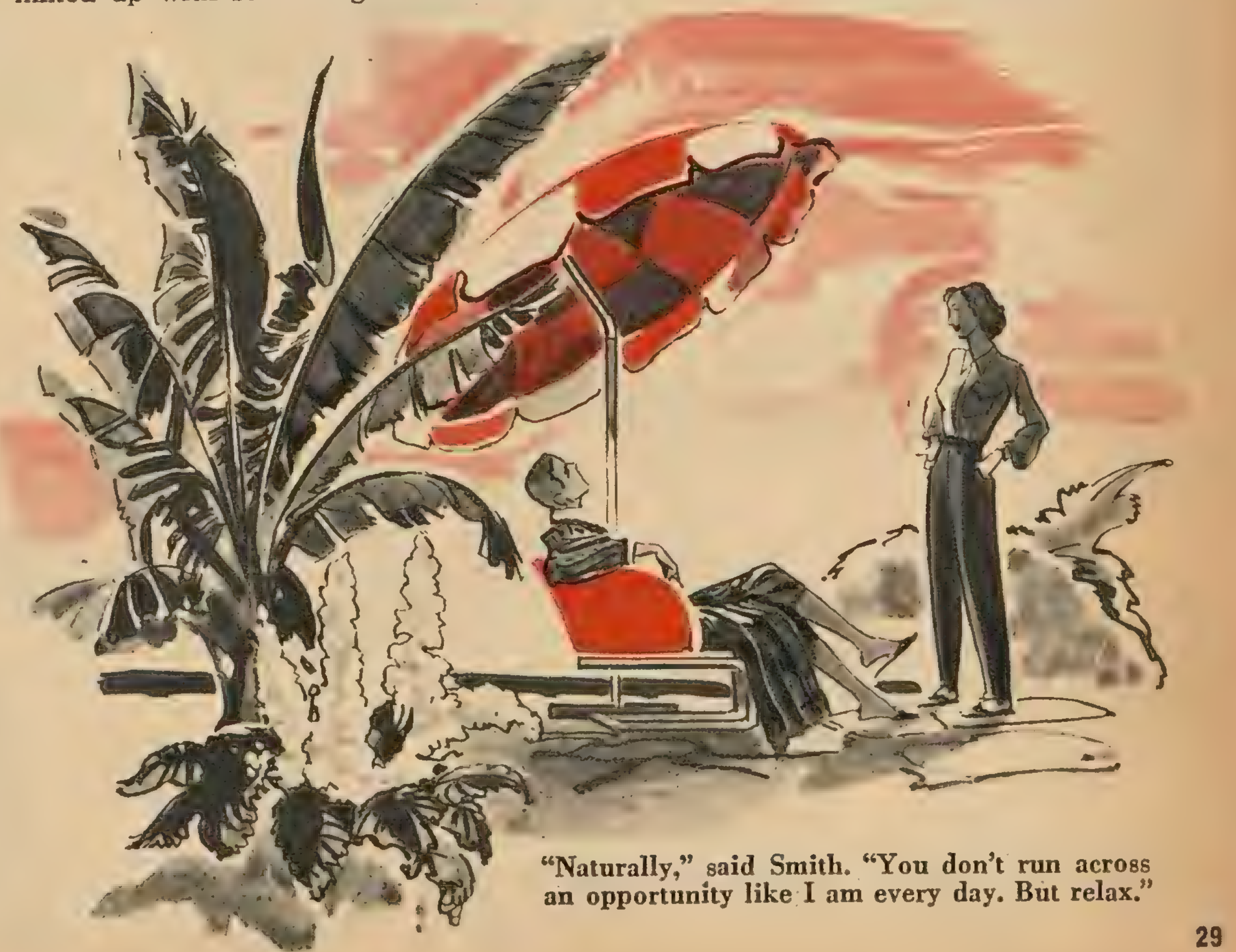
"You get out of here."

"Now you mustn't be piqued because I didn't kiss you good-by. It's hard waiting, but you'll find it all the more thrilling on account of the suspense."

HE drove off with a richly expressive farewell burp from the chrome exhaust pipes. Abe took several deep breaths, clenching her fists, and then went through the gate and up the walk again.

Sea View Acres consisted of an enormous expanse of ground, all of seventy-five feet

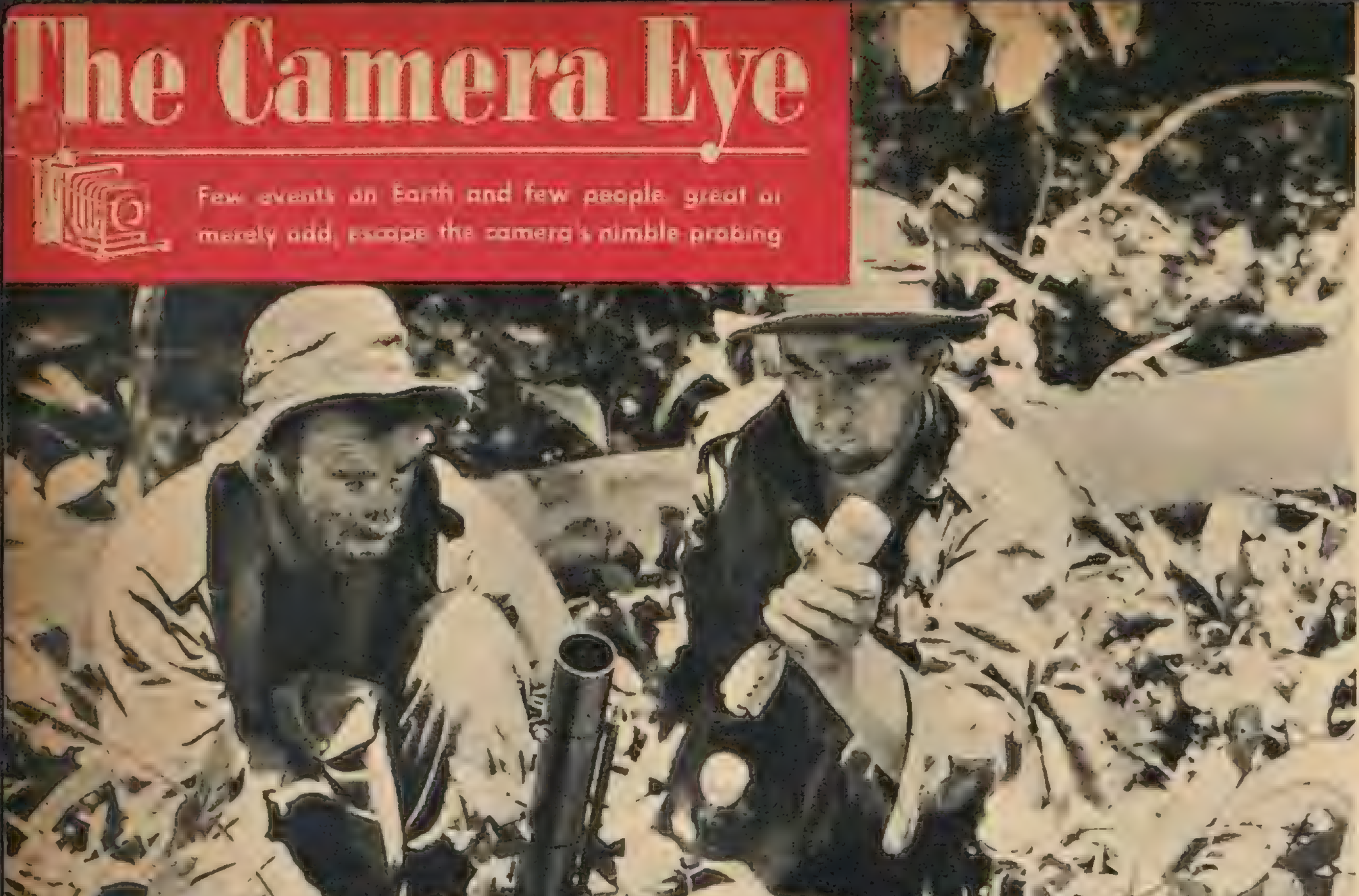
(*Continued on page 52*)



"Naturally," said Smith. "You don't run across an opportunity like I am every day. But relax."

The Camera Eye

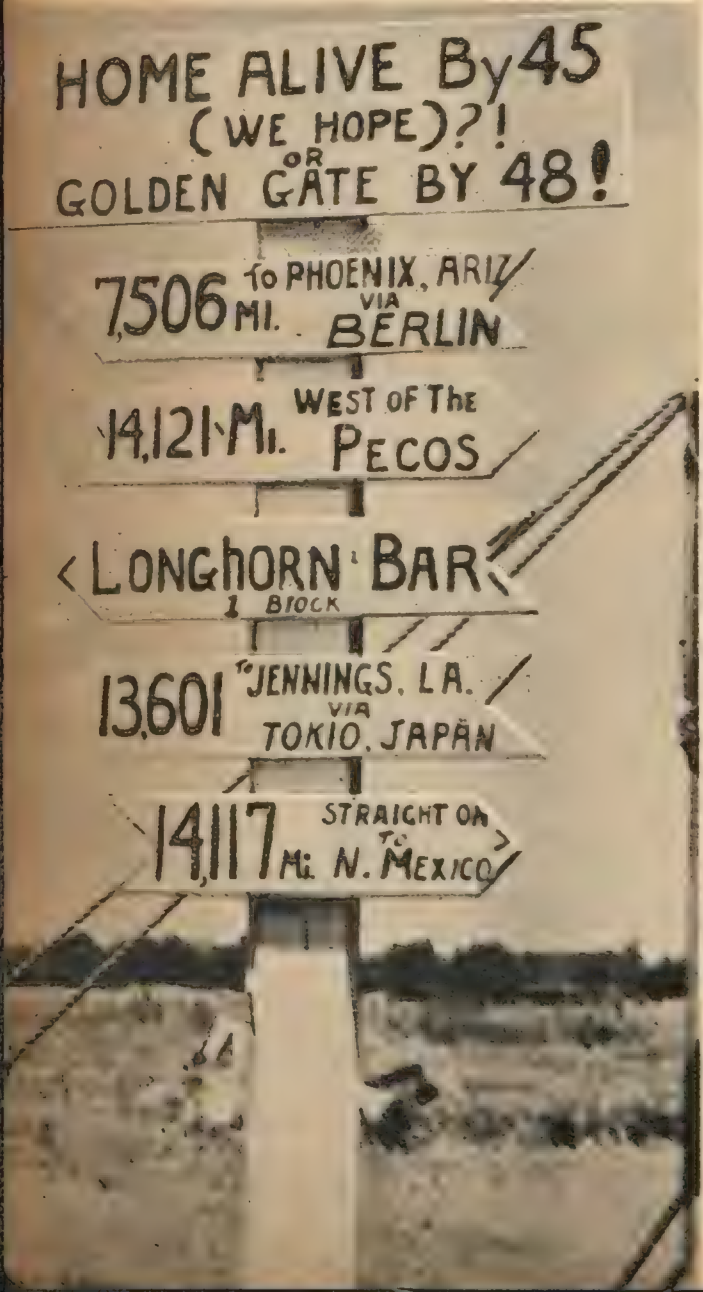
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



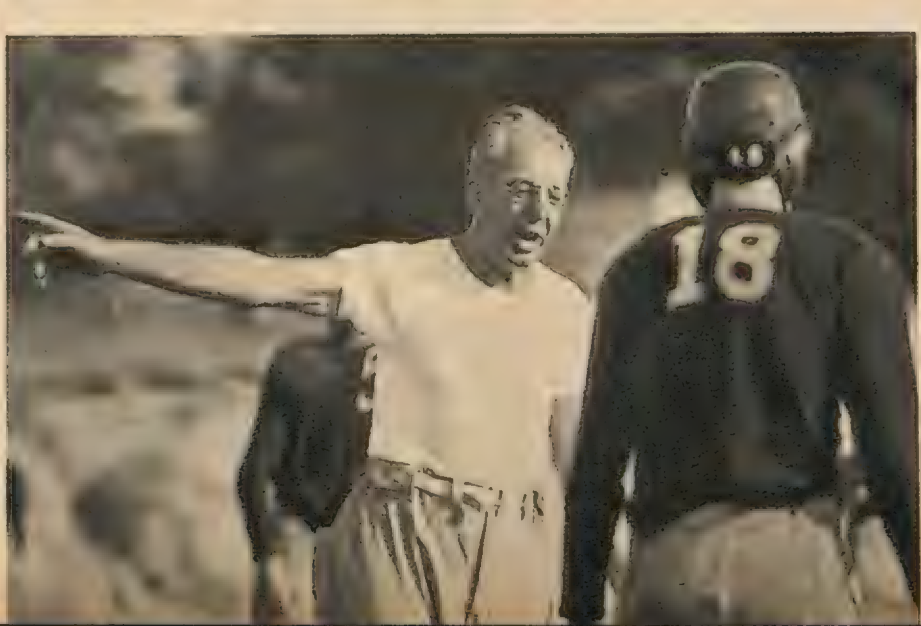
FIRST LADY VISITS FIGHTERS—The peripatetic Mrs. Roosevelt visits the U. S. Naval Hospital, San Diego, Calif., to spread cheer among the convalescents. She's chatting with Coolidge Fludd of Charleston, S. C.

MEN AT WORK—This picture of intense concentration comes from the Green Islands, north of Bougainville. New Zealanders Fred Mazengarb and William Elmiger keep their mortar hot against the Japs.

SIGNS OF HOME—It's almost Army tradition now that overseas bases be dotted with signposts bearing names from home. Here's one at a U. S. air base in Russia.


HOME ALIVE By 45
(WE HOPE)?!
OR
GOLDEN GATE BY 48!
7,506 MI. to PHOENIX, ARIZ. VIA BERLIN
14,121 MI. WEST OF The PECOS
< LONGhORN BAR
1 BLOCK
13,601 to JENNINGS, LA. VIA TOKIO, JAPAN
14,117 MI. STRAIGHT ON TO N. MEXICO

FOOTSAVERS—Where there's a Yank there's a gag. Men of the 4th Division mount plow horses to patrol liberated Cherbourg. It's just for a laugh, of course, despite the fierce looks for supposed snipers.



THE HEAT'S ON—Lou Little, Columbia football coach, seems to feel the pain he expresses as he points out a mistake to an aspirant during practice session at Baker Field, New York City.

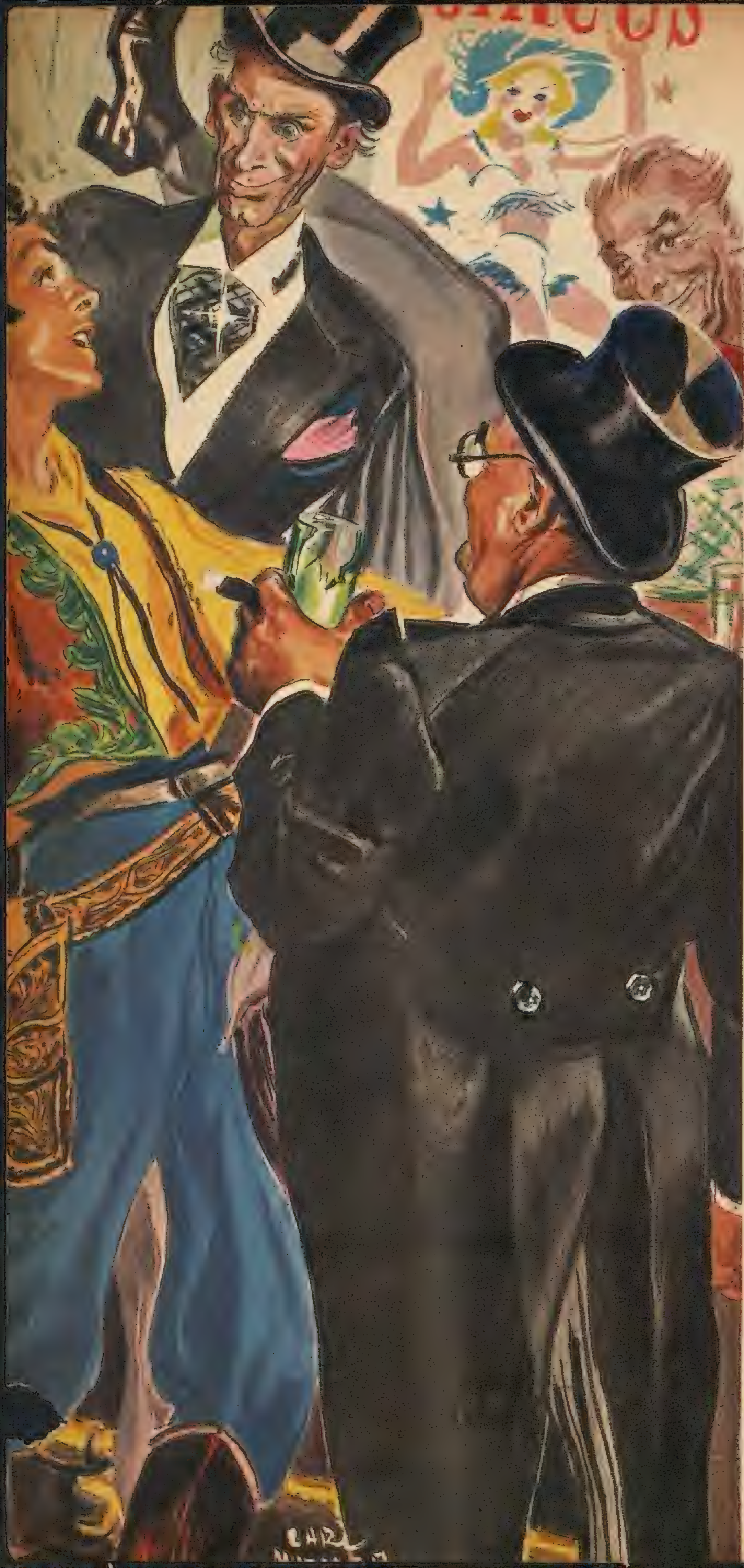
WHILE THE BATTLE RAGES—Bomber pilots who have just returned to their carrier and Capt. Stuart H. Ingersoll, their skipper, tensely follow posted bulletins while awaiting return of their fighter pilots still battling Jap fliers off Saipan.

ASHIONS FOR FIGHTERS—A growing d among Navy men is a gold loop in e left ear. Seaman 1/c Bruce E. Levin Olean, New York, who shaves his head ut not his face, looks like a real pirate.

GIVE UNCLE—Lt. Alex Vraicu (left) collects from his uncle, John Tincu, in Chicago. Uncle John once rashly promised to pay Alex $100 for every Jap plane he shot down. The check he's writing here is for $1,900.

BABE WITH ARMS—Lucky for us this tough little character, complete with cigarette butt and waist arsenal, is on our side. He helped lead American troops through heavily mined areas around Livorno, Italy.

SPARE PAIR—EXTRA!—The Perfect Legs Institute (whatever that is) has been formed to satisfy a hardly felt need in American life. Rochelle Hudson, honorary president, had her legs cast in bronze.



"Didn't have much supper. An old horseshoe and a handful of nails."

JUAN GOES

WOMEN, Juan Ibáñez mused as he studied his empty tequila glass, had an amazing faculty for making life complicated. Why this should be so he did not know. But clearly it was one of the verities. His *novia*, Rosita, had certainly complicated his until now tranquil existence. He scowled and motioned at the bartender.

"One more, *amigo*."

The baldheaded bartender refilled his glass. "Thought you was on your way to see your gal," he observed.

"*Sí*, I am."

"She won't like it if you're drunk."

"No," Juan agreed. "It does not matter."

"You an' her have a fight?"

"No," Juan said; then added thoughtfully, "Not yet."

Lost in gloomy meditation, Juan stared vacantly at the wall. Rosita had declared that he must either get a job or forever lose her. It was a difficult choice to make. Juan loved Rosita very much; he did not love work at all. He sighed.

A bright-colored poster on the wall caught his eye. It showed a beautiful golden-haired lady standing on two white horses. In large black letters was printed:

> BEATEM AND BARTON'S CIRCUS BIGGEST SHOW IN THE WEST, STARRING THAT SENSATIONAL LADY EQUESTRIENNE. MAGNIFIQUE—ALSO 100 FIERCE WILD ANIMALS GATHERED FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH

Juan pointed at the poster. "Of what foolishness is this?"

"That's the circus that's comin' to Tres Rios tomorrow," the bartender informed him. "Ain't you never seen one?"

Juan shook his head. "Is it like the bullfight?"

"Lots better. It's got lions and tigers and freaks—everything you can think of."

"This Señorita Magnifico," Juan inquired, "is she a lion fighter?"

"She does stunts with horses. She's a bareback rider."

From the scant costume she wore, Juan could see that. He wondered if her back did not get sunburned. This circus, he mused, sounded interesting. Suddenly a great idea struck him. He would take Rosita to see it. No doubt she would be so excited she would forget her threats.

Leaving the How Many Saloon, he mounted Diablo, his dirty gray, sour-dispositioned horse, and set out for Rosita's *casa*. He was very much pleased with himself. "Diablo," he confided, "women are of no difficulty if one only knows how to handle them."

Diablo, a confirmed bachelor, nickered his skepticism.

The warm summer twilight was fading when Juan rode into the yard, where he found Rosita cutting flowers. He touched his sombrero. "Good evening, my little potato."

Rosita put down the basket. "Well, lazy one, do you have a job yet?"

"I have come," Juan said, ignoring the question, "to tell you of the great event which is occurring *mañana*."

"What is the job? How much will it pay?"

TO THE CIRCUS

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

"The circus is of much interest. With lions and tigers and wild freaks and a lady with a bare back."

Rosita frowned. "You are going to work with the circus?"

"I am going to take you to see it."

Rosita's eyes flashed angrily. "Then you have no job?"

"I have been meditating upon one," Juan said weakly.

"*Borrachón!* Why did you not ask Señor Roberto for a job, as I instructed you?"

Under his breath Juan muttered that he would be delighted to see his wealthy neighbor, Señor Roberto de Alvarez, transported with much rapidity to an infinitely warmer region than Tres Rios County.

"I do not like to plow," he muttered.

ROSITA had started a scathing tongue-lashing when the sound of a buggy coming down the road halted her. A shiny black surrey came to a stop in front of the house and Señor Roberto de Alvarez got out. He was a slim, dark-complexioned man with a tiny shadow of a mustache which he kept carefully waxed. Juan wondered if the rumor that he bathed every day were true.

Señor Roberto flicked an invisible spot of dust from his sleeve with a white silk handkerchief and bowed low over Rosita's hand. "Good evening," he murmured suavely. "The lady is far lovelier than the red rose for which she is named."

Rosita gave him a flashing smile, and Juan felt a stab of jealousy. She had not smiled at him. He wondered if that was because he had called her little potato.

Señor Roberto looked at Juan, smirked, and said loftily, "Good evening, Juan. If you have not yet found a job, I have some plowing I will permit you to do."

"I told you, Juan!" Rosita exclaimed. "Oh, Señor Roberto, you are so kind!"

Juan's right hand lingered near the butt of the gun on his hip. *Ay*, he thought wistfully, what pleasure there would be in shooting Señor Roberto! He sighed and wondered why there were always laws against doing pleasurable things.

He drew himself up proudly and declared, "I do not need a job."

Señor Roberto looked surprised. "You already have one?"

"*Sí*," Juan lied.

"Why did you not tell me of this?" Rosita demanded.

Juan shrugged. The lie had slipped out without his intention, but he could not retract it in front of Señor Roberto. "It is of no importance," he said. "I came to invite you to go to the circus with me."

"I am taking Rosita to the circus," Señor Roberto broke in. "She has promised."

Juan looked at Rosita. "Is this true?"

A shadow darted across Rosita's eyes and she nodded. "I—I did not think you would go to work, so I—"

"And he has not gone to work," Señor Roberto interrupted. "He could not even get a job watering an elephant."

Juan muttered an unprintable word, wheeled, and mounted Diablo. "*Por Dios*, you will see if I lie! Truly you will see!"

He had ridden only a little way when his anger cooled and he began to regret what he had done. Not only had he refused the job Señor Roberto had offered him, but he had declared that he had a job. When Rosita discovered that he had lied, she would never speak to him again.

"Diablo," he muttered, "we are in the big pickle."

To clarify his mind, he stopped in at the How Many Saloon for a drink. Standing at the bar with his glass in his hand, he wondered where he could find a job that would not involve too much work and that would not last too long. How, he wondered, did one go about watering an elephant?

Juan had been drinking for some time when two strangers came in and stepped up to the bar beside him. They were unusual-looking men. One was tall and skinny like a beanpole; the other was short and fat like a barrel. Both wore black stovepipe hats, long swallow-tailed coats, and pearl-buttoned shoes. Other than to note their odd appearance, Juan paid them no attention until the tall one spoke to him.

"You look down in the dumps, friend."

Work was something that Juan, the gay caballero, found difficult. But making money by more exciting methods — ah, that was different!

Juan shrugged and ordered another drink. "It is nothing."

"Bet it's a woman," the short one said.

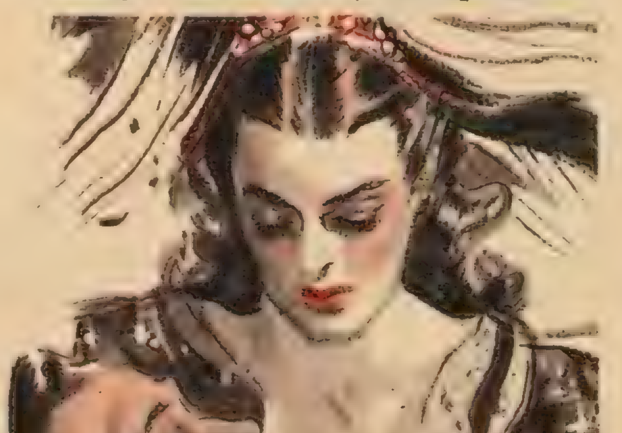
By now Juan was feeling very sorry for himself and his soul was very much in need of unburdening. "It is Rosita," he explained. "She does not understand me."

"That's the way women are," the tall one agreed gloomily. "Always misunderstanding a man." He lifted his glass and drained it and absently raised one leg and placed his foot behind his head.

Surprised, Juan studied the man. Finally he said, "Do not look now, Señor, but I think your leg she is loose at one end."

The tall man shook his head. "I always stand this way when I'm thinking. Makes more blood go to my head."

In his present condition, the explanation struck Juan as logical enough. Some day he would learn that trick. If it helped one think, it would be very worth while.



"Drink thees. Eet will make you feel better."

"Just how," the short man asked, "is your gal misunderstanding you?"

"She wants me to go to work."

"They all do," the tall man said.

"But," Juan went on, "I do not like to plow, and plowing is the only job in the way of offering itself to me."

The short man studied him closely and sipped at his drink. "Let me think it over a minute. Maybe I can help you."

Juan did not see how anyone could help him, but he kept politely silent. The short man's face was wrinkled in deep thought. Suddenly he scowled and took a bite out of his empty glass.

Juan blinked. He closed first one eye and then the other, squinting hard to see if they were not playing tricks on him. The short man took another bite out of the glass and munched on it reflectively.

Juan had another drink. "You must be very hungry," he observed.

"Yes," the short man said. "Didn't have much supper. Just an old horseshoe and a handful of nails. Man, what I'd give for a juicy mail-order catalogue! Nothing like a catalogue to fill a man up."

Juan said that was probably true. But he was a little puzzled. He was about to ask a few discreet questions when the short man suddenly snapped his fingers.

"Got it! Come with us, friend, and we'll fix you right up."

Before Juan could protest, the short man took one arm, the tall man the other and hurried him out of the saloon. His brain was a bit foggy from tequila, but he managed to halt them on the boardwalk and ask, "To where are you taking me?"

The short man laughed. "Scuse me. I forgot we hadn't introduced ourselves. We're with the circus. I am Percival Weevil, the Man with the Iron Stomach."

"And I am Gerard Beetle," the tall man said, "the Man with the Limber Joints."

Juan bowed with dignity. "And I am Juan Ibáñez," he said, "the Man Without a Job."

"You won't be long," both men said.

LEADING Diablo, Juan walked with them to the edge of town, where the circus tents had been set up. Señor Percival and Señor Gerard seemed to be very pleasant gentlemen. No doubt they would teach him how to water an elephant.

Behind one of the tents was a large gaudily painted wagon on the side of which was a huge picture of the lady bareback rider. Señor Percival rapped on the door and a feminine voice called, "Come in."

Inside, Juan halted in amazement. Reclining on a couch was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She was slim and blue-eyed and had startlingly red lips and bright golden hair. She was smoking a cigarette in a long silver holder.

"Mlle. Magnifique," said Señor Percival, "we have found the man to solve your problem. May we present our very good friend, Juan Ibáñez?"

Juan blinked and took off his sombrero. "I am happy to make your acquaintance."

Mlle. Magnifique smiled and extended her right hand to him, palm down. "Ze pleazure izz mine."

Juan did not know what to do with the hand, so he turned it over and studied the other side, then gave it back. Mlle. Magnifique regarded him with veiled, lan-

(Continued on page 66)

He is taller than
Historical Patr
Literary Con
JUNIOR PLAY-READINGS

PHOTO FROM GALLOWAY

The alert teacher of today wants to know why a pupil is backward. Usually there's a reason.

OUR SCHOOLS TRY CHILD GUIDANCE

BY RUTH McCOY HARRIS

THE little girl in the third grade slyly, expertly yanked Clara's pigtails. Clara, sitting in front of her, did not retaliate, did not whisper fierce threats, did not even tell the teacher. She just sat there weeping quietly. But the teacher, who had eyes in the back of her head, as all good teachers do, had seen everything.

She didn't put Clara's tormentor to hard labor at the blackboard, nor did she sentence her to half an hour in the corner. She merely sent her to the bookcase to find a story, on the theory that the little girl had finished studying and was yanking pigtails only from boredom—especially Clara's pigtails. Clara was a whining, tearful child whom all the other children considered fair game. In the language of the psychologists, she was not "accepted" by the other children—a whopping understatement.

It was Clara who caused the teacher real concern, and in this modern school there was something the teacher could do about it. She took Clara to the child-guidance clinic.

Modern schools are proving that a little understanding goes a lot further than a rap on the knuckles in helping children who somehow don't seem to get along

The child-guidance clinic is the answer a few modern schools are offering to the challenge: "What about all these delinquent children? What about the enormous number of young men rejected in the draft for emotional instability? What about all the children who fail in school, the boys and girls who get into the wrong jobs? What about the ones who grow up never learning to accept responsibility or to get along with other people? If this is not the business of the schools, whose business is it?"

Just as we finally learned that a child suffering from a toothache or an empty stomach has trouble learning the multiplication tables, so are we beginning to realize that a child suffering from constant worry, indecision, or a feeling of failure has trouble in concentrating upon reading and arithmetic. A child who is jealous may fail in school; a boy whose mother has no patience with him may bully his classmates. Emotional problems, psychologists believe, do as much damage as poor physical health, so a few schools now have departments which seek out and try to remedy these emotional ills.

The simplest way to explain what a child-guidance clinic is and how it works is to follow Clara. In this case the clinic was right in the school.

The teacher, after explaining her reasons for bringing Clara to the clinic, including the fact that Clara, though repeating the grade, was still failing, left her with the psychologist in charge. A psychologist has a Ph. D. degree in her specialty, for working with children she must have special training and experience in child psychology.

First she talked in a casual, friendly way with Clara, gave her a storybook and asked her if she would like to come back again. Later she looked up the child's school record, including her scores in the intelligence and other tests given to all children earlier in the year. Then she asked the social worker to interview Clara's mother. A social worker in a guidance clinic usually has a master's de-

(*Continued on page 78*)

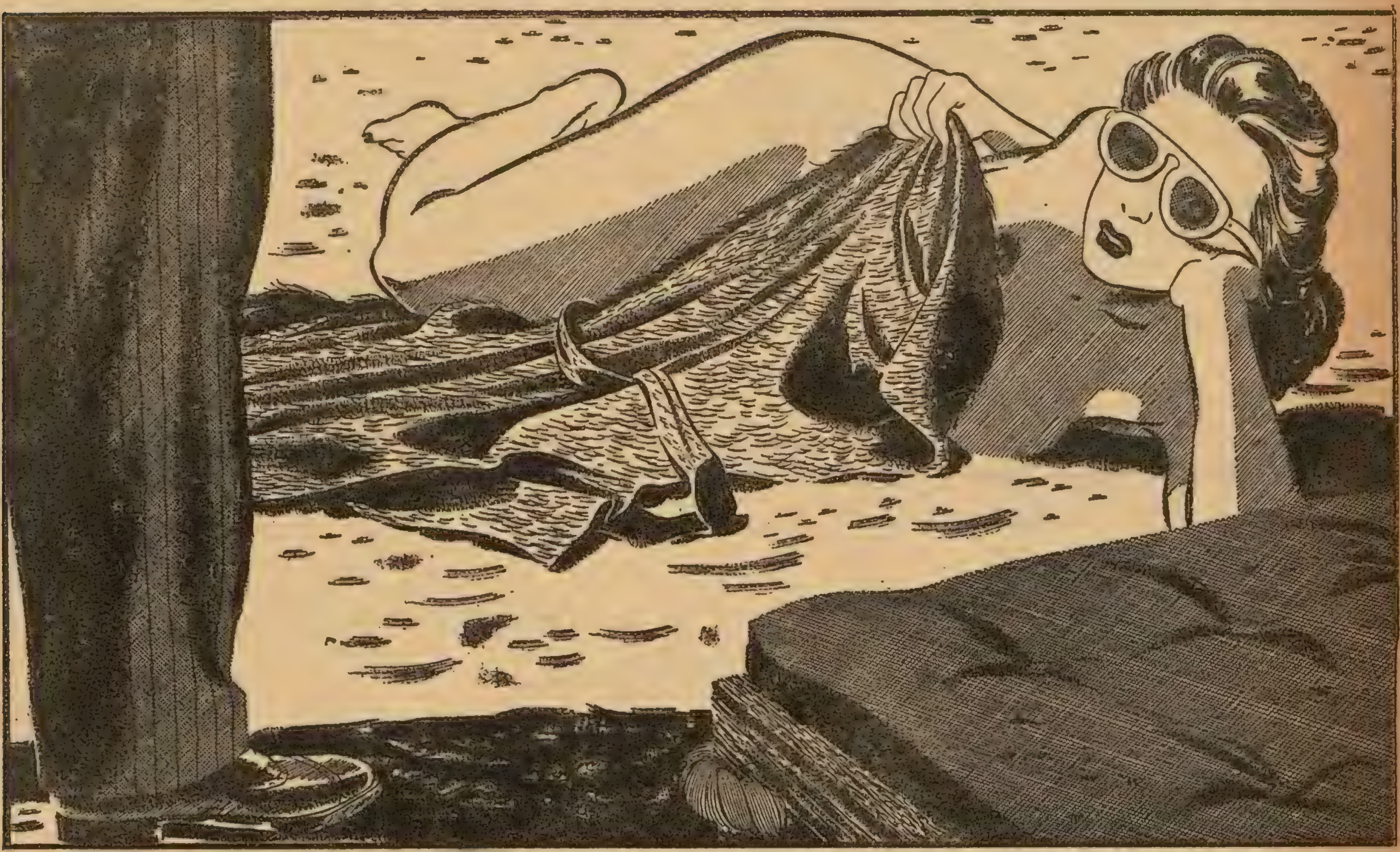
A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

The Corpse Came C.O.D.

BY JIMMY STARR

A beguiling movie star, a murder, and a newspaperman who never let his heart interfere with his headlines are the ingredients of this Hollywood literary cocktail. According to gossip writer Sidney Skolsky, it's "a mystery novel your favorite actor and actress are reading."

ILLUSTRATED BY
WIN HOSKINS



SHE looked so lovely, lying there in the white sand, her bronze body gleaming in the sun.

I had just come around the corner of the bathhouse, and there she was—Mona Harrison, Hollywood's most glamorous star—the kind of sight you dream about.

The grating of my feet on the sandy cement walk startled her and she looked up. Her green eyes were full of fright for a second, her red lips half open in surprise.

"Why don't you learn to knock?" she snapped, grabbing a fuzzy robe.

"You shouldn't lie around like that," I said, sitting down on a stone bench by the pool. "Think how tough it is on our young fliers. It takes their minds off the war."

Mona covered up a little more.

I held out my cigarette case. Mona took one, sat up, and waited for me to struggle with my lighter.

"What's on your mind, Joe?" she asked.

"Certainly not what I started out with," I answered.

She shot me a meaning glance. "We're just pals—pals without passes, you know."

"That's the trouble. I'd like it the other way."

Mona tossed me a quizzical glance. She buried the half-smoked cigarette in the sand.

"You don't mean that, Joe. You just think you do. If I ever decided to really go for you—well, it would be the end of your newspaper career, and you love that better than anything else."

It was my turn to look quizzical.

"Meaning what?" I asked.

"When I fall for a guy, Joe, I want all of him—all of the time. It won't be any halfway measures with me. With you—you're half man, half benzedrine. You're up and out all hours, chasing down stories, poking your funny snub nose into all sorts of things. No—that's not for me."

Copyright, 1944, by Jimmy Starr. Published by Murray & Gee, Inc., Hollywood, Calif. Price, $2.50.

"It doesn't take me any second glance to see that I'd willingly give up all of that for you, Mona."

"Don't be silly, Joe. You'd last about two weeks around me. I'd drive you crazy—in more ways than one."

I stepped on my cigarette. "I can't think of a grander way of going nuts."

She stared at me for a second, her oval face greasy with oil. "Some day, Joe, I'll go for you—in a great big way. But I'll have to be in a mood."

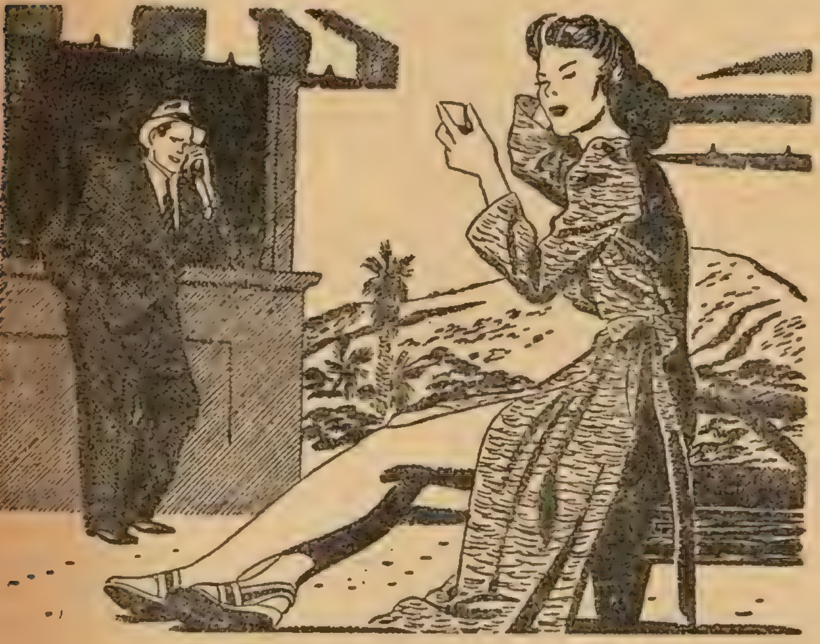
"Make it soon, honey. I can't hold out much longer."

Mona laughed and threw back her head, her black curls shaking naughtily.

"Imagine!" she screamed. "Joe Medford, the wolf of Newspaper Row, holding out!"

I pouted. "All right, laugh. I'm stuck on you, and what does it get me?"

Mona started to answer, but Fields, the butler, came around the corner of the wall which surrounded the pool and miniature sandy beach.



Fields was a typical movie butler—striped trousers, black coat, and poker face.

"Your office is calling, Mr. Medford," he said.

"Thanks, Fields," I replied, and went to the bathhouse, directly in back of the diving board. It had a barbecue pit in the center and a massive bar on the right. Brightly colored lounges, chairs, and sunning mattresses littered the place.

I picked up the phone in the bar. Emmett Willard, managing editor of the Los Angeles Enquirer, was on the other end.

"Listen, Joe," he said. "Hector Ross, the gown designer Mona had a fight with, has mysteriously disappeared. Now hop on it and see what you can get from your favorite glamour girl."

"Sure," I answered. "Phone you back in ten minutes."

As I hung up, Mona strolled up to the bar and flopped down on one of the divans. Fields had gone behind the bar and was preparing zombies in tall glasses.

"Hector Ross has disappeared," I said.

"How wonderful! On him it will look good," Mona snapped.

"Did your fight with him have anything to do with it?"

"Now, Joe, you're not going to print this?" Mona sat up. "I don't like that kind of publicity—and you know it!"

"I've got orders, Mona."

"Well, forget 'em! There wasn't any real battle—just a lot of nasty words."

I grinned. "Well, I heard you hauled off and smacked him."

"That's a lie!" she shrieked. "I only gave him a push."

Fields brought over the zombies. I took a long draw through the straws.

"Did Hector sort of fall down when you pushed?"

Mona laughed. Her hot temper had subsided.

"I think he tripped," she smiled meaningly. "The last I saw of him, he was lying upside down in a corner, covered with bolts of material."

I laughed at that. It must have been a funny scene. Hector Ross was definitely very effeminate, very precise, in a fluttering sort of way.

I was trying to think of a way to break the news to Mona that her little studio fight and Hector's disappearance would definitely be page one material.

"Well, Mona," I began, "I've got to do a yarn. I'll treat it in a humorous vein. Kid it, you know."

"I won't like it," she said.

"Can't help it, honey. That's my racket."

"Why don't you go in the garbage business? That's a nice clean racket compared to your newspaper stories!"

"Don't worry. I'll watch out for you. Remember, I'm in love with you."

"You've a great way of showing it," she said.

"Mind if I use the phone in the den?"

"No. Go right ahead. Don't mind my career at all."

I reached over and patted her hand.

"Don't worry. It won't hurt a bit."

With that I hurried to the house. I got the paper on the phone and started dictating.

Twice I thought I detected the click of another phone being put into use. I had an idea Mona was listening in from the phone at the bar.

When I had finished I went back to the beach house. If Mona had listened in, she gave no indication. She was a good actress, so that didn't really tell me anything.

"Finished so soon?" she asked.

"It wasn't much," I answered, resuming my drink. "Just a cute little yarn about a typical studio battle. Absolutely bloodless."

Mona leaned back and gazed at me. "If you've made me out a hellcat I'll—I'll clunk you over the head with one of these glasses, Joe, so help me!"

Her green eyes were flashing, and she sounded as if she actually meant every word of it. Obviously, then, she hadn't listened in. That was a help. If she didn't like the story, she would probably cool off before I saw her again.

I smiled. "Thanks for the refreshments and the use of your phone. I'll be on my way. Got to get over to the studio and see what I can dig up about Hector."

I leaned down and kissed her. She parted her lips a trifle and that sent chills up and down my spine.

She knew what she had done to me and suddenly took her lips away and laughed. "Be off," she said, "before I get in that mood I promised you."

There was something about Mona that did things to me. I wanted to take her in my arms and crush her. The zombie and that kiss had made me dizzy.

"You're a delightful dish," I said.

"Yeah," she grinned. "Slightly cracked around the edges."

I leaned down for another kiss, but she pulled away.

"O. K., Toots," I said, stepping back. "I'll call you later."

With that I hurried away.

GAS rationing had cut traffic so much that I was soon in Hollywood and at the Silverstein Studio.

Low white buildings of the bungalow type lined two full blocks. Behind them were the huge sound stages which literally towered above the one-story administration buildings.

I parked across the street from the entrance, then went into the doorway marked "Publicity Department." The pretty redheaded receptionist said, "Well, if it isn't Hollywood's favorite reporter. How are you, Joe?"

"Swell, Peggy," I greeted her. "Got any hot items for me?"

"We're missing our cute little costume whipper-upper," she said, pressing the button which released the electric latch on the door to the offices.

"That's why I'm on the job, baby," I answered, passing through the door and turning left.

I opened a door marked "Lance Fowler, Publicity Director."

Behind a large desk completely littered with newspaper clippings and stacks of photographs, sat Lance Fowler. He was a lanky, rather sharp-faced man, perhaps only thirty-five, yet the hectic life in a studio had aged him to look fifty. He glanced up, forced a grin.

"Sit down, Joe," he said. "They must think this is pretty important to put you on the case."

"No, I wouldn't say that. There's nothing else doing. What leads have you?'

"I don't know anything, Joe. All I've done is answer phone calls. You know as much as I do."

I sat down and took a cigarette. "What's the low-down on this guy Hector? Why should he suddenly disappear?"

"There's nothing to get excited about." Lance leaned back in his swivel chair much too nonchalantly to be on the level.

"You think his battle with Mona had anything to do with it?" I asked, looking him straight in the eyes.

He didn't bat an eyelash. "No, of course not!" It was a stock answer. I knew that. He was being cagey. I had never liked him and he felt the same way about me. We were both sparring for time—for an opening—for a closing.

"Well," I said, rising, "thanks for all the help. I'll do the same for you sometime."

His manner changed. "Don't be sarcastic, Joe. I don't know anything."

I left him sitting there looking a little silly. He hadn't put anything over on me. I walked down the long hall to Moe Silverstein's office.

MOE was on the phone when I entered. He was saying, "Look, Sam. I had nothing to do with it. It just happened . . . I don't know. It don't make any difference. I got other troubles. There is nothing to worry about."

Moe glanced up in my direction, nodded over the phone and said good-by to Sam, whoever he was.

"Joe," he began, "I—well, of all times, you have to come around today! Ain't I got enough trouble?"

I smiled. "What about Hector Ross?"

Moe sat up straight and looked me right in the eyes.

"Joe," he said, his hands gripping his glass-topped desk, "I don't lie to you. I know nothing about this. As far as I am concerned, the guy killed himself."

That was a new angle. I had thought Hector was merely hiding from Mona, who had insulted him.

"Why should he kill himself?" I asked.

Moe looked frightened for a second. Then he grinned, much too broadly.

"I'm only guessing," he answered. "But those two have had nothing but trouble ever since they've been on this lot."

"You don't think Mona would resort to violence, do you?" I asked.

Moe realized suddenly he had started something he probably couldn't stop.

"Look, Joe," he said. "I got pictures to make. Mona is our biggest star. I gotta cater to her. I don't care nothing about this Hector Ross."

"But you brought him out here from New York," I said.

"Sure, sure." Moe fumbled with a cigarette. "It was at Mona's suggestion. She wanted some special clothes. I gotta please her."

I looked at my watch. It was getting late. I thanked him and went back to the reception desk. Peggy looked awfully cute at the moment. She smiled and I thought to myself that I would like to know her intimately. She smiled again and I knew it could be arranged.

"When are you off duty?" I asked.

"Why, Joe, this is so sudden," she beamed. "At five. Why?"

"Meet me in the cocktail bar at the Ambassador," I said and strolled out. I don't know why I had to toss the invitation to her in that way, but I was sore about missing out on some clue to Hector. I was thinking it would be swell if he showed up dead somewhere.

I walked across the street to a lunch counter and asked for a cup of coffee. And to this day I don't know why I went back across the street after I finished. But I walked into the reception room. Peggy clicked the door buzzer. I went down the hall to Lance Fowler's office.

I opened the door without knocking. Lance sat at his desk just as I had left him.

He was dead.

I started to back out of the room, but I was fascinated by his staring eyes—eyes that were focused on an empty leather holder for a pair of scissors and a letter opener.

The window that opened onto the street was raised halfway and the flimsy curtains shifted back and forth. I moved, finally, around in back of Lance.

Blood—dark red and thick—was running down the back of his light tan coat. Sticking in his back were a letter opener and a pair of scissors, close together and used as one weapon.

Instinctively my hand reached out to withdraw those lethal weapons, but suddenly I snatched it back. Moe Silverstein, his face ashen, was standing in the doorway.

"Joe," he gasped, "what have you done?"

I knew it sounded silly the second I said it, but I babbled, "I—I didn't. I—I just found him—like this."

Moe moved into the room. I backed away. He took a look at the murder weapons in Lance's back, then nodded.

I knew he understood then. I picked up the phone and called the Enquirer.

As I told Willard that Lance Fowler had been murdered, I saw an expression of "resigned to his fate" on Moe's face. I could see him envision his studio in the headlines, the investigation and bad publicity. Moe was the kind of fellow who deserved a better break, but this was just one of those things. It couldn't be helped.

Willard's excited voice brought me back to the murder case and away from all sympathy for Moe.

"All right, Joe, all right!" Willard was screaming. "We've got time for the last edition. You stick there—and keep anything you can away from the morning papers."

I gave Willard some brief biographical data about Lance. Then I called the Hollywood police station and made a formal report.

The desk sergeant said he was sending over Dick Williams of the homicide squad. Dick was O. K. with me. We had worked together on many a case and I was glad of his assignment. I might get somewhere with him.

I called Mona. The butler answered and said, "Sorry, Mr. Medford, but Miss Harrison left shortly after you did."

Fields didn't know where she had gone. That was odd. Mona always left word of her whereabouts, since she was always on call for the studio. In the distance I could hear the screaming of police-car sirens.

A car skidded up to the curb in front of the studio. Heavy footsteps smacked the hallway. Dick Williams loomed in the doorway.

DICK was a large man, but he wore snappy tailored suits. He didn't look like a typical detective. He gave the appearance of a happy-go-lucky salesman. He had a nice smile and he was the kind of fellow bartenders like listening to—if they like listening to anybody.

Dick eyed the situation.

"Dead when you found him?" he asked.

Moe nodded. A look of surprise came from Dick.

"Yeah," I answered quickly.

Dick glanced from Moe to me. "Well, who found him?"

"I did," I said.

"Where were you?" Williams snapped.

This wasn't Dick's usual tone with me, but I didn't mind it.

"I was across the street having a mug of coffee."

Dick turned to Moe. "Where were you?" he asked.

Moe suddenly came to life. "I was in my office. I—I had tried to get Lance on the interoffice phone, but there was no answer. I came down the hall—and found Joe here."

I hadn't realized before just how damaging the situation looked to a detective, but Moe and I were in a couple of spots.

I moved out of the way while two other detectives came in and surveyed the scene. Doc Anderson, the medical examiner, bent over the body. Dick phoned for a fingerprint expert.

When he finished, he turned to me. "Got a pair of gloves?"

I started to tell him I had thrown them away, but changed my mind. Dick wasn't in any kidding mood.

"You can check my movements with the lunch-counter guy and with Peggy, the receptionist," I said.

One of the officers was shoving onlookers down the hall and back to their offices.

"Need me any more, Dick?" I asked.

"What's your hurry?"

"Got to get down to the paper."

He hesitated for a moment, then said, "O. K., Joe."

I grinned my thanks and started out the door.

On my way out I yelled at Peggy, "Make it five thirty—in the cocktail lounge," and I was on my way to the Enquirer.

Willard grinned as I walked into his office. His whole face seemed to beam. He was a small man but husky. He was a darn good newspaperman; had a great nose for news, and wasn't afraid of anybody.

"Good work, Joe," he said, pushing a late edition of the Enquirer toward me. I glanced at the story I had dictated on Mona Harrison and Hector Ross. Willard had used a cartoon of Mona slugging Hector. It made the story swell.

Willard was watching me. "Your glamour cutie's gonna be kinda mad at you," he said, grinning again.

"She'll get over it," I answered.

I glanced at the bulletin on page one. It carried the flash that Lance Fowler, publicity director at the Silverstein Studio, had been brutally murdered by stabbing.

"We did a replate for the final edition, with a longer yarn," Willard explained. "The morning rags will do a better job, but at least we got the scoop."

"We'll have plenty on this," I said. "Got any—"

The ringing of Willard's phone interrupted me.

"It's for you," he said.

I grabbed the receiver. It was Mona.

"Oh, Joe—this is awful," she moaned between sobs. "Lance—poor, dear Lance. Why—why? Please come out to the house."

"I can't, honey," I answered. "I'll be stuck on this yarn. It's hot. Where did you go after I left you?"

There was a pause. I thought she had left the line.

"Hello, Mona?"

"Yes, Joe—why, I was—I went down to Beverly Hills to see about some picture frames. Why?"

"It was nothing. I just wondered. Call you later."

I hung up. Willard gave me a shrewd look.

"I may be wrong," he said, "but I think there is a definite connection between the disappearance of Hector Ross, the fight with Mona Harrison, and the murder of Lance Fowler."

I opened my mouth with astonishment, but he went on before I could express my personal doubt.

"This is going to develop into the biggest murder yarn Hollywood has had since the unsolved William D. Taylor case. You mark my words, Joe. This is a dilly! Now, we don't want to get licked by the time element. We're short of help, so a lot rests with you working both night and day."

"I don't mind that," I said. "And I don't intend getting scooped," I added rather boastfully.

"Don't get cocky on this yarn. This is a tough one. I can smell it. I'll give you all the leg men you want. I will even forget expenses." He smiled broadly at that last crack.

I grinned back at him. The little matter of expenses was the only thing Willard and I ever argued over.

"I'll have a hot yarn for the first edition tomorrow," I promised—but I hadn't the slightest idea what it would be. There wasn't anything more to do with Willard, so I said, "See you in the morning," and went to my office directly down the narrow hallway.

I SAT down at my desk, phoned the Hollywood police station and asked for Dick Williams. "This is Joe, Dick. What's up?"

"It's a blank so far," he said sourly. "Too early to get any leads. Know any of Fowler's enemies?"

"Lance was a strange guy, sort of a lone wolf," I explained.

"Well, do you know any of his friends?"

"'Most everybody in the studio. Mona was awfully upset when she heard about it."

"When did she find out?"

That stopped me for a moment. When Mona called I didn't think she would have had time to read it in the Enquirer. Of course somebody from the studio could have called her.

"How do I know?" I asked. "How about having dinner with me?"

Dick snorted. "You've got social all of a sudden. Your expense account?"

"Sure. Besides, I've got to dope out something for tomorrow. Maybe you can help, and maybe I can help you."

"I knew there was a catch. O. K. Where?"

"Brown Derby in Hollywood all right?"

"Yeah," Dick answered. "Make it seven thirty."

As I hung up, I suddenly realized I had forgotten about Peggy and our date at the Ambassador. I glanced at my wrist watch. It was just five thirty. I still had time.

The cocktail room was crowded when I got there. The long bar had a good line and most of the booths were filled. I surveyed the scene and caught sight of Peggy's red hair. She was sitting alone at the far end of the bar.

"Did I keep you waiting?" I asked, sliding onto the stool next to her.

"I guess I was early," she said. "I ordered a Martini."

I motioned for the bartender. "Make a couple of double Martinis," I ordered.

Peggy was wearing a lovely perfume. I leaned closer. "You stink pretty."

Peggy smiled. "How come you suddenly started paying attention to me? You've passed me up a dozen times."

"I'm going to have my eyes examined."

The bartender put fresh Martinis in front of us and shoved over a bowl of salted peanuts.

I raised my glass in salute to Peggy.

"You go for Mona Harrison, don't you?"

"In a big way, but it gets me nowhere. I've been brushed off by her so many times, they're naming a whisk broom after me."

Peggy laughed. "They call me Second Fiddle," she said.

"You know all the answers. Why don't you go steady with a quiz program?" I flipped.

SUDDENLY I felt a tap on my shoulder and I recognized a voice that said, "Working hard, Joe?" I whirled around. It was Mona, forcing a smile, but her eyes were looking daggers at me. For one of the few times in my life, I was actually speechless.

It was an awkward moment. The girls exchanged coolish glances.

"Is this private?" Mona asked.

"No, of course not, Mona. Here, sit here—" I indicated the stool to my right. "We were just talking about the murder, and I thought Peggy might have an angle for me."

Mona settled herself on the stool. There was a strained silence for a while, then she seemed to cool off.

"I'm glad I ran into you. Lance's death upset me so, I need a couple of pick-me-ups," she said.

Four double Martinis later the tension had eased entirely. Mona and Peggy were getting to be great pals. They were gabbing about stockings, girdles, and hats. I couldn't get in the conversation. It gave me a chance to figure out some angle on the Fowler murder. But nothing happened. I drew a blank. Then, a trifle belatedly, Mona turned in my direction. "You're taking us out to dinner," she announced.

"Can't do it, Tootsie-pie," I said. "Got a heavy date with a great big detective."

"Aw, why can't we go along? I just adore detectives. I even had a police dog once." Peggy was beginning to feel her Martinis.

"Sure, we'll come along," Mona announced determinedly. "We'll add just the necessary glamour to what would otherwise be a very dull and uninteresting session."

"Now, listen—" I began, but got no further.

"Tut-tut," Mona clucked, then leaned over and kissed me.

Peggy's steady expression told me she understood Mona was putting a slight priority on me.

The Brown Derby was crowded, but Chelios, one of the world's greatest headwaiters, managed to find us a booth. Dick Williams hadn't arrived.

Mona was creating quite a sensation and was glorying in it. All the tourists switched their stares from the walls, covered with caricatures of the movie favorites, and centered them on Mona. She struck a nonchalant but interested pose and held it.

I whispered to Peggy, "Don't mind her. She just thinks she's cute."

"Don't give me that, big boy. You're stuck!" Peggy whispered back.

"Don't you know it's rude to whisper?" Mona drawled.

"Why don't you stand up and take a bow?" was the only thing I could think of.

Before Mona could dream up an answer, Dick came in and I made the introductions. I could see he didn't like the idea, but he covered himself quickly.

He centered his attention on Peggy. "Miss Harlan," he said, "did you notice anything strange about Fowler's actions today?"

She thought a moment. "No—I'm certain I didn't notice anything unusual. He was awfully busy, though, on the Hector Ross disappearance. It seemed to upset him."

"What I can't figure out," I said, "is how Fowler let a killer get behind him. It indicates that whoever the murderer was, he or she was well known to Fowler."

"What about the open window?" Dick asked.

"That was too far away from Fowler's back for anyone to reach in. Here's the way I figure it: Fowler was sitting at his desk. The murderer—someone of whom he wasn't afraid—picked up the scissors and the letter opener from Fowler's desk while talking to him, casually walked around in back of him, then suddenly plunged both instruments in his back."

Dick pondered for a moment. "But I don't think it happened that way at all," he said.

That took the wind out of my sails.

"How do you think it happened?" Mona asked.

Dick turned to her. "I don't know, but that's too easy. Sounds like the kind of stuff you read in mystery stories."

A couple of tiny kids came over to Mona for her autograph. I was just about to put another question to Dick when the loud-speaker announced: "Joe Medford wanted on the phone."

I hailed a bus boy and told him to bring me a phone. When the connection was made a voice lisped, "This is Hector Ross."

I tried to hide my surprise.

"Where are you?" I asked. I wanted to ask him if he was all right, but I couldn't with Mona, Dick, and Peggy listening so intently.

"I'm at the Beverly Hills Hotel."

"When can I see you?"

"Make it about nine—in the lobby."

"O. K. That's swell. Thanks."

But I knew I was talking to a dead line. His receiver had clicked on his last word. I turned and faced three questioning expressions.

"Just an old friend from New York," I lied. "I want to see him and cut up some old touches."

Mona studied me for a moment. "What's your friend's name—her last name?"

I flung her a hurt look. "Now, listen. I don't go for cracks like that. It's a guy—a pal from New York. That's all."

"Let me know if you're going to explode. I'll get out of the way," she flipped, smiling.

I felt like whacking her, but Dick laughed and broke the tension. We got through dinner without any further hostilities. Mona and Peggy said they were going to a movie. Dick was going back to the station. I told them I had a couple of appointments, then had to do a story at the paper. They didn't believe that, either.

I waved good-by and hurried out to the parking space. It was just fifteen minutes to the Beverly Hills Hotel and I had plenty of time.

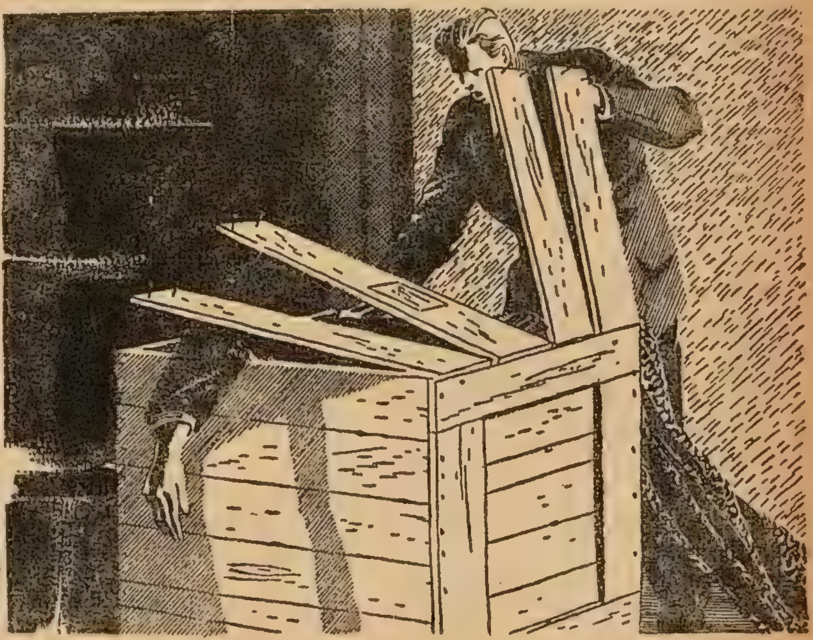
I GOT to the hotel at exactly two minutes to nine. I strolled into the lobby and a quick glance around told me that Hector wasn't about. I stalled around for almost an hour. Then I left, deciding to visit Dick at the police station. I was walking down the curved driveway to my car. Suddenly something seemed to explode in my head. I saw a flash like lightning. I remember falling on the soft flower bed that edged the driveway. It felt cool and nice. I vaguely remember hearing a car drive away at terrific speed. I was afraid it would run over me. I tried to move, but I was paralyzed.

I don't know how long I was sprawled there, but when I began to regain consciousness, my head felt as if it had been split open. I tried to raise it.

The next thing I knew I was in the Hollywood Emergency Hospital. I was lying on my stomach on a leather-covered surgical table and somebody was fooling around with the back of my head.

"Must have used a baseball bat on this guy," said the doctor. "All right, young man, got you patched up. Turn over."

I did as directed and looked into the face of the baldest man I had ever seen. I glanced to his right and there was Dick Williams.



"What happened, Joe?" he asked.

"I know from nothing," I muttered.

"Got any ideas who might slug you?" Dick asked.

"What time is it?" I managed to ask.

He glanced at his wrist watch. "Just four twenty."

"Geez, I gotta get to the paper," I said. "I promised to have a story in time for our first edition."

"You can't do anything for a while, my boy," said Dick. "By the way, what were you doing at the Beverly Hills Hotel?"

"Looking for Hector Ross."

Dick reacted to the statement. "Why there?" he asked.

"He said he'd meet me there. But he didn't show up." I turned to the doctor. "I think I can get down now." I eased myself to the floor.

"If you insist on going downtown, I'll take you, Joe," Dick said.

"Swell. Thanks, Dick. Let's go."

The cool early-morning air felt good.

"Might be a good idea to check all of Fowler's friends —and enemies," I said as we got in Dick's car.

"That's what I'm starting on this morning. I've got his address book. You can help. The book's locked up in my office. We'll divide the names—you take the men and I'll take the women."

"Swell, Dick. That's nice and even. You always were a fair guy that way."

Dick waited at the office while I batted out my story. Afterward he helped me up to my apartment, waited until I got undressed and was in bed, then left to grab a couple of hours' sleep before going on duty. I sank into a deep sleep almost before he had closed the door.

It was eleven o'clock. The phone on the night stand by my bed was ringing insistently. I opened my eyes, looked at the clock, and tried to shake off the grogginess.

It was Fields, Mona's butler. His customary calm was gone.

"Oh, thank God you're there, Mr. Medford! Something —something awful has happened!"

It was my turn to get excited.

"To Miss Harrison?"

"She has hysterics. Please hurry, Mr. Medford, please." He was pleading.

"I'll be there in ten minutes."

My brain was in such a whirl I hardly remember dressing or making the drive to Mona's house, but I was there at exactly seventeen minutes past eleven.

Fields was waiting for me in the doorway. He was deathly white as he gestured upstairs.

I tore up the circular stairs two at a time. By now I was in a state of nervous jitters. Before Mona's door I tried to compose myself. I knocked, much too loudly.

"It's Joe," I said and opened the door.

Mona was pacing the heavy white carpet. She whirled on me, her eyes staring wildly.

"Oh, Joe! I'm going insane," she wailed.

I took her in my arms. "Come on, Mona. Tell your pappy. What's up? What's happened?"

"Oh, Joe. Go down to the back porch and look! I can't stand it. You've got to do something!"

She broke away from my grasp and started pacing again. Her hands nervously tore at a tiny lace handkerchief. As I turned to go, she let out a scream.

"Joe! Your head! What happened to you?"

"Some jerk clunked me—almost killed me."

She opened her mouth as if to speak, but no words came.

"Be back in a jiffy," I said, and hurried downstairs.

Fields wasn't anywhere in sight. I went through the kitchen to the back porch.

There, in the middle of the floor, was a wooden packing case, about four feet square. One side had been pried open and ends of cloth and brocade were spilling out. I looked in. There, in a horribly huddled position, was Hector Ross's body.

He had been shot through the heart. The gun had been fired at close range, as there were powder marks on his shirt.

His eyes were open. They stared sightlessly but with an expression of fright and horror in them. A ripped piece of cloth had been used to bind him and bolts of material held the body in place.

I looked at the label on the partially raised lid. There was a plain tag, tacked on, which read:

Mona Harrison
Beverly Hills, California
C. O. D. $208

The label was typewritten. There were no other marks on it.

A pan clattered on the kitchen floor and I jumped. I went into the kitchen and found Fields.

"When did that box arrive?"

"This morning," he stammered, "before Miss Harrison was awake."

"Did you pay the C. O. D.?"

"Yes—yes. Miss Harrison always leaves cash in the house so that when packages arrive, why—"

"Who brought the box here?" I snapped at him.

"It was quite an odd character, Mr. Medford. A scrawny little man, who drove right up the driveway to the back with a most dilapidated truck."

"Was there any lettering on the truck?"

"I don't recall any," Fields said. "It was a plain, very dirty old truck."

"What did the driver look like?"

"He was old. Had a white stubble on his face and—oh, yes—he didn't seem to have any teeth."

A buzzer sounded on the wall. "That's Miss Harrison," said Fields.

"Never mind. I'll go," I said, and raced upstairs.

Mona was terribly shaken.

"What are you going to do, Joe?"

"First I'm going to give you some benzedrine. You've got to pull yourself together. Then I'm going to phone my paper with the biggest scoop of the year."

Mona came close to me. "Joe, you can't! This will ruin my career! You've got to think of something. Get me out of here. Make believe I wasn't home. If I have to go through a third degree with the police, I'll lose my mind!"

All sorts of ideas were running through my head, but it wouldn't do any good to get out of the house. Fields would blow up, that was a cinch. Then she'd really be in trouble.

I sat her down on the satin chaise longue.

"Listen, honey. There's nothing to worry about if you do as I say. It isn't your fault that some murderer with a warped sense of humor sent you a corpse C. O. D."

"It wouldn't be so bad, Joe, if Hector and I hadn't staged that battle the other day. People—my fans—are going to think all kinds of things. You know what happened when other stars got mixed up in a murder. They lost their careers. I tell you—"

"Listen to reason, Mona. This is no phony publicity stunt that can be adjusted to your whims. This is murder!"

I went over to the private phone on the night stand and dialed the Enquirer.

Briefly I told Willard what I had; that I had it exclusive, as I hadn't as yet called the cops. He let out a whoop of joy, then turned me over to a rewrite man and I began dictating. Then I made a call to Dick Williams.

Mona shuddered as I hung up.

"Joe, who could have done such a horrible thing?"

"I wish I knew. Tell you what. If I can find out I'll switch credit to you. With you locating the murderer, it will take some of the sting out of your being mixed up in the case."

There was gratefulness in Mona's eyes. She came over to me; held my head in her hands. She leaned down and gave me one of her unforgettable kisses.

"When all this—this awful business is over, Joe, I think I'll be in that mood I was talking about."

I liked thinking about that, but I didn't have much time. I could hear the wail of the police-car sirens in the distance. Dick wasn't wasting any time.

Fields had just let Dick in as I reached the door.

He greeted me with: "I suppose you've got the story in your paper already."

I didn't answer that.

"Come on," I said. "I'll show you something."

I led the way to the back porch. Dick looked at the grotesque sight for a moment; then he went into the kitchen, picked up the phone, and started shouting orders.

The next hour at Mona's was a hectic one. Her living room was a mess. Photographers were snapping flash bulbs all over the place.

Dick came over to me. "Where can we go into conference?" he asked.

I took him into the den. It wasn't the usual dark and somber sort of library. Mona had done the room in blond wood. There was a fireplace, a small desk, and deep red-leather lounges and chairs. Dick sank down on a lounge.

"Joe," he said, "you didn't get a phone call from Hector Ross. Doc Anderson says Hector has been dead since sometime Wednesday. That call you got at the Brown Derby was strictly a phony—just a gag to lure you there for the slugging I think was meant to be permanent." He gave me a long look. "Joe, you're not going to get anywhere kidding me," he said sternly. "When that call came in, you lied about it being a pal from New York. If you had tipped me off then, I might have been able to save you from a cracked skull. Don't try to outsmart me, Joe."

"Right, Dick. From now on everything is on the up-and-up."

"Let's get on with this," he said. "Mona tells me that she ordered the material that came in that box weeks ago; that Hector had gotten it for her at a discount; and, naturally, it went to the studio first, to be repacked and then sent out to her."

"What about those names I wanted in Lance Fowler's address book?"

"Ride back to the station with me. We'll get your names and then you can come along to the studio."

On the way back to Hollywood, Dick turned to me.

"I wish we had a flock of juicy suspects," he said. "So far, you're the only one!"

"Me?" I gulped.

"Yeah. You were around when Fowler was bumped off. I did check the lunch-counter man, and you were there all right. But the rest of your time—well, I have to take your word for it."

I looked at Dick closely. He was only half kidding and I didn't like it. I told him so and he snorted.

"I guess the only way I can prove my innocence is to find the murderer."

"Well, that's one way."

I didn't like the set-up, but there was nothing I could do about it. We pulled up in front of the police station.

"You can wait in the car. I'll get the book," he said.

HE HAD hardly disappeared through the door when a police van drew up and a couple of men began unloading the bloodstained packing case. I knew where it was going. Down to the storeroom next to the office of Doc Anderson. That room was the strangest in town. It contained a unique collection of junk from murder cases. There was a blood-spattered baby buggy, a light fixture that had been dropped by an irate husband on his unfaithful wife, and a lot of other things which had played important roles in the horrible business of homicide.

Dick almost collided with the men carrying the blood-smeared box as he came dashing out again. He tossed the book in my lap and climbed in the car on the other side. He whirled around in the middle of the street and headed toward the Silverstein Studio.

I started going through the pages of the address book and found three names that were unknown to me. By the time we got to the Silverstein Studio, I had copied the names and phone numbers of a Nell Lang, a Rudy Frasso, and a Mr. and Mrs. Clements Noon. The others in the book were people I knew.

"Going calling?" Dick grinned.

"Yeah, just as soon as we finish at the studio."

Dick left the car in the "No Parking" zone and we went up to Peggy's desk.

"We want to see the boss," I said.

"O. K.," she said, pressing the door release.

"Call you later," I whispered, as we went through the door. She nodded, winking naughtily.

"Don't miss a bet, do you?" Dick said.

"That's why I never have bad dreams," I cracked.

As we went into Moe's office, he got up to greet us. He shook hands with Dick. "This is awful. Between these murders and Sam in New York, why—"

"Who the hell is Sam?" I asked.

"He's my silent partner—who isn't so silent," Moe said with a sad shake of his head.

Half an hour later Dick hadn't found out anything he didn't already know. Moe, apparently, knew little of Hector Ross and his personal habits. He seemed more concerned over the loss of Fowler, his publicity director.

Dick said he wanted to go through the studio.

"Fine," said Moe. "I'll give you a personally conducted tour." He went through the door leading to the interior of the studio, and led us to the passageway which ran between the huge sound stages.

"I'm particularly interested in the spots where Hector would have worked," Dick said.

We climbed the stairs to Ross's quarters. Several middle-aged women were in a large skylighted room, sewing on gowns. We went into Ross's private studio, and Dick was just about to examine the drawers of a small desk, when a dapper little man with a sharp nose and narrow face literally bounced into the room. He was wearing a gaudy checkered sports coat and dark blue trousers. His steel-rimmed spectacles were an incongruous note.

He was in the center of the room before he realized our presence. "Why—er—" he stammered.

"Who are you?" thundered Dick.

The little man stood his full height of five feet and said, "I might ask the same of you."

"Aw, go on," I said, "tell me. We asked you first."

"Kenyon, attorney—representing the late Hector Ross," he said importantly.

Dick introduced himself. "Do you know anyone who would want to kill Ross?" he demanded.

"I can't imagine," answered Kenyon. "He had ever so many friends."

"Know of any enemies?" I asked.

Kenyon hesitated only a moment. "No," he said.

"When did you see him last?"

"Wednesday afternoon—at his home. We laughed about the newspaper story which told of his disappearance."

"If he was home," I said, "why didn't he answer the phone?"

"He was sulking and wanted to 'disappear' for a short time."

"Did Ross leave much money?" Dick asked.

Kenyon paused. "Ross has a savings account somewhere around forty-two thousand dollars."

Dick raised his eyebrows, but mine were up first.

"Who inherits that?" I asked.

Kenyon set his mouth as if not to answer, then changed his mind. "I don't know. I haven't yet found his will. It was made out in New York before Hector came to Hollywood."

"For an attorney, you don't know much about your client," Dick said disgustedly.

Kenyon looked hurt. "Now may I go through Hector's desk?"

"No, not until I get through," Dick snapped, and started pawing through the drawers.

After another awkward silence Kenyon moved over to the desk. "If you need me, I'm in the Taft Building." And with a brief nod he hurried out.

Dick jumped up and rushed to the door.

"Hey, Kenyon!" he yelled. "You weren't thinking of going out of town?"

"Well, I have a case in San Francisco the day after tomorrow," he shouted back.

"Check with me before you leave," ordered Dick.

"Yes, sir," came the subdued answer.

Dick frowned. "I'm going to have that guy tailed," he said. He turned his attention to Moe. "Send in those seamstresses, or whatever you call them."

Moe waddled over to the general workroom. The women came in and Dick started asking them routine questions.

None of them knew anything about Ross. He was a nice man to work for. He treated them kindly. He had temperamental fits. No one had ever threatened him that they knew of.

I STEPPED over to a booth and called the Enquirer. I asked for messages—if any.

The operator said, "Miss Harrison called and asked when she could get the materials that the police hauled away in the box."

That sounded screwy. I couldn't imagine Mona ever wanting to see those dress materials again. I dropped another nickel and called Mona.

"What did you want with those dress materials?" I asked her.

"Me! I didn't call you about any materials."

I could tell that Mona wasn't kidding.

"I got a message from the paper that you wanted the materials that were in the box with Hector."

"Oh, Joe, how horrible! I never want to see that stuff!

There's something very strange—if somebody phoned about it. What did Detective Williams say about it?"

"I didn't tell him. I wanted to check with you."

"Let's have lunch tomorrow," she suggested. "Make it Mike Lyman's in Hollywood. I have to do some shopping on the boulevard anyway."

I said I would, and hung up. I left the studio and drove down to Lucey's on Melrose Avenue. It was cocktail time and I needed a Martini.

When I got to the paper, only the typesetters were working. The rest of the building was empty, except for the janitors.

I went into the morgue—or library, as newspapers prefer to call it now—and dug into the "L" file, looking for clippings on Nell Lang.

There was nothing on a Nell Lang. I turned to the "F" file, looking for Rudy Frasso. There were three clippings on him. First, in 1925 he was arrested as Los Angeles' youngest bootlegger. He was fined and released.

Second, in 1931 he had been a supposed silent partner in a crooked gambling house. He had been caught in a raid on the joint, but claimed he was merely an innocent bystander. Due to lack of evidence, he was released.

Rudy's third clipping was when he figured in a brawl at an ice-skating rink in 1938. He had slugged a guy who, he claimed, was annoying a certain movie actress—a big star whom he refused to name in order not to give her unfavorable publicity.

I wondered if the movie actress had been Mona Harrison. It must have been one of the Silverstein stars or Lance Fowler wouldn't have had Rudy's phone number. I made a mental note to contact Frasso as soon as possible.

I then turned to the "N" file and began searching for any items concerning Mr. and Mrs. Clements Noon. It didn't take long to find a clipping dated August, 1940. Clements Noon, a wholesale jeweler of Chicago, who claimed he had come to Hollywood to retire, had figured prominently in a supposed insurance bunko scheme. Noon had proved a good alibi, was released, and then filed suit against his accusers for false arrest.

I put Noon down as a possibility for an early call from me. But first I wanted to talk to the Lang woman. And it wasn't until the next morning I knew I had slipped on that one, but definitely!

IT WAS a call from Willard that gave me the bad news. He was raving. I gradually got myself awake enough to understand that he wanted me to read the lead story in the Morning Tribune.

I crawled out of bed and got the morning paper that was stuffed under the door. Immediately I saw what Willard meant. Nellie had been picked up and grilled as the most likely suspect—certainly the "mystery woman" in the murder case of Lance Fowler. Dick had definitely placed her as a girl who had helped Lance when he was down and out and whom he had neglected once he was in the chips. Details of the questioning were not revealed. Nellie had been released on her own recognizance.

The Tribune hadn't left me a crumb. The story had a pathetic angle about Lance's funeral and how Nellie had planned to attend. There was still a chance that Nellie would get her wish, closely guarded by detectives, of course.

I mumbled all sorts of dire threats at Dick for double-crossing me, and thirty minutes later I was driving a heavy heart toward the Enquirer.

"Got your ears pinned back, didn't you?" Willard said, glaring at me. "How are you going to top this one?"

I tried to grin. "By finding the important killer—the murderer of Hector Ross," I alibied.

"Well, bust into it, then!" Willard snapped.

I went back to my office with a quickened step, which I hoped might impress my boss.

I sat there for a while mulling on all the angles of the case and getting exactly nowhere. Then, with a start, I looked at my watch. I realized I had just about time to keep my lunch date with Mona.

I drove out to Mike Lyman's and corralled a booth. I had a Martini and felt much better. Mona breezed in wearing a trim tailored suit and a perky, very silly little hat. She looked delicious.

She kissed her forefinger, then pressed it to my lips—an old trick of hers. Even that gave me a thrill.

"I haven't seen your paper yet. Did you get the Lang story?" she asked as she sat down.

I grimaced. "No. I flopped it beautifully. Just the same, I've got a screwy hunch that Nell Lang didn't bump off Lance Fowler."

"If you could prove she didn't, you'd make the other papers look silly. Why don't you see her?"

I thought for a moment. "It's a bad time—but if you'd come with me—well, it might make it easier for her."

"Since when have you been so softhearted?"

I ignored the crack. "How about it?"

"I've never met a woman suspected of murder. "Yes, I'll go with you."

AS SOON as we finished eating, we drove over to Nell Lang's house. As I parked the car a woman in a black dress was going up the steps.

The woman—a striking blonde with wide blue eyes—turned and glanced at us. There was something tragic about her, a certain weariness that was pathetic.

Mona and I got out of the car and the woman paused on the steps and faced us.

"Are you from the police—again?" she asked.

"No, I'm Joe Medford of the Enquirer, and this is Miss Harrison—Miss Mona Harrison."

The two women exchanged strange glances.

"Yes, I recognize Miss Harrison," she said, nodding to both of us. "What do you want?"

"You're Nell Lang?" I asked.

She nodded.

"I got scooped on your story, Miss Lang," I said, "but I don't think you had anything to do with Lance Fowler's death."

Her face brightened, but only for a brief second. She glanced up and down the street.

"Won't you come in?" she said, moving up the steps to the front door, and Mona and I followed.

The living room was bright and cheerful and tastefully appointed. We sat down and I turned to Nell.

"Can't you," I asked, "establish an alibi for the time that Fowler met his death?"

"Yes," she answered simply. "But I can't prove anything without involving someone else."

"Do you want to tell me?'

"Miss Harrison can best answer that," she said.

Mona jumped.

"Me!" she exclaimed. "Why, what do you mean?"

"You're my only alibi," Nell answered grimly.

"I don't understand. . . . I can't see how I could establish any alibi for you," Mona said.

"I didn't think you could. That's why I didn't mention your name. You're involved enough—and you have a career. But at the time Lance was murdered, you saw me in Miss Ann's Knit Shop in Beverly Hills. You were looking at sweaters."

"You're right about me looking at sweaters. But I don't remember seeing you." Mona looked bewildered.

Nell Lang's face was grim again.

"I didn't think you would. I'm just a very ordinary person. There's nothing distinctive about me."

Mona thought for a moment. "Well, tell me what you were wearing. I'll swear to it. If you saw me there, that's good enough for me."

"You mean that you'll do this for me?" Nell asked eagerly.

"Of course!" Mona smiled.

There were tears in Nell's eyes.

I hastened in with: "Now don't say anything to the police about this new angle until I have a chance to break the story in tomorrow's paper. I want it for a complete surprise."

Nell seemed puzzled. "I don't know how to thank you—both of you—for coming to me and helping me, and—"

"Don't mention it," I said, rising. "Listen, Miss Lang. I don't like to bring this up, but have you any idea who might have wanted Fowler out of the way?"

Nell frowned, turning her head slightly. "I don't know, Mr. Medford. Poor Lance was mixed up in something

—something that wasn't right. It could have been another woman; it could have been anything. He didn't tell me."

I believed her. I was certain that if she had known anything, she would have told me.

We said our good-bys and Mona and I got back in the car. As we drove away, Mona said, "Joe, I'm almost positive Nell Lang wasn't in that store!"

I HATED to see Mona go, the way I always did, even though she had asked me to come for dinner that night and I would be seeing her again in just a few hours.

She got out of the car at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. She was going to pick up some purchases at the Broadway Department Store.

After she left I couldn't help but grin at the puzzle before me. I had covered many a tough murder mystery, but this one—or these two—had me down.

I couldn't quite figure out why Mona had been willing to aid Nell Lang and then suddenly throw a dash of cold doubts all over the situation. The more I thought about it, the more I was determined to get busy on Rudy Frasso and the Clements Noons.

When I got to the office I sat down at my typewriter and started the story of Mona Harrison's alibi for Nell Lang.

I was about halfway through the yarn when my phone rang.

"Hello, Mr. Medford. This is Maxwell Kenyon. I"—he hesitated—"I, Mr. Medford—I trust you. You've got to believe me. You've got to do me a favor."

"Sure, Kenyon. What is it?"

"I don't want anyone else to get killed, and you can help. Get those dress materials—get— You've got to get them—to me. I must—"

An angry click in my ear told me that the connection had been broken. I was certain that someone had caught him phoning and had grabbed him by the throat.

I called Dick Williams.

"Hello, Dick. This is Joe. Where is Maxwell Kenyon?"

"Why?" he asked sourly.

"I think something has happened to him."

"Oh, smart guy, huh? I'll say something has happened to him!"

"What?"

"He either skipped, or was snatched, from his office not more than fifteen minutes ago."

That floored me. "I just talked to him," I muttered.

"What?" screamed Dick. "Where was he?"

I told Dick about the call and how it had suddenly broken off. But I didn't mention anything about the plea that Kenyon had made for me to get the dress materials. That was my little secret—and I meant to get the stuff. I realized Doc Anderson, the medical examiner, was my best bet. His office adjoined the storeroom where I was sure the packing case had been parked. On my way downtown I began dreaming up a likely story to inveigle Doc into giving me another gander at the case.

When I got there, Doc was out. At first that annoyed me; then I took a second look at the dumb kid who was watching the office. I put up a bluff that Doc expected me to examine the dress materials in the box in the other room.

"You gotta have an order," the kid insisted.

"Nuts to any order!" I snapped. "I'm Medford of the Enquirer and Doc said I was to look at the stuff. I haven't time to argue. Open the door!"

Reluctantly the kid took a bunch of keys and unlocked the door. I pushed him aside and started over toward the box.

Luckily the phone on Doc's desk rang and the kid went to answer it. I unwrapped a bolt of the cloth. There was nothing hidden in the folds of the material. I unwrapped three other bolts, dumping the material on the floor and placing the cardboard forms on the edge of the murder box.

The kid was still talking on the phone when I was placing the fifth bolt on top of the others. It was considerably heavier than the rest of them.

I walked over to the iron-barred window with it and peered down into the narrow form. I could see a tiny cardboard box about halfway down. I turned the form upside down and shook. The small box dropped into my hand.

I dropped it in my pocket and replaced the bolt on top of the others just as the kid came back to the door.

"What're you looking for?" he asked.

"The patterns that go with this stuff," I said quickly, without thinking. "Mona Harrison wants them."

I started stuffing the material back into the box. I weighed them against each other. None of them had any hidden boxes. The kid watched me. "There was another fellow here asking about patterns," he said.

I dropped the materials I had in my hands.

"What did he look like?"

"Just like anybody."

"Geez, you're stupid. What was his name?"

"I didn't ask him."

"What did he say?"

"He said he'd come back again," the kid answered, backing away.

"Well, if he ever comes back, get his name and address and I'll give you a dollar. If you forget, I'll come back and stuff you down the sewer!"

He edged around, now that I was in Doc's office again, and quickly closed the door to the storeroom. He had a dazed expression when I left.

I hurried down the hall to the men's room. It was empty. I took the tiny box from my pocket. I lifted the lid and gazed down at a glittering mess of unmounted diamonds.

Calming myself, I counted them. There were thirty-three. I don't know much about diamonds, but I had seen a flock of Mona's and I could guess at the number of carats by mentally matching them with hers.

I had a fortune in my trembling hands. As I heard the outer door open, I flipped the lid, slipped the box back in my pocket, and hurried out into the hall without a glance at the man who had entered.

BACK in my car, I drove dreamily out toward Hollywood. I now possessed the one important key to the murders. Whoever wanted those diamonds had killed for them.

It looked to me as if Ross had been engaged in a smuggling racket. But why had the dress-material bolts sent to Mona contained a fortune in diamonds? Could it mean that Mona was a party to a smuggling gang?

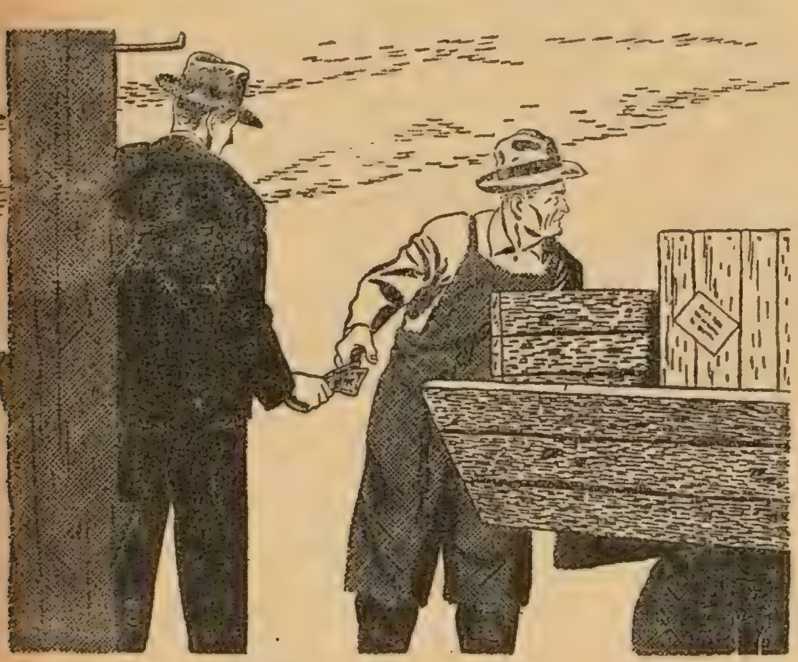
What part had Lance Fowler played in this strange situation? Kenyon seemed to be an answer—but he had suddenly disappeared. At least he had supplied me with a swell tip. But that, too, led to further difficulties. If anyone else went looking for the loot, Kenyon would know—or suspect—that I had gotten there first. That made me a marked man.

Before I fully realized it, I had arrived home. I entered the building, nodded to the clerk, and hurried upstairs.

Then I began to get scared. I had a creepy feeling that I'd get killed if I carried these diamonds around. But I couldn't think of a safe place to hide them. I glanced at my watch. It was time to dress for Mona's date.

I was shaving when the large jar of shaving cream solved my hiding problem. I scooped out all the cream, wrapped the box of diamonds in some waxed paper and, placing it in the now empty jar, I carefully covered it with the shaving cream.

Then I finished dressing and drove out to Mona's. She looked positively glittering in a white beaded evening gown. I went over to her, kissed her on the back of her neck. She shook herself as if a chill had chased up her back. I was certain one had up mine.



"You're so lovely. I wish—"

"They're here," she said, pointing to a tray of Martinis which Fields had placed on a center table.

"What's the schedule?" I asked.

"I thought we'd have dinner here—then, if you think it's all right—we'll go dancing."

I was staring at her diamond necklace, trying to compare her stones with the ones I had found.

"Why are you staring at me?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, dear," I said, changing my point of vision. "I was just noticing your necklace. It's very beautiful."

"You've seen it a hundred times. Why all the sudden interest? And why aren't you listening to me?"

"I apologize, lady. I heard you—every word. We're going dancing. I like that. I like this drink. I like you. In fact, I love you."

"You're nuts!" Mona turned to a table, got a cigarette.

I struck a match for her. "Do you think it's all right to go gadding about—just now?"

Mona flared, her eyes snapping. "I asked you that! You weren't paying any attention to me! And I want to know why you were so interested in my necklace."

"I thought it looked particularly brilliant, dear. What's it worth?"

Mona glanced down at it. "About twenty thousand."

Mentally I made a quick calculation that the stones I had found were worth about three times that much.

"You're acting strange tonight," Mona said. "Do we go out or don't we? I feel like a fling."

"And I'm the Highlander that can do it," I laughed.

"That's more like it," she smiled, nestling close to me on the divan.

During dinner Mona and I gabbed about general picture business news, but finally got around to the murders. We hadn't gotten very far when she suddenly said:

"Let's make a pact not to mention the murders any more tonight. Let's have fun."

"You're on," I said, and we shook hands on it.

After dinner I sipped a large crème de menthe while Mona freshened up and got her wrap. In a few minutes we were whizzing down Wilshire Boulevard toward the Ambassador.

The Cocoanut Grove was packed, but Jaime, the maître d'hôtel, found us a nice first-row box.

The music started and we were out on the floor. A smallish sleek-haired chap spoke to Mona and she returned the greeting rather absently. It was one of those typical Hollywood hellos—one party wasn't certain he knew the other one.

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Now you know better than to ask me that. I think I know him from somewhere."

"I've seen the face before, but I just can't remember it."

"Now you know how I feel."

We danced on. Just as the music was ending, Mona said, "I know that man's name now. He's a character known as Rudy Frasso."

I stopped dancing. "I want to meet him. It's important," I said.

"Ask him over to the table while I fix my face."

I left Mona at the door of the powder room and wandered up to the front of the Grove, gazing from right to left on my way. Finally I found him, over on the left, near the bandstand. I went over to the table.

"Pardon me," I said, "Miss Mona Harrison sent me over. I'm Joe Medford. Miss Harrison wondered if you'd join us—for a bottle of wine."

"Yeah. Sure." He looked me over in one quiet appraising glance. "You're a reporter, aren't you?"

"Yeah. The Enquirer," I said.

Rudy was giving me a general size-up as we walked over to the box. I figured him a tough character. I'd hate to have him mad at me. Flattery, I thought, would get more out of him.

"How about having lunch with me tomorrow?" I said as we sat down.

"What's on your mind?" Rudy asked.

"A lot of things that you might be able to help me with."

"I'm kinda busy tomorrow."

"You'll be helping Mona—a lot."

Rudy brightened. "She's in trouble?"

"Yeah."

"Meet me at the Savoy—at one."

"Thanks. I appreciate it—and I'm certain Mona will."

"I haven't done anything yet," Rudy said.

Mona and the waiter with the champagne arrived at the table at the same time. Rudy couldn't keep his eyes off her and I couldn't blame him for that.

"How about a dance, Mona—Miss Harrison, I mean?" he asked as the music started again.

"I'd love to. I was hoping you'd ask me." Mona was playing up great. I knew I could depend on her.

As they left the box, I heard Rudy boast to Mona, "You know, I did you a favor once—and I'm gonna do some more for you. I like being seen—"

But I couldn't hear the rest as they disappeared into the throng that was maneuvering its way to the dance floor.

AFTER the fourth quart of wine, we left the Cocoanut Grove and tried the Trocadero for one drink and two dances. Then we galloped over to Mocambo.

I finally gave Mona a signal and she started the parade for home. I noticed that Rudy had been slowing down on his drinks. A smart guy. Nobody caught him when he didn't know what he was doing, but he seemed to enjoy watching others get hilarious.

I was groggy when I woke up the next morning, but I wasn't taking any chances of Dick getting ahead of me again.

I dressed and drove out to Olympic and Spaulding. Mr. and Mrs. Clements Noon were going to receive an early-morning visit from me.

I pushed the doorbell of the small house and a tiny gray-haired woman opened the door. She had pleasant smile wrinkles about her mouth and eyes. Her glasses made her look just like anybody's grandmother. I liked her.

"You're Mrs. Noon?" I asked, bowing slightly.

"Yes," she answered sweetly.

"I'm Joe Medford of the Enquirer. I wondered if you knew the late Lance Fowler, publicity director of the Silverstein Studio?"

Mrs. Noon looked thoughtful for a moment. "Why, yes—I believe that Mr. Noon knew him. Wasn't it awful about him, the poor man?"

I nodded. "Is Mr. Noon home?"

She hesitated. "Ye-es, but he's having his breakfast."

"May I wait until he has finished?"

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she said, opening the door wider. "Come in, please."

I stepped into the living room. It was a comfortable, colorful room. I noticed an abundance of various types of candlesticks—perhaps her hobby.

From the hallway I could see a glass-enclosed patio that served as a breakfast room. There was a massive man sitting at the table. Without turning around, he said, "What is it, Hedy?"

Mrs. Noon giggled. "Now, isn't he the one? Ever since he saw Hedy Lamarr on the screen, he's been calling me that. My name is Hélène. For a long time he called me Greta—that was after Garbo made Flesh and the Devil."

I didn't know what to say, so I murmured, "I think that's very nice."

"There's a young man to see you, dear," she told her husband.

Noon didn't turn around. I followed Mrs. Noon into the patio. I walked around the table to face him.

"Joe Medford is my name," I said.

Noon forced a grin. "Glad to know you, Mr. Medford." He didn't offer to shake hands.

I eased myself into a chair opposite Noon. There was a flabby, unhealthy sort of fat—a loose fat—all over his face. He had the habit of forcing a grin, showing yellow, discolored, square teeth.

As I sat down, Mrs. Noon poured coffee from an electric pot which stood on the table.

"I'm sorry to intrude like this, but I wanted some information about Lance Fowler."

Noon cocked his head to one side, squinted his eyes. Mrs. Noon disappeared into the kitchen.

"What kind of information?"

"Oh, just anything about his personal life, his habits, his friends, his enemies. How well did you know him?"

Noon eyed me sternly. "What business is it of yours?" he said.

"I'm a reporter for the Enquirer. I'm trying to solve Fowler's murder."

"The police are doing that."

I grinned. "I want to solve the murder to get a scoop for my paper."

Noon took a cigarette and lighted it.

"Your paper didn't do me any favors—once."

"My paper didn't do any different from the other papers. It was merely a matter of record."

Noon raised his eyebrows. "Oh, you know about it?"

I nodded. "And I also know you're familiar with jewels, and I have an idea that jewels have something to do with these murders."

I watched Noon closely, but not a wrinkle stirred.

"You've come to the wrong man," he said.

"In other words, you won't help me?"

Noon grinned menacingly. "There's nothing I know that will help you. If I were you, I wouldn't bother so much about it. Let the police worry their heads. They're paid for that."

"Do you know anything about Hector Ross?"

"What would I know about a sissy dress designer?"

"At least, you knew he was a gown designer."

"I read the papers, too."

Noon snuffed out his cigarette. I finished my coffee and got up.

"Thanks a lot," I said, as sarcastically as I dared.

"You're welcome," he flung at me as I started toward the door.

I felt like socking him one right across his sloppy mouth. He was a tough character—one I couldn't break down.

I DROVE out to Mona's in Beverly Hills. Fields admitted me, saying she was just having breakfast. I raced upstairs to her sitting room. Mona was wearing a peach-colored hostess gown and she looked particularly lovely.

She threw me her customary kiss. And I could see she didn't mind my barging in on her like this. But I felt I owed her some explanation.

"Mona, I'm not getting any place with this—these cases. There must be something that you know—just some little hint about Ross or Fowler."

Mona stared at me strangely, then laughed. "Are you by any chance—pinning me down?"

I shook my head. "No, but I've got to get a lead. Did you ever buy any stolen jewelry?"

"No. But I've had it offered to me. About six months ago, Moe brought a young man on the set who had a gorgeous set of clips with a neck pin. Diamonds, rubies, and sapphires. But it was too gaudy for me. Price was cheap, too."

"Did he look anything like Rudy Frasso?"

Mona thought for a moment. "No. He was taller than Rudy—but he had the same olive complexion, and was extremely polite."

"Did Hector Ross or Lance Fowler ever try to get you to buy any jewelry?"

"Why, Joe, what are you driving at?"

"I don't know. I'm just trying to connect things,"

I bowed out, telling Mona I would call her later. I headed for the Silverstein Studio.

I FELT guilty about not having called Peggy in the last few days, and rather than face her I went around to the side gate.

It was the best idea I'd had in days. It almost solved the murders for me!

As I was waiting for the gateman to phone to Moe's office for an O. K. for me, I glanced along the street. There, to the left of the gate, was a junky-looking truck and a funny old man standing beside it. He was almost identical with Fields' description of the long-missing transfer man.

I went over to him.

"Did you deliver a box to Mona Harrison last Friday morning?" I asked.

The old man was caught off guard. He jumped as if given a sudden electrical shock.

"I deliver a lot of boxes. Who are you?"

"I'm a reporter. There's ten bucks in it, if you delivered the box I'm thinking of."

"What will the police do to me—if I say I did?"

"Probably give you a medal. They want to solve a murder—you might be able to help."

The old man glanced up and down the street.

"Gimme the ten."

I extracted two fives from my wallet and handed them to him.

"What you want to know?"

"Your name and where you picked up the box."

The old man looked surprised, then smiled. "Right here at the studio. My name is George Mackay."

"Did you know that there was a murdered man in the box?"

"Now, how would I know that? I didn't open it."

"Don't you read the newspapers?"

He hesitated a second. "Sometimes."

"Who told you to pick up the box?"

"Hector Ross."

That stumped me. How could a murdered man give orders to have himself stuffed into a box and delivered to a movie star?

"What did you do with the C. O. D. that you collected?"

"Gave it to Mr. Kenyon when he came by for it."

There was an answer I didn't expect.

"What time was that?"

"Friday, after I came back to my stand here."

I didn't know exactly what my next move was going to be, but I did know I had another scoop for the Enquirer. As I was stepping into a pay telephone booth, the gateman said, "Mr. Silverstein's waiting for you."

"O. K. I'll be right there as soon as I make a call."

I phoned the Enquirer and got Willard. I told him what I had found. Willard laughed about scooping the police department again and turned me over to a rewrite man. I finished dictating and went on to Moe's office.

I sat down opposite him. "Who was the jewelry salesman you introduced to Mona Harrison?" I asked.

Moe went white, then suddenly crimson.

"Now, Joe, honest I didn't know about that guy. It—it was Hector Ross who asked me to see that he got to meet Mona."

"Did you know the stuff was stolen?"

Moe looked sheepish. "I sorta had an idea. I looked at it myself—thought I might give it to Mrs. Silverstein for our wedding anniversary. But the price was so cheap, I knew there must be something wrong."

"Why did you try to palm the stuff off on Mona?"

Moe looked hurt. "You know I wouldn't intentionally do anything like that. I—well, I didn't think."

"Have you any idea where I can find this 'hot' jewelry salesman?"

"No. I've never seen or heard of him since."

There wasn't anything else I wanted to know, so I thanked Moe and hurried out to the phone booth in the main entrance.

I called Dick Williams and told him of my discovery of George Mackay, the truck driver who had delivered the corpse C. O. D.

Dick was my pal again. He said he'd be right over to pick up the old man for questioning.

I GOT to the Savoy about five after one. Rudy already had a booth. We said hello and studied the menu for a moment. When the waiter had taken our order, I turned to Rudy.

"Mona's in a jam, Rudy. She's mixed up some way with these murders and I've got to get her out of it, or her movie career won't be worth a Japanese promise."

Rudy was thoughtful for a moment. "Bad as that, eh?"

I nodded. "Somebody's making her the goat."

Rudy leaned close to me. "I like you, Joe. You must be a right guy or Mona wouldn't have anything to do with you. I'll put the cards on the table. How far can I trust you?"

"A newspaperman's word is always tops," I said.

"I hope so." He smiled. "I'd hate to read about your body being found in a vacant lot."

"I never yelled copper in my life."

"Mebbe that's why you're still alive."

I gulped at that one.

"I won't cross you, Rudy. You can bank on that."

He seemed satisfied. "All right. How can I help you?"

As the waiter brought our food, I told Rudy about the jewelry salesman who was touted to Mona by Ross through Moe Silverstein.

Rudy started right in on his food. "I used to handle some hot stuff," he admitted. "But I didn't send anybody to Mona. This must be some new outfit."

"Can you find them for me?"

"I might be able to."

"Where do I find you when I want you?"

"You don't. I'll do the contacting."

We finished lunch, I lost an argument for the check, thanked Rudy, and started toward the Enquirer.

I checked in with Willard. He was beaming. The Mackay story had saved the day. I went back to my office feeling pretty proud of myself, but it was a mood that didn't last long. There was a call from Rudy Frasso.

"Why didn't you tell me you had the diamonds?" he said.

I stammered: "I—I—who said I had?"

"I warned you what happens to double-crossers."

Cold chills played tag up and down my back. "Now, listen, Rudy. You didn't ask me anything about diamonds. You didn't—"

"I know all about that!" he interrupted. "You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble, but now it may be too late. Those sparklers are worth about a hundred grand. Where are they?"

"They're—in—a—a safe place. Now, look, Rudy, I—well I didn't tell the cops, and—"

"That's the only smart thing you've done so far," he butted in again. "Where are they?"

I had to do some fast thinking. "You'd better meet me at my apartment—at—ten thirty. I want to talk to you."

"O. K. That's a date. I hope you live that long!"

I don't know how long I sat there. My brain was in a whirl. I had to get rid of those diamonds! Was Rudy Frasso behind all these murders?

Suddenly it was very quiet in the building. The big presses had stopped their thundering.

Down at the auto park I got in my car and started for my apartment. I lost my nerve twice and had to stop at corner bars for several double slugs of whisky. But the thought of dinner didn't appeal to me at all.

I arrived at my apartment at exactly six minutes after ten. The whisky had done its duty. I felt brave. I boldly opened my door, took one horrified look, and then quickly stepped inside.

There, sprawled out in the center of the room, was Maxwell Kenyon. I was certain he was dead. Nobody could bleed so much and still live.

I stood there dazed. The rooms had been almost destroyed. The divan, chairs, and pillows had been slashed. The carpets turned over. Every drawer had been emptied.

I grabbed the phone and called Dick.

"What have you got, Joe, that somebody is looking for?" he said when I told him what had happened.

I didn't like Dick's tone. "I don't know, but I wish they'd get wise I haven't got it."

Dick snorted and hung up. I stared at the mess, trying to check each item to see if anything had been stolen. But I had the jitters too badly to get a clear reconstruction of my once-comfortable room. There was something missing and I couldn't think what it was.

Suddenly I remembered the diamonds. I made a dash for the bathroom. The jar of shaving cream wasn't on its customary shelf. Everything was in disorder. I searched frantically for the jar. I found it under the sink. It had been dropped on the tile floor but it hadn't broken. The box of diamonds was still hidden in the white grease.

I would have shouted for joy, but just then I heard the heavy footsteps coming down the hall. I put the jar back on the shelf and hurried into the living room just as Dick came in with two deputies.

"Geez, am I glad to see you!" I yelled.

Dick took one look at Kenyon and, grabbing the phone, put in a call for a fast ambulance. One of the deputies was busy trying to stop the flow of blood from a deep and ugly wound at the base of Kenyon's neck. He groaned, and not till then did I realize that he was still alive.

The next few minutes are a trifle hazy. Things happened with such rapidity. The ambulance arrived and Kenyon was eased onto a stretcher and rushed away to the Emergency Hospital. The two deputies left with him.

"All right, start talking," Dick ordered.

I tried to collect my thoughts.

"I don't know a thing about this, Dick. I found everything just as you see it."

"What was Kenyon doing here?" he bellowed.

"You've got me there," I answered.

Dick watched me closely. "Why would anybody want to search your apartment?"

I tried to give out with my best blank expression. "I haven't any idea, Dick."

Dick looked around the room again. He stopped thoughtfully in front of the window which led to the fire escape. For the first time I realized it was open.

"I imagine it's useless," he said, "but I'm getting a fingerprint expert out here. Might be some prints on some of this stuff or on the fire escape."

"Good idea," I murmured.

He started toward the door. "Better get yourself a hotel room tonight, Joe."

I grinned. "I'm ahead of you there."

He went out the door. He must have heard the sigh of relief I heaved. I could feel my heart pounding, I was that tense.

I HAD a hunch to call Mona.

She gasped when I told her what had happened. Suddenly I had an idea.

"I don't want you taking any chances, honey," I said. "I think I'd better stay at your house tonight—just in case anybody tries anything. I'd feel a lot easier."

Mona paused a moment. "Perhaps it is a good idea. Don't be late, Joe. I want to talk to you. If my door is closed, you take the blue room across the hall."

"Thanks, my sweet," I said, and hung up.

I went to the bathroom and got the jar of shaving cream and packed it in my overnight bag. I had forgotten my appointment with Frasso but I wouldn't have waited anyhow.

Down at the Enquirer I wrote my yarn about the stabbing of Kenyon. It was after two when I drove off toward the hills to Mona's home.

I shut the motor off as I pulled into the driveway and coasted back to the garage. The only light visible was a low-watt lamp by the garage, which was carefully shaded according to dimout regulations. Usually Mona had the now-reduced floodlights on, which gave a fairly clear view of the swimming pool, the beach, and the yard.

Tonight it was extremely dark—and terribly silent. I glanced at Fields' quarters above the garage. No light there.

My footsteps echoed as I trod across the cement walk to the back door. I tried the screen. It was locked. I tiptoes around the house to the front door.

I tried the front-door latch. It opened. Now, that was a silly thing. Back door tightly locked. Front door wide open. As I pushed it back, I saw that the house was completely dark.

Easing my way in, I left the front door open until I found the stairway light switch. Snapping it on, I went through the hallway toward the kitchen, snapping on light switches as I went. When I got to the porch, I reached to unlatch the door—but it wasn't latched!

I froze in the spot. I was so scared, I was like a man in slow motion as I went back into the house. But I held a firm grip on my bag as I climbed the stairs.

I OPENED the door of the blue room—the room intended for me—and snapped on the light. The bed had been turned down.

There was a note pinned to one of the pillows. It said: "Joe: Don't wake me, as I am very tired. Mona."

The writing wasn't Mona's! I wasn't any handwriting expert, but I could tell that someone was trying to forge Mona's broad, bold script.

That was enough for me. I hurried over to Mona's room. I knocked and waited. Not a sound. I knocked again.

Boldly I opened the door. Dimly I could see a form under the satin covers of the massive bed. I called her name. There was no response. I snapped on the light, and rushed over to the bed. She looked very lovely—so young, beautiful, and relaxed.

I was tempted to awaken her with a kiss, but I suddenly got the feeling that something was wrong; that she wasn't just peacefully sleeping. Cold fear gripped my heart.

It could be death!

Beads of cold perspiration were running down my face.

"Mona!" I said. "Mona—this is Joe. . . . Mona, honey . . ."

She didn't move. I shook her. Her head rolled to one side and remained there. I leaned down close to her and spoke her name directly in her ear. Then for the first time I heard her breathe.

She had been drugged. I knew that she occasionally took mild sleeping tablets, but they never had left her so that she couldn't be awakened.

I hastened over to the desk and buzzed the house phone for Fields. I let it ring for some time, but got no answer.

I hurried downstairs and out to Fields' room above the garage. I knocked loudly on his door and waited. No answer. I tried the door. It opened as I turned the knob.

I felt for the light switch on the wall. As the light went on, I gasped.

The room had been ransacked just as mine had been. Even the mattress had been ripped to shreds and the pillows torn apart.

The destroying intruder undoubtedly was identical with my own visitor. At least, the results were the same. As I glanced around the room, an odd object attracted my attention. It was half under the bed. I went over to it and stared for a long time.

It was a block of wood, about four-by-four inches, and resembled a carpenter's plane. The center had been cut out and a heavy spring had been inserted. A geared lever on the right side had been soldered on one end, so that by pressing down on the handle, the spring was shoved back and ready for release.

I knew that odd homemade gadget fitted in the murders somewhere, but right now I had to worry about getting Mona awake. I rushed back. She hadn't moved.

I had heard somewhere that to awaken anyone from a false, drugged sleep, large doses of black coffee were important. I rushed downstairs and fumbled around in the kitchen cabinets, looking for coffee and a percolator.

While I was waiting for the water to boil, I was trying to find the missing pieces to the murders. I was certain that the gadget in Fields' room had fired the scissors and letter opener into luckless Fowler's back. But who had aimed it?

I brought the coffee upstairs and forced it through Mona's lips. After a while she stirred and opened her eyes. She looked at me groggily, and with a sigh of relief I got down on the chair beside her bed. Suddenly I remembered the missing object from my apartment! I let out a gasp which startled Mona into awareness.

"Joe—what's wrong? What's happened?" she cried.

"It's all right, honey," I said. "Only you shouldn't take those sleeping tablets, baby—they're not good for you. I had an awful time waking you up."

"I didn't take any tablets," she said. Her voice sounded frightened. "The only thing I had was a cup of chocolate. You don't think Fields would try to poison me?"

"No—but he's disappeared."

Mona's eyes grew very wide and her mouth was half open. She glanced at the night stand. "Where's the cup?"

"There wasn't any cup here."

"Then he took it away—after I was asleep. Why?"

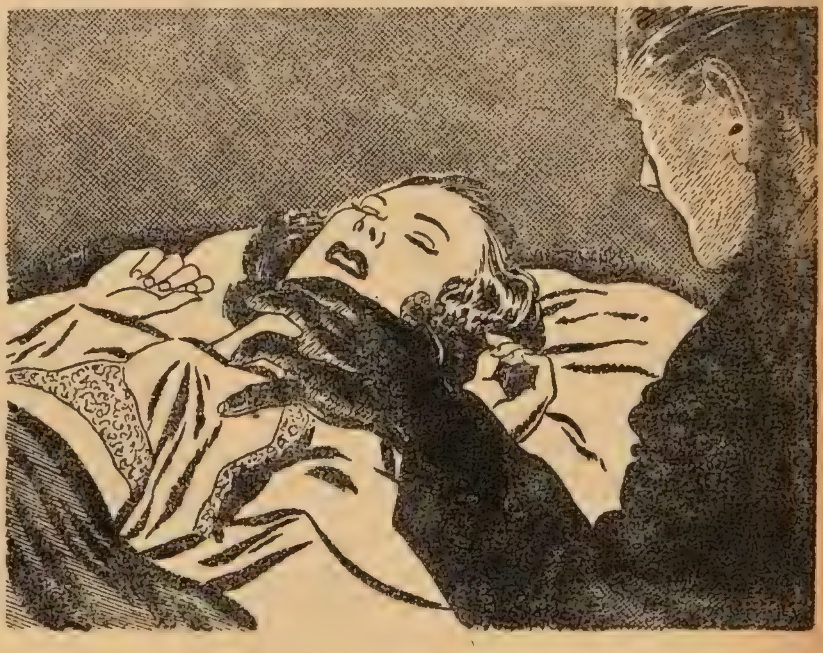
I couldn't answer that, but I told Mona about finding the house in darkness and about my discovery in Fields' room.

"Joe! Call the cops. I'm scared, Joe! Call the Beverly Hills Hotel and see if they have a room. I'm moving out of here!"

"Now wait, honey," I said. "Take it easy."

"Joe, do as I say! I want to get dressed. Get out of here!" she ordered, her voice sharp and rasping.

I went back to my room. I thought of the thing that had been missing from the mantel at my apartment. It was a simple candlestick. I had stolen it as a souvenir from a hotel down in Palm Springs.



Why should anyone want to take that? My mind raced back to the living room at the Noon house and the collection of candlesticks of various periods and sizes. Could it have been Noon who had ransacked my apartment?

I heard Mona banging closet doors. I called the Beverly Hills Hotel. The night clerk said they had nothing.

I went down to the kitchen again. In the sink I found the empty cup which had contained Mona's drugged chocolate.

Mona came downstairs, carrying an overnight case. "Did you get a room at the hotel?"

"No. But I'll find you one—even if it's a motel."

"Oh, Joe—not that. They'd think we were neckers."

"What's the matter with that?" I grinned.

Mona smiled. She started going through the rooms, turning on all the lights. At the French windows in the living room, I heard her scream.

I rushed to her side. She couldn't speak. She pointed. She had turned on the lights that flooded the swimming pool. Even from this distance I could see that it was Fields, floating face down in the pool.

There was nothing for me to do but call Dick Williams. Yet I hesitated. If I called now, the morning papers would have a chance. It was only a little after four. I'd have to stall about two hours to save the scoop for the Enquirer.

I looked at Mona.

"Honey, can you hold still for a couple of hours? I've got to save this yarn for the paper. If I holler for the cops now, I'm licked. Will it be too tough on you?"

"I don't know, Joe. I think I'm going mad. I can't stand this. Poor Fields. Why would anyone want to kill him?"

I tried a brighter tone. "How about tackling a bottle of brandy? It'll cheer you up," I suggested.

"I doubt it, but I'll try," she said.

We settled down in the breakfast room, and three good slugs of brandy later Mona was almost herself again. She suddenly became brave.

"Guess I was acting like a baby, Joe. Sorry. Let me work on the story with you."

I patted her hand affectionately. "Sure. Where's your typewriter? I can't think unless I have a machine under my fingers."

"I think my secretary keeps it in the linen closet."

I ran upstairs and found the machine. When I came down, Mona was in the kitchen. She had just washed the cup which had held her chocolate!

"Why did you do that?" I asked.

"I wanted some coffee with my brandy. I have to be wide awake—if I'm going to help you."

"You'd have been a bigger help if you hadn't washed that cup. It was full of important fingerprints!"

She stopped, almost dropped the cup. "Oh, Joe, I'm sorry! I didn't think."

She sounded sincere and truthful. There was nothing I could do but believe her. I set up the typewriter and we settled down to the story.

"Say, it would be a swell stunt for the paper to have a movie star cover the story. How about it?"

"Why not?" Mona said.

I tossed her a pencil. She struck a pensive pose and I got busy on the typewriter.

FOR a time there was only the clatter of the typewriter, the scratches of Mona's pencil. She really seemed interested. Then with a sigh she flung down her pencil.

"How much longer—before we can get this over with?"

I looked at my watch. It was ten after five. If I called Dick now, it would be six before the news could leak out. That would beat the morning papers.

I picked up the phone and got the desk sergeant at the Hollywood police station. I asked for Dick, then thought how stupid it was. He would be home asleep. While I was thinking of this, I heard Dick's voice:

"What do you want, smart guy?"

I didn't like his tone. "Got another murder for you."

"Another murder?" he screamed. "What—?"

"Pull yourself together, hysterical, and get out to Mona's."

"It—it isn't Mona?"

"No—her butler, Fields."

"Be right out," he said. "Funny, but murders always happen for your edition time, don't they?"

I started to flip a crack at him, but changed my mind. Instead I said, "Bring a fingerprint man along. I think—I hope we have something."

"Right," he answered, and hung up.

I grinned at Mona, who grimly handed me her story. I read the lead. It was a pip.

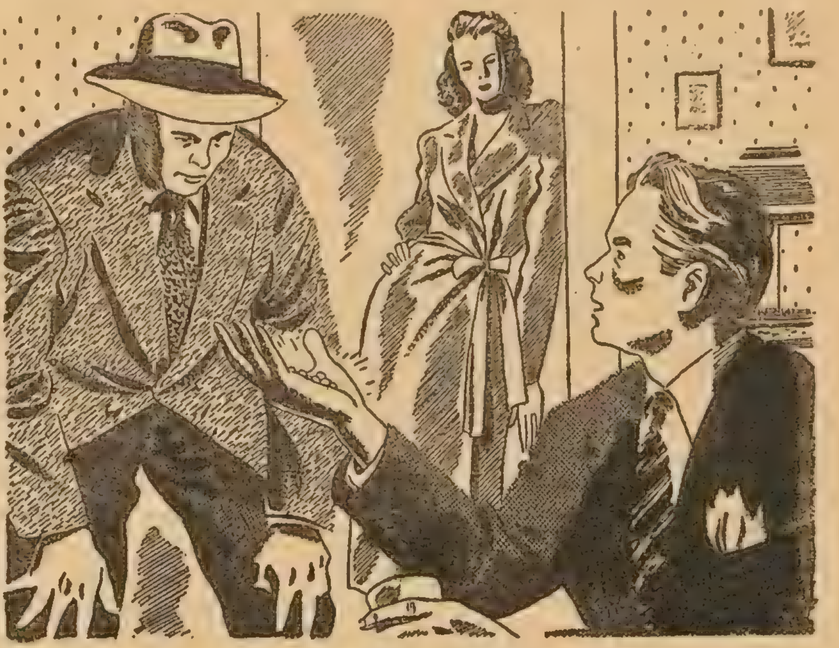
"Being a glamour bug caught in a murder's web in Hollywood, usually means the end of a film career. But as tragic, as horrible as this has been, I feel that the public will look upon me only as the innocent bystander.

"I want my friends to know my version of the things that have been happening to me and around me. I was asked by a representative of the Enquirer to write this. It is the truth."

"I can't go on until you get me the answer," she said.

"I've got a hunch we'll have it—and very soon."

I wandered out the front door. It was getting light. I stood on the porch, lighted a cigarette, and listened to the drip, drip of dampness from the leaves of the trees and bushes. It was strangely, weirdly silent.



I heard a car turn at the corner. It stopped at the curb and Dick and the fingerprint man got out. They came silently up the walk.

Dick stopped me as I came down the steps.

"I've a surprise for you. You're under arrest! I've had you tailed since the day you went through that packing case in the police station. Hand over the diamonds!"

I let out a bellow. "If that's the case, then you know someone is after them. Was it Noon who gave my apartment a going-over?"

"Maybe," Dick said, with a sly grin.

"Let's get down to business. I haven't much time," I said, moving down the steps toward the swimming pool.

I didn't like his attitude, but I remained quiet. Dick and the fingerprint man stopped short when they saw the floating body of Fields in the pool.

It wasn't easy to get the butler out of the water, but we finally managed. There was a short-handled kitchen knife sticking in Fields' back on the left side.

"I know how that was done," I said.

"I don't wonder," answered Dick.

I took Dick and the print expert to the butler's quarters and showed them the odd lethal gadget.

"That thing killed Lance Fowler and Fields," I said.

The fingerprint expert got busy with his dusting powder and magnifying glasses.

"Get what you can," Dick ordered, then led the way back to the kitchen.

Mona was making coffee. She smiled when she saw Dick.

"You almost had me for a victim, Mr. Williams," she said.

I tried to signal Mona to stop, but she failed to get the meaning. She went right on with the story. I cut in quickly:

"Mona made the mistake of washing the cup which contained the hot chocolate, and it might have had fingerprints."

Dick looked at her. "How did you happen to wash the cup, Mona?"

"Just thoughtlessness," she answered. "It was really stupid of me. Of course, I'm certain it was Fields. He was the only one here. The maid was off and my secretary left early in the afternoon."

The sudden entrance of the fingerprint man startled us. "The prints are Mrs. Noon's," he said.

Mona gasped. I was speechless. Dick snorted.

"Just as I figured!" Dick said.

"Got the answer?" I asked excitedly.

"I'm way ahead of you, snooper!" he smiled. "Had you worried, didn't I?"

I nodded eagerly. I wanted to get the story.

"Come on, Dick, I've got to work fast."

"Where are the diamonds?" he asked.

That stopped me for a moment. I hesitated too long.

"Turn 'em over—now, and if they match up with Kenyon's confession, you can start writing."

"Kenyon's confession!" I repeated. "Why, I didn't figure—"

"He didn't either." Dick grinned. "He thought he was finished and spilled everything. But he's going to pull through. Come on, man. What are you waiting for? Get the stones."

I stalled for an instant, then suddenly rushed upstairs. Dick was suspicious and raced after me.

"Think I was escaping?" I asked as he followed me into the guest room.

"You're not that silly, but I just want to watch," he answered.

I unlocked my overnight bag and extracted the jar of shaving cream, dug into the center of the grease, and pulled out the box of diamonds that had caused so much death.

Dick beamed. "You're all right, Joe—but you almost loused up yourself, in more ways than one."

He counted the stones. The result satisfied him.

"O. K.," he said. "Now you can go to work."

We hurried downstairs and into the breakfast room. Mona leaned against the doorjamb, smoking, and I waited for Dick to begin, eager to grab the phone and start the Enquirer presses rolling with the biggest Hollywood murder scoop in years.

"I DON'T know why I'm doing this for you, Joe. You played kinda dirty this trip—but, still, you did help a bit. Took too many chances, though."

He stalled, and his timing was a bit annoying.

"Mrs. Noon—that dainty, apparently frail little grandmother type—is a dangerous, maniacal killer, and the boss of a daring smuggling ring. Her husband is just a cowardly stooge.

"She had Hector Ross in her clutches because she had something on him. He had once stolen some dress material in New York and she pulled strings to get the beef quashed. When he got famous in Hollywood, she began to use him. Stolen jewels—mostly unmounted stones—were sent to Hector from all over the country by hiding them in bolts of materials.

"Rudy Frasso fitted in the picture, but only as a local fence. Lance Fowler was used because he had the contacts Mrs. Noon needed. Poor Fields was bribed into the racket because he had a fondness for one-hundred-dollar bills. He had quite a collection. He was the unknown visitor at Doc Anderson's office. He had tried to get at the bolts of dress materials and had failed.

"Maxwell Kenyon has always been a petty thief. I traced his history as a movie agent, as a business manager, and as an attorney. He pretended to be shrewd in business matters, but only so he could eventually rob his clients.

"Mrs. Noon killed Fowler with her screwy weapon—her own invention, incidentally—when he tried to shake her down for twenty-five thousand. Hector Ross was fed up working with temperamental stars and had ideas of going on his own. He figured he could retire in luxury on the sale of that last batch of diamonds.

"When he refused to turn over the diamonds ready for shipment, Mrs. Noon shot him at the studio. The shot went unnoticed because there was a lot of Nazi battle scenes being made late that afternoon. It was Kenyon who found Ross and stuffed him in the packing box, later collecting the C. O. D.

"When you, Joe, took that interest in the C. O. D. corpse, you tossed a monkey wrench in their scheme. They got frightened and were ready to scram—but they couldn't leave without killing Kenyon, who had all the answers.

"Then, the other thing that had them worried was the diamonds. Your lying about having the stones sent Mrs. Noon to Fields, who paid with his life for being part of the gang."

"What was the idea of that attack on me?" I asked.

Dick grinned. "Your pal Rudy did the clunking at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and all of that was because you were getting too nosy, bub."

"What about Kenyon?"

"Kenyon was Noon's greatest menace. That's why Mrs. Noon tried to rub him out at your apartment. She was on the fire escape when Noon ransacked your apartment."

"What was the idea of Noon lifting my candlestick?"

"That was another of Mrs. Noon's bright ideas. She also used candles and imitation sticks as a means of smuggling. That was one of her daffy habits which tripped her up."

Mona came in with, "I can't see the advantage of Fields trying to knock me out with the drugged chocolate."

Dick was thoughtful for a moment. "It could be that he thought Joe had hidden the stones with you, and he wanted the house completely to himself for a search."

"It couldn't have been Mrs. Noon," I said, "because that wouldn't work in with their shakedown of Mona. Could that be why Fields was bumped off by Mrs. Noon?"

"No," Dick answered. "Fields' death was due, I am certain, to the fact that he was going too much on his own."

"That accounts for him leaving the fake note for Joe, then," Mona said.

Dick hadn't known about this before, so Mona explained.

"Why did Mrs. Noon suddenly get careless and leave her murder gadget?" I asked.

Dick smiled. "That's easy. Your arrival—and I congratulate you, my favorite double-crosser—caused that. She was in the house and couldn't get back upstairs to Fields' room without being caught. How she maneuvered Fields out to the pool, I don't know—yet. But I'll sweat it out of her."

"You're wonderful, Mr. Williams!" Mona said.

Dick almost blushed.

Mona heaved a long sigh as Dick went out. And I suddenly awoke to the fact that I had a lot of dictating to do. I grabbed the phone and dialed the Enquirer's number. Willard had just arrived. I told him the good news. He yelled for joy.

After I'd dictated my version, I told the rewrite man to hold on and I put Mona on the wire.

"Use the lead just as you've written it, baby," I said. "Then tell the story Dick told—but in your own words. That's swell, honey. Now hurry up, and don't be nervous."

"Look who's talking," Mona said.

When she finished Willard wanted to talk to me. He was so excited he yelled, "You get a thousand-dollar bonus and a vacation—any place you want to go!"

AS I hung up, the sun was streaming through the windows. It didn't seem real. It was more like some awful nightmare we had been through. Suddenly I heard the roar of an automobile, the faint wail of a siren, and then the noise faded into the distance.

Having solved Hollywood's most difficult murder mystery, Dick Williams was going back to work.

I heard footsteps. I didn't even realize Mona had left the room until I saw her coming back in again. She was dressed in a light tan sports suit. A tiny doll's hat of bright red with a long, wavy, dark brown feather fascinated me.

She was carrying a frosty bottle of champagne and two glasses. I thought I was dreaming.

"Here's champagne," she said simply. "And I have two benzedrine tablets—one for you and one for me. We're going to drink the wine, you're going to shower and shave, while I fill the back of the car with more champagne."

"Really?" I murmured. "Why?"

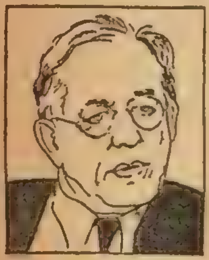
"I've got the mood I was always telling you about!"

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

WHEREVER there are men who make their living by stringing words together, whether for newspapers, between the covers of books, or in Hollywood, you're apt to find ex-pupils of **Walter B. Pitkin.** He taught at Columbia University for thirty-six years—most of this time at the School of Journalism. Those who studied philosophy, psychology, and the craft of writing with him remember him affectionately as a salty, crusty individualist — as unprofessorial a professor as ever faced a roomful of young hopefuls.



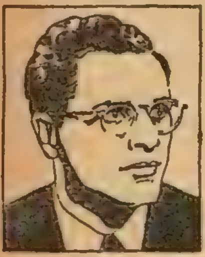
Walter B. Pitkin

Doc Pitkin's autobiography, **On My Own,** tells how he got that way. It's a three-ring circus, packed with exploits on intellectual trapezes, breakneck adventures on the loop-the-loop of journalism, and a choice assortment of clowns, ranging from famous philosophers to Paris junk dealers.

Pitkin's best known book, Life Begins at Forty, was only one by-product of one phase of his varied career; it was born of his rehabilitation work for nerve-shattered veterans of the last war. His earlier best seller, Must We Fight Japan?—a book of carefully checked fact and sober prophecy—was eventually boycotted out of circulation as "yellow journalism." That's just one of his many ironic footnotes to history.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price, $3.50.

THE end of the war isn't going to raise the curtain on a ready-made "brave new world," says **Leo Cherne** in **The Rest of Your Life.** It will, however, present us with the raw materials for such a world. He gives a keen analysis of the opportunities that lie ahead if we have the wit to make use of them—and of the dangers we'll face if common sense doesn't go hand in hand with technology.



Leo Cherne

Mr. Cherne, who is executive secretary of the Research Institute of America, is in a position to give us a look at facts, figures, and plans on drawing boards, rather than just a glimpse into a crystal ball. He has plenty of encouragement to offer from a long-range point of view, but no nourishment for the optimism of those who expect a chromium-plated civilization overnight.

If you say that the helicopter age is just around the corner, Mr. Cherne will agree with you—but his idea of "just around the corner" is ten or twenty years from now.

As for automobiles, "the teardrop dream car will make its appearance gradually over a period of years. The automobile industry foresees no revolutionary changes coming all at once."

On the subject of air transport, Mr. Cherne says: "Experts assure us that jet-propulsion planes will be flying the Atlantic in six hours." But again he warns us not to expect such a development overnight.

"There has been a common misconception," Mr. Cherne says, "that air freighters would deliver a death blow to cargo ships as a means of moving international trade . . . The fundamental fact is that only commodities valued at $1,000 a ton or more are reasonable prospects for international air cargo."

This book is likely to exasperate both the confirmed optimist and the pessimist. But if you've a taste for facts without any kind of mist, you'll find 'em here.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

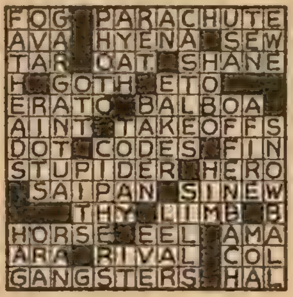
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Battlewagons of Revolutionary days
6 A watermelon's Caucasian cousin
13 The old oil
14 Kind of pants Sir Galahad wore
15 An unentrancing way
17 Big squirt in the Navy
18 Shoots the breeze
19 Tie-up alongside the she of matrimony
20 One of the Victors (abbr.)
21 Belly nice sound
23 Our next Throttlebottom?
25 What the old maid heard they were rationing
26 Device that makes the radio possible
27 Victorian cocktail parties
28 A termite's uncle is really a what?
29 This passes right through the middle of Columbus Circle
32 Blackout, prevalent during 30 Years' War
35 You've got to buy them to forge them for Hitler
36 Subways on stilts
37 The next sound you hear after this is: Kerplunk!
38 Hit in the head with a moonbeam and rendered coo-coo
39 Goatsberry
40 A Washington impossibility
41 Never seem to want to go home
42 Fertilizer Hall (pl.)
44 We'd enjoy to hear how he plugged Hitler
46 Pocket piece
47 A hunk of stuff
48 Historic bluffer
49 Dentists Bore Roguishly (abbr.)
51 He calls himself a Magnificent Hunk of Junk
54 Laze the bones
55 Sint's 'at
56 Lies (anagram)
57 This is a one!
59 A Devalirish fellow
61 Kind of person who keeps his hat on while striking a woman
62 Mairzy doats, he dotes son mairs
63 Pre-war bond
64 Ye gude olde dayes whenne knights were colde and plumbinge was out of ye doores
65 The shiftiest things in the world

VERTICAL

1 Sidewalk admiral
2 Rabbit hole explorer
3 Spaghettiburg
4 Everybody's mom
5 A mobile hunk of living baloney
6 El Stinkeroo
7 Mtskis
8 Corny, isn't it!
9 Hungover
10 Addle the pate, scramble the brains
11 A session of Information Please! at Harvard
12 The gal from Rio
16 Sissy bassos
22 What Himmler likes to do to babies
24 Unrationed butters
27 A canny sound
28 Food for egotists
29 One place where Hitler won't spend his old age (if he has one!)
30 Eyewash
31 Lean (anagram)
33 Doubletalk from an Egyptian
34 CGIs
35 First name of Hollywood Bad Man
38 She kneads women like they knead dough
39 Fly swatter
40 Man who sleeps with mouth open and windows closed
41 What Stalin is except in name only
42 Men and women throwing themselves around scenery with reckless abandon and few clothes
43 Bali bands, or South Sea housecoats
45 Result of being hit on the mental funnybone
46 Creature after a man's heart
48 This is all inn
49 Kind of Runyon
50 Bleachhead
52 A close up
53 This is absolutely moonstruck
54 A piece da doarea-mia
58 Nobody Invented Violetsmellers (abbr.)
60 What to say when you find your wife in another's arms



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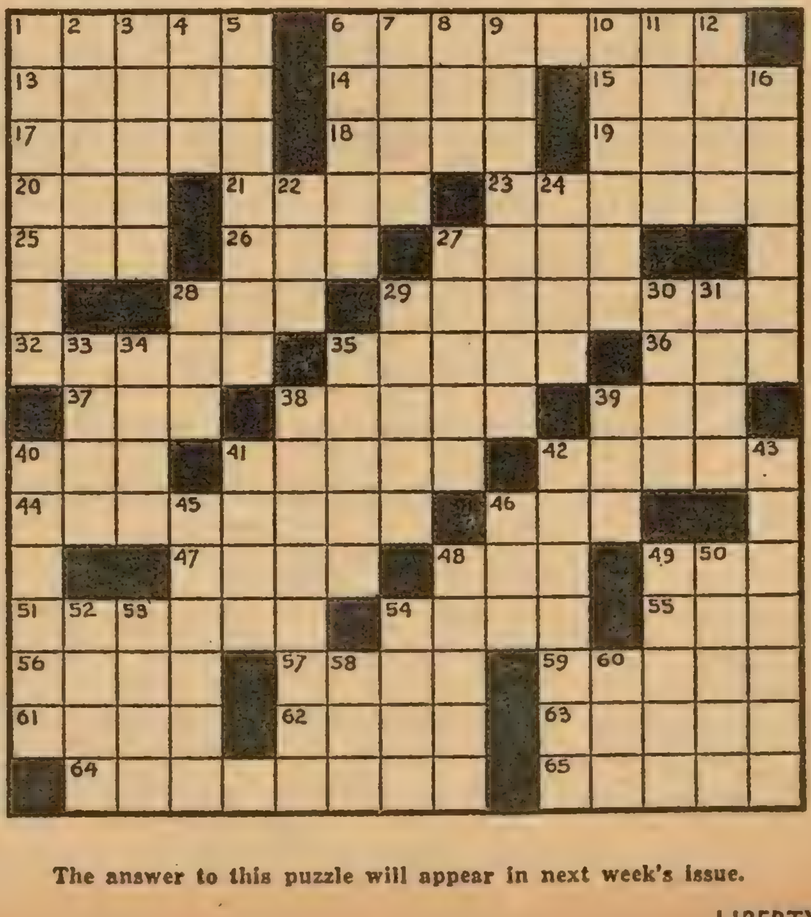
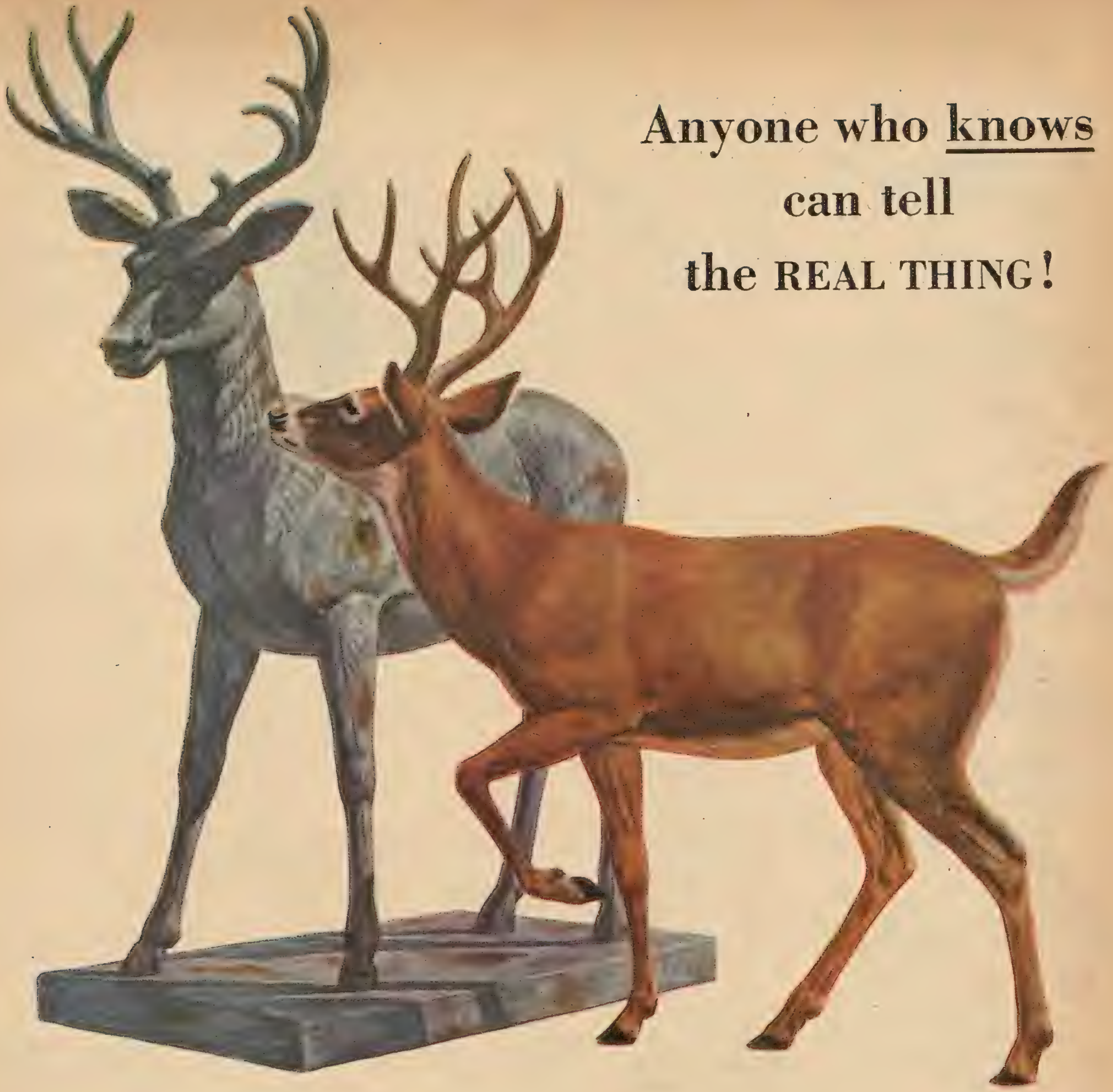
Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Anyone who **knows** can tell the REAL THING!



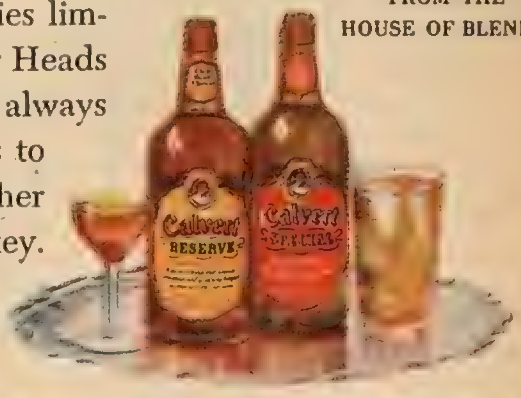
MAYBE this deer's suspicious sniff will give you a hint of how our friends react when they encounter a "stand-in" for Calvert whiskey.

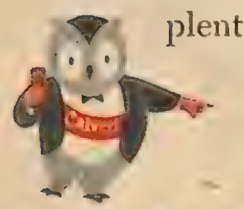
Calvert, you know, is the real thing. *Its magnificent pre-war quality has never changed.* Nor has the *preference* for Calvert changed, although other whiskies have been more plentiful during the shortage.

In fact, many of the people who sell and serve Calvert tell us—"Calvert continues to be the whiskey most often asked for by name."

Evidently, even with supplies limited, it remains true that Clear Heads Choose Calvert. You may not always be able to get it...but it pays to keep asking for the *best* rather than the most *plentiful* whiskey.

AMERICA'S FINEST
BLENDED WHISKIES—
FROM THE
HOUSE OF BLENDS!





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2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

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WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO BARBERS...

Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

ROLL ME OVER EASY

Continued from Page 29

wide and a hundred and fifty deep, filled up with the sort of structure that would be most likely to be named Sea View Acres. It drooped around the edges and sagged in the middle, and fifty years before, someone had painted it a very natty brand of yellow. Hanging on its porch was a little item constructed of colored glass strips which, when the wind blew, tinkled and clinked in a manner that was maddening to anyone possessed of a sense of rhythm.

Abe went under it and into what was nothing less than a parlor, and Mrs. Mulvaney, the proud proprietor of this shambles, stopped rocking and knitting and wheezing long enough to leer in a manner that was not quite obscene.

"My dear!" she said. "And aren't you the clever one to wait until you found something really worth while! Is he a close relative?"

Abe said, "He's a—" She decided not to go any further with that, and asked, "Whose close relative?"

"Now, dearie, don't be so secretive. Of the Simmonses. I recognized the car."

"His name is Smith."

"Smith," said Mrs. Mulvaney, pondering. "I don't recall the name. Perhaps he's a cousin. But don't fret. The Simmonses wouldn't acknowledge any relatives who weren't rich. How did you manage to meet him?"

"I think I'll go take a shower now," said Abe.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Mulvaney, "do you remember the day?"

"What day?" Abe asked.

"This is the day your guest fee is due, my dear."

"I'll bring it right down," Abe assured her.

She went up the stairs and along a hall to her bedroom. There she opened her bag and fumbled around among the debris. There was a small waterproof purse pinned to the bottom. Abe unfastened the pin and took out the purse and opened it. It contained a return bus ticket, a four-bit piece, a dime, two nickels, and a penny. It did not contain a twenty-dollar bill.

Abe began to feel a bit cold and queasy at a point just two inches below her ribs. She dumped the contents of the bag out on the bed and pawed them over. There was nothing present that even faintly resembled coin of the realm.

Abe stood up straight and began to breathe loudly through her nose. It took her all of a second and a half to figure out where the twenty-dollar bill had gone and who had taken it there. She paused long enough to peel her bathing suit off and replace it with a pair of slacks, a blouse, and some huarachos. Then she marched downstairs.

"Do you know where the Simmonses live?" she asked.

"Of course, dear," said Mrs. Mulvaney. "Up on the Rim with the rest of the swells. 340 Harkness Road. But before you go, hadn't you better fix up your face just a little and select a costume that isn't *quite* so wrinkled? And remember, rich young men are very easily frightened off. Don't press him *too* hard, dearie."

"I'll press him one right in the teeth," said Abe.

THE Rim lived up to its advance billing. It was littered with estates of one kind and another—all with a certified view of the ocean, and all surrounded by walls high enough to relieve the occupants of the necessity of looking at it.

At 340 Harkness, Abe found a large gate that was shut and a little gate that was open. She selected the latter and went through it and up a quaintly crooked path paved with red sandstone, which ended in front of a long sun terrace. Smith was on the terrace, wrapped in a striped bathrobe now, reclining in a chair constructed exclusively of chrome and red leather and contemplating the mysteries of the twilight while chewing meditatively on a wad of gum.

"Hi, honey," he said without any noticeable signs of either enthusiasm or consternation.

Abe walked right up to him and pointed her finger. "You stole twenty dollars from me!"

"Now that's more like it," said Smith. "As an opening it catches the attention and gives you a chance for a fast follow-up. You should have used it in the first place instead of clowning around with that corny lost-towel gag."

"I'm serious about this," Abe warned.

"Naturally," said Smith. "You don't run across an opportunity like I am every day. But relax. You're doing all right. I'll speak to you the next time I see you on the street. I'll even remember your name, I bet."

"You give me my money!"

CASS appeared in the French doors at the rear of the terrace. She wore a white quilted robe that positively hadn't been picked off a bargain counter, and she was carrying a tray with two tall frosted glasses on it. She hesitated for a moment, then came forward and put the tray on the glass-topped table that stood beside Smith's chair.

"Look here," she said. "Can't a girl leave her man in her own back yard without having competition barge in on her?"

"I'm *not* competition!" Abe cried.

"I know it, Burch," said Cass. "But how am I going to persuade you of that?"

"All I want," said Abe shakily—"all I want is the twenty dollars that he stole from me."

"I suppose a girl with a face like yours gets a little desperate at times," Cass said, "but you're going pretty far now, aren't you?"

"He took twenty dollars from my purse! He *did!*"

"I suppose," said Cass, "that twenty dollars is about the largest amount you can think of without gasping, but what would he want it for?"

"Now you just listen here," said Abe, swallowing. "You can laugh and—and sneer about twenty dollars, but it's the last of the money I saved for my vacation, and it was going to last me for another whole week! And if he doesn't give it back to me I'll have to go h-h-home!"

"That's an idea," said Cass. "Why don't you?"

"I *won't!* I'll have him arrested! That's what I'll do! You'll see!"

"I suppose you would," said Cass. "You're just the type. Wait a minute."

She disappeared through the French doors.

"Nice work," said Smith admiringly. "You might as well have upped the ante a bit, though. Never sell an act like that short."

"What do you mean?" Abe demanded.

Smith leaned forward to peer interestedly. "Can you break out with tears like that any time you want?"

"Wh-what tears?"

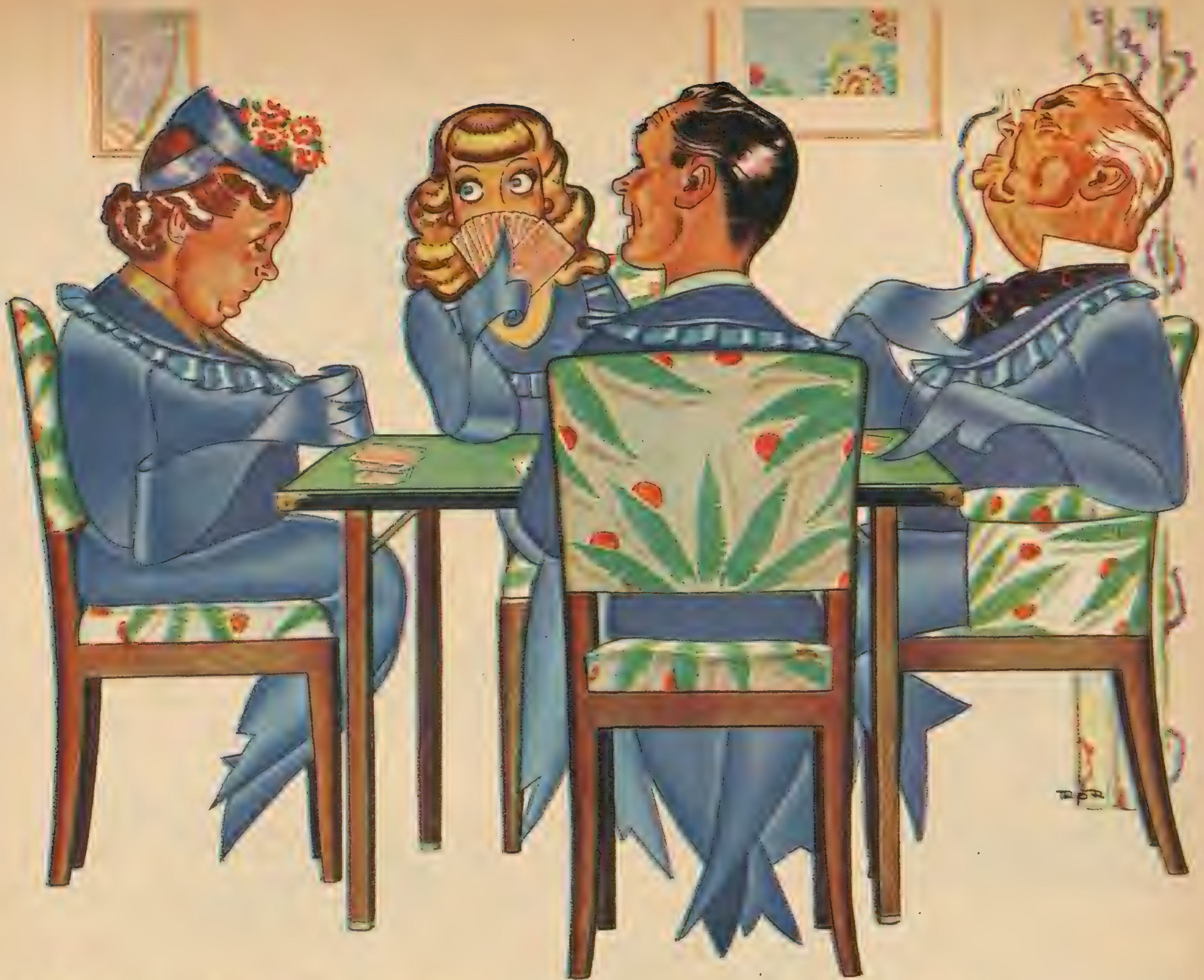
"These."

Abe slapped at him. "You keep your hands to yourself! And they're *not* tears!"

"They're certainly convincing imitations," Smith said. "What formula do you use?"

Cass came out on the terrace. She was carrying two crisp new ten-dollar bills folded lengthwise. She handed them to Abe.

(*Continued on page 54*)



"Madam, I think you have just trumped my ace!"

Said the champion bridge player—making a face.

His partner turned blue as her Blue Ribbon Dress,
But he smiled and recouped with a brilliant finesse,
While all of Blue Ribbon Town's creme de la creme
Applauded the U.S.O. benefit game.

At last they implored him to tell them what he
Considered the game's greatest moment to be.
He answered, "A rubber you've fought for, that ends
With a glass of Blue Ribbon, that grand slam of blends!"

✡ ✡ ✡

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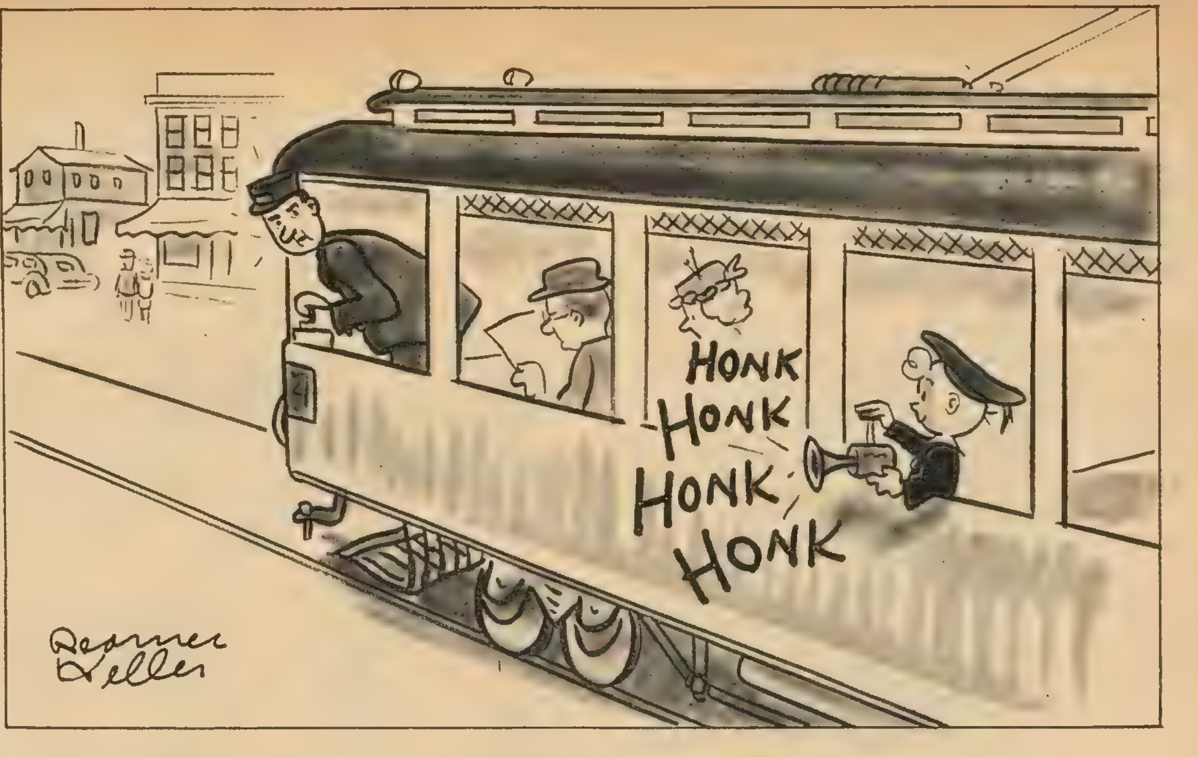


(Continued from page 52)

"Here you are, and let's see a lot less of you from now on."

Abe accepted the bills numbly. "But this isn't my—these aren't—" And then she began to have palpitations and black spots before her eyes and a horrid iciness back of her knees. "Oh! O-o-oh!"

She tried dramatically to tear the bills in two. They wouldn't tear. She crumpled them up, one in each hand, and threw them down on the terrace and stamped on them. She turned around and marched down the path, shoulders back, heels clicking.

Cass said, "The service entrance—and exit—is in the rear."

TO save bus fare, Abe walked all the way back, and as she approached it in the gloom, Sea View Acres looked just about as cheery as the mad monster's castle in that last B picture you saw.

"Now," said Mrs. Mulvaney, still holding down the parlor, "you see? And you can't say I didn't warn you. You should listen to the advice of people who have had experiences in this line, dearie. I could tell you things about rich men—"

A very nicely fitted naval uniform walked in.

"Oh," said Mrs. Mulvaney. *"Oh!* How *do* you do?"

"O. K.," said Smith. "And remind me to tell you how gorgeous you're looking sometime. But right now run out in the kitchen and reel in a roast. I want to have a conference with the babe here."

"Oh, you," Mrs. Mulvaney simpered. "You sailors." She hesitated coyly in the doorway, then pointedly disappeared.

"Where did you get that uniform?" Abe demanded.

"This?" Smith asked. "Oh, I borrowed it from my cousin Slevak. You wouldn't care for him. He's a dull fellow."

"That's an ensign's uniform," said Abe. "And that's a South Pacific campaign ribbon—with two stars on it."

Smith looked down and counted. "One, two. You're right, at that. Here's something old and something new just for you."

He handed her a towel that Abe had seen somewhere before. Pinned to it was a twenty-dollar bill that also had its familiar aspects.

"You took—" said Abe. "All the time you had—and you let me—"

"Yup," said Smith.

"You—you—you—you—you—"

"Mustn't say the naughty word," Smith warned. "Look. It's your own fault. For a week I've been trying to call me to your attention. I smiled and I smirked and I winked. I think I even leered a time or two. No soap. So I had to resort to what are commonly called drastic measures. Hello, Abe."

"If you have the nerve to think that after this I would—would—would—"

"Would what?" Smith inquired, interested.

Abe opened and closed her mouth three times and then said suspiciously, "What about Cass?"

"I will tell all," Smith said. "There shall be no secrets between us. When we came in, Cass was waiting at the dock to pick herself a sailor for a souvenir. Since I was by far the most handsome and most personable one there, she picked me, and since my resistance was low, what with malaria and termites of one kind and another, I didn't resist hardly any—at least, not until I got a good look at you."

"I don't believe one word of that," said Abe flatly.

CASS came into the parlor. She was carrying a battered valise, and she held it up waist high and dropped it with a thud.

"You dog," she said. "You filthy, ungrateful, two-timing rat."

"Don't tell me now," said Smith. "Let me guess. I've got it. You're referring to one J. Smith."

"Yes," said Cass. "And if I never refer to him again, it'll be a lot too soon. And as for you, Burch—you're *welcome!*"

She went out and slammed the door so hard the echoes played touch tag all over the building.

"Maybe I should have tipped her a dime," said Smith.

"How did she know you were here?" Abe asked.

"Probably because I told the butler to pack my bag and send it over."

"And what did she mean by that 'welcome'?"

Smith smiled photogenically. "You pulled down the jack pot, honey. You've won first prize. Namely, me."

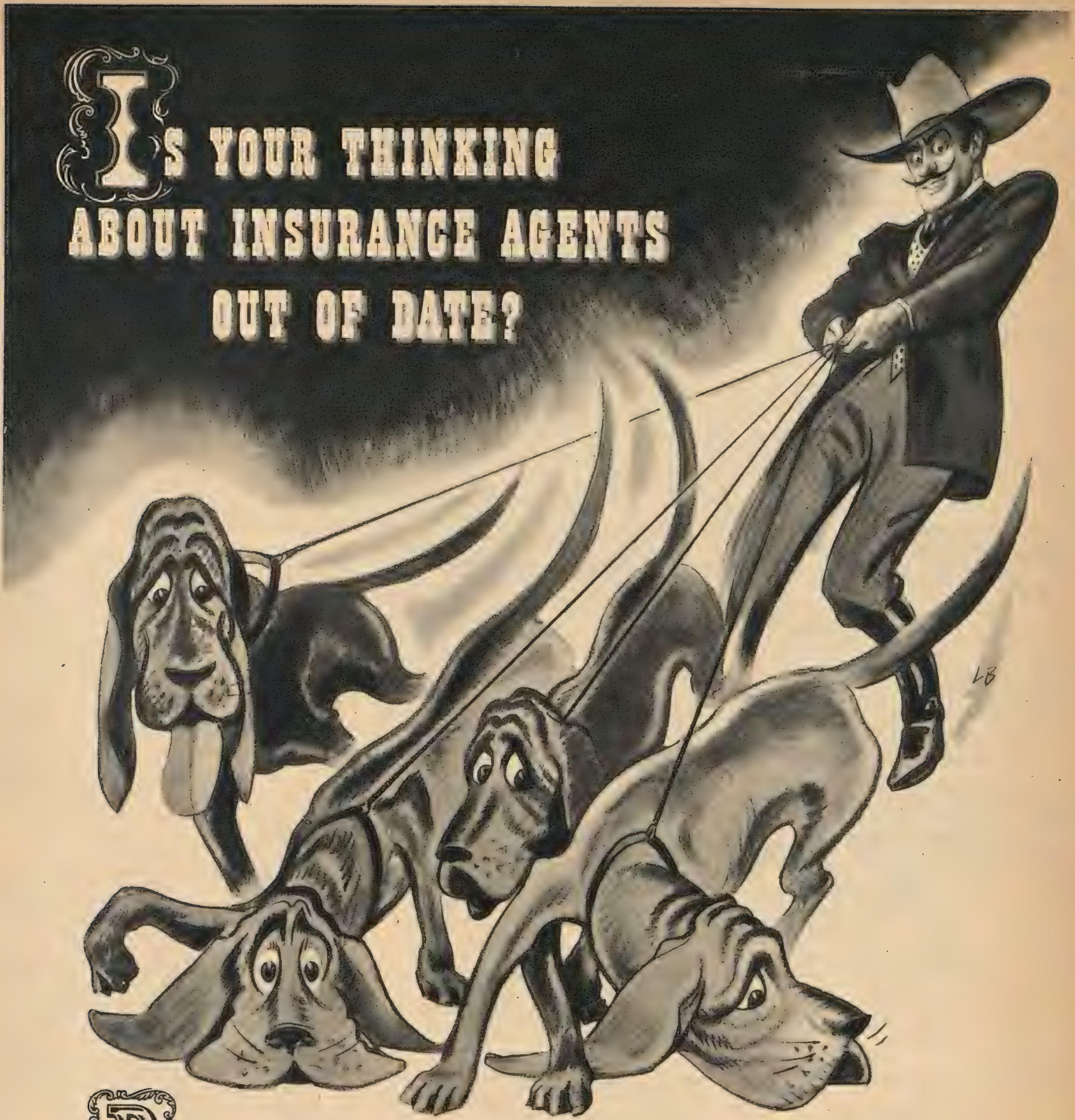
"I—wouldn't—have—you—for—a—gift!"

"Aw, now," said Smith. "Not even if I said please nicely? Like this, 'Please nicely'?"

"Well," said Abe. "We-ell . . ."

THE END

IS YOUR THINKING ABOUT INSURANCE AGENTS OUT OF DATE?



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FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
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FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

HE DIDN'T WANT THE JOB

Continued from Page 17

he got to thinking. Remembering the scandals that followed the last war, he decided it might be possible, through an investigating committee constantly on the job, to prevent similar mistakes. As the result of a carefully prepared speech he made, the Senate agreed to appoint such a committee. He was named its chairman.

It was typical of him that he should conceive this not as a one-man show but as a co-operative task. With the exception of Senator Connally of Texas, the members were chosen from among the juniors. When they raised subjects to be investigated, Truman's usual procedure was to name as chairman of a subcommittee the one who had suggested the problem.

Not even his political enemies have questioned his sincerity. It stems, above all, from his horror of war and his passionate desire to end this one with victory as soon as possible. He enlisted as a private shortly after we got into the last war. Advancing rapidly, he helped organize the 2d Missouri Field Artillery and later the 129th Field Artillery, Thirty-fifth Division. In France he commanded Battery D of the 129th Field Artillery, serving at the front until the armistice was signed.

For a man of Truman's temperament it was a trial by fire. He once said to me: "I can remember that on November 10, 1918, we'd got our orders to move down the following afternoon into the Valley of Verdun. That next morning some units did move down. Some men I knew and thought a lot of got killed that morning.

"If we had moved down that afternoon, some of us would have got it. Those are just the chances of war. That is why every hour that we can save means lives saved. That's why I'm for giving everything we have now—hitting just as hard as we can."

WORLD WAR I altered the whole course of Truman's life. It put the iron in his soul. Before he enlisted, he had been drifting.

In high school at Independence, Missouri, he had been thought of as a "nice fellow," a fair student. The one thing he was really interested in was music and that partly came of his mother's desire to make him a concert pianist. He practiced long hours all through high school and afterward, too. Soon, however, it became apparent that his talent was not sufficient to advance him far. After graduation from high school he worked for a time in a drugstore, then in a bank, and finally landed back at his father's farm near Lamar. No one thought he would amount to much, least of all the young man himself.

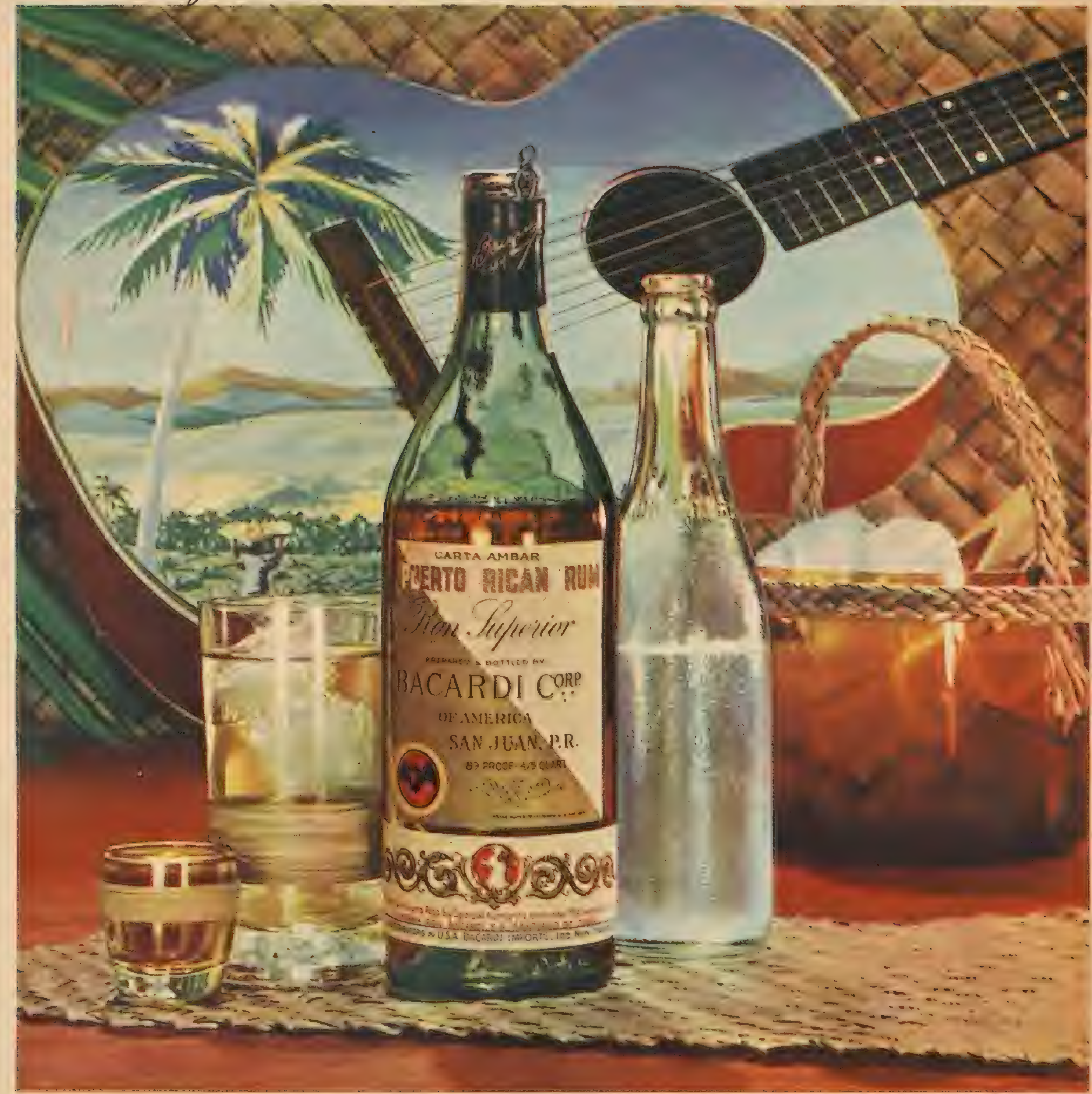
When he returned from France in 1919, Truman married his childhood sweetheart, Bess Wallace, and formed his first small connection with the Pendergast machine. That was in Kansas City, where he was clerking in a haberdashery and in his spare time studying law at the Kansas City School of Law.

If you wanted to go into politics on the Democratic side—and Truman's family have been Democrats for several generations—you had to enlist Pendergast's support. Or so Harry Truman, with no "connections" and little education, figured it.

He got to know the boss and the boss came to like him. In November, 1922, he was elected judge of the Jackson County Court. Two years later, when he ran again, he was defeated, but in 1926 he was elected presiding judge by a majority of 16,000. In 1930 his majority was 58,000.

(Continued on page 58)

Nothing takes the place of BACARDI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AND REMEMBER—NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF WAR BONDS!

★ A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi (Ruling of N. Y. Supreme Court, Apr. 28, 1936) RUM—89 PROOF—Bacardi Imports, Inc., N. Y.

(Continued from page 56)

When the talk turns on his relationship to Boss Pendergast, Truman invariably brings up his own record in the office of presiding judge. It is almost wholly an administrative office. "I had charge," he says, "of the spending of $60,000,000 for highways and public buildings in Jackson County. Nobody ever found anything wrong with that, and it wasn't because they didn't look hard enough. We built more miles of paved roads in Jackson County than in any other county in the country, with only two exceptions."

It is difficult to exaggerate the power that Pendergast wielded. His word was law in the state. He named governors and senators at will. As always with such absolute power, corruption began at the bottom and spread to the very top. Kansas City was riddled with crime and vice. Gangsters were in effect licensed for every sordid trade.

I REMEMBER interviewing Pendergast in New York at the peak of his power. It was in his de luxe suite on the Normandie just before that great liner sailed for Europe. In the course of that interview Pendergast gave me the first clue to a "deal" which was to bring about his downfall.

A crusading newspaper, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, was hard at work digging into the Pendergast record. As a result of the clue that came out of the interview, an insurance "deal" which netted the boss nearly a half million in cash was uncovered. This was the beginning of the end. The Post-Dispatch tore open the whole hive of corruption and showed how the gang, and particularly the boss, had made millions out of state business. He and several of his henchmen went to prison.

Truman was in the Senate while this was going on. He did not try to run to cover. He stood and took it. "I'm not one to desert a ship when it starts to go down," he told reporters.

On the floor of the Senate he tried to prevent the reappointment of the fearless federal prosecutor, Maurice Milligan, who had sent his patron to the penitentiary. He failed, but he had made a gesture of loyalty to his old friend.

It was a very trying period for the man who is now his party's vice-presidential candidate. Yet, for all the investigations, and they were legion, no one ever linked him with graft.

Truman's re-election in 1940 presented difficulties, too. At one point he opposed the third term. Later he made alliances with the St. Louis Democratic machine and with his colleague, Senator Bennett Champ Clark. Fortunately for him, his opposition was split; he came in with a plurality of less than 8,000 over his nearest opponent.

In the Senate for another six years, he began again to hammer away at hard and constant work. Soon the Defense Investigating Committee was taking most of his time. In the period before Pearl Harbor, in his reports he often lashed out at the administration for its blunders. The Truman Committee blistered the old Office of Production Management "for failure to perform the function for which it was created." Similarly he cracked down on failures in the rubber program. Criticism by Truman was one of the chief spurs behind the reshuffle which led finally to the War Production Board.

Anyone who thinks this sort of thing isn't hard work ought to try it. Truman and his wife were rarely seen at showy parties. In his few hours of leisure he played Brahms' waltzes on the piano or read Civil War history. On certain phases of that war, he is a recognized authority.

At the urging of friends from Missouri, Truman interested himself in the Oxford Movement. Several times his name has appeared on the list of sponsors for meetings arranged by followers of Dr. Buchman. It fits in with his idea of doing good.

Shortly after he was nominated, the newspapers printed the fact that he had put his wife on the payroll of his office as a clerk at $4,500 a year. This was no secret to his friends. He had taken it for granted that he had a right to pay the woman who gives him so much help in preparing speeches and in answering his mail. It is typical of the sort of thing that he is naïve enough or indiscreet enough to do, disregarding or not realizing what the public reaction may be.

EVEN for a small family, with entertaining held to a minimum, it is hard to live in Washington on a senator's salary of $10,000 a year. The Trumans have one daughter, Mary Margaret, twenty years old, who attends George Washington University in Washington. The senator's mother, at ninety-one, is still living in a suburb of Kansas City. She wanted him to stay in the Senate and keep on with his investigation of the war.

I honestly believe Harry Truman would have preferred that. If elected, he will live under the fear that the awful burden of the Presidency may fall on him.

In the first moment that he stood before the microphones and the Klieg lights in Chicago's vast stadium after his nomination, he said something very characteristic. The crowd was roaring. The hall was in tumult. Truman stepped back a little.

"Now give me a chance," he said with a pleading note in his voice.

That is all he has ever asked—a chance.

THE END

"Douse the war gossip!"—says HI to HATT
A gabby mouth needs cleanin' more than winders does, these days!
Glub-glub...I get your meanin'- wartime gossip never pays!
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature.
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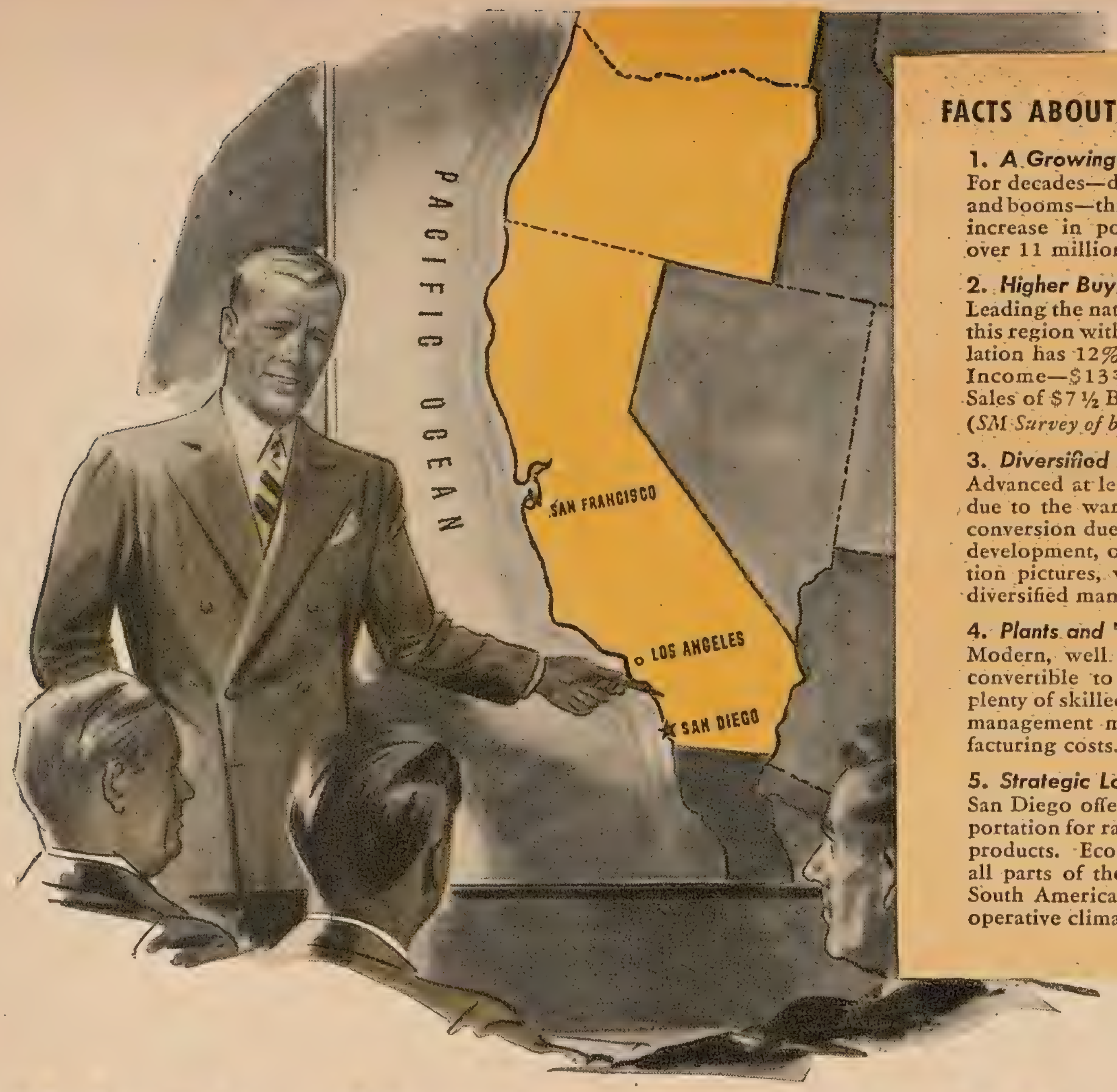
KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.



FACTS ABOUT THE PACIFIC COAST

1. A Growing Market
For decades—during wars, depressions and booms—this region has made steady increase in population and now has over 11 million enterprising people.

2. Higher Buying Power
Leading the nation in per capita wealth, this region with only 8 ½% of the population has 12% of the U. S. Spendable Income—$13¾ Billion—and Retail Sales of $7 ½ Billion.
(*SM Survey of buying power*)

3. Diversified Industries
Advanced at least 25 years industrially due to the war, the Coast faces easier conversion due to its great agricultural development, oil, lumber, mining, motion pictures, wholesaling and widely diversified manufacturing.

4. Plants and "Production Brains"
Modern, well equipped plants, easily convertible to peacetime production, plenty of skilled workers, and seasoned management mean economical manufacturing costs.

5. Strategic Location
San Diego offers low cost water transportation for raw materials and finished products. Economically accessible to all parts of the United States, Alaska, South America, the Orient, plus a cooperative climate.

"After the War, here's our best Opportunity"

...THE FACTS PROVE IT

War-busy executives who are informed on the basic economic trends of the Pacific Coast know that this mighty industrial and agricultural empire offers a practical approach to their company's reconversion problems when hostilities cease.

"Ready-Made" Facilities Here

Tremendous sales opportunities will open up from this region in both domestic and foreign markets.

Since constructive planning is the first step in a successful return to peacetime pursuits, the economic advantages of manufacturing in and distributing from the great Southern California industrial area are worthy of complete and objective study.

Rohr management and manufacturing facilities are still on the front line of the Battle of Production. They will remain there until the last shot is fired, because Rohr equipped Liberator bombers, the Lightning fighters and the Rohr converted Coronado cargo carriers are on the front line of attack and supply operations. "When it's over", Rohr's ideal location, directly on San Diego Bay, in the most uniformly favorable year-round climate in the United States, has ready-made ingredients of management, skilled labor, plant facilities and cheap recourse to vast markets.

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Buy More Bonds...
Hold them till maturity.

ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, CHULA VISTA, CALIF. • HELPING TO WRITE THE STORY OF TOMORROW

THOUSAND-MILE EYES

Continued from Page 27

ceeded Van Voorhis as skipper. "One evening just at dusk he slipped out by himself. He had it figured out that at that time of evening he would catch the Jap float Zeros, which had been shooting our men down, on the beach.

"He did just that. He caught ten or twelve of them with their wings down, and before he was through with them six were burning and three were riddled. That sort of evened up things for Bruce."

Commander Fowler, who flew a Liberator called Hell's Angel, had some close brushes with Jap fighters himself.

"The Jap was plenty active in the air then," Fowler says. "He stayed active until June 16, 1943, when he sent 120 planes against Guadalcanal and only twenty-six of them got back. After that he didn't return to bother us in the daytime any more."

On November 4, Fowler, who was out hunting for a supposedly damaged Jap steamer, caught a radio message from Commander Harry Sears, skipper of the Buccaneers squadron, that he was fighting it out with two tankers and two destroyers. Sears had set one of the tankers afire and had strafed the other. Fowler lit out to join the fray.

Four hours after he got Sears' message, Fowler came across one tanker and a destroyer. The tanker was dead in the water and it looked to him like a "soft touch."

"I decided to come in low, with the sun at my back, and thought I'd catch them by surprise," Fowler relates. "But apparently the Jap destroyer had had enough that day of being caught with his britches down. He tore in between me and the tanker and cut loose at me while I was still two miles away. One second I saw a ship and the next second it was just a burst of flames, all shooting my way.

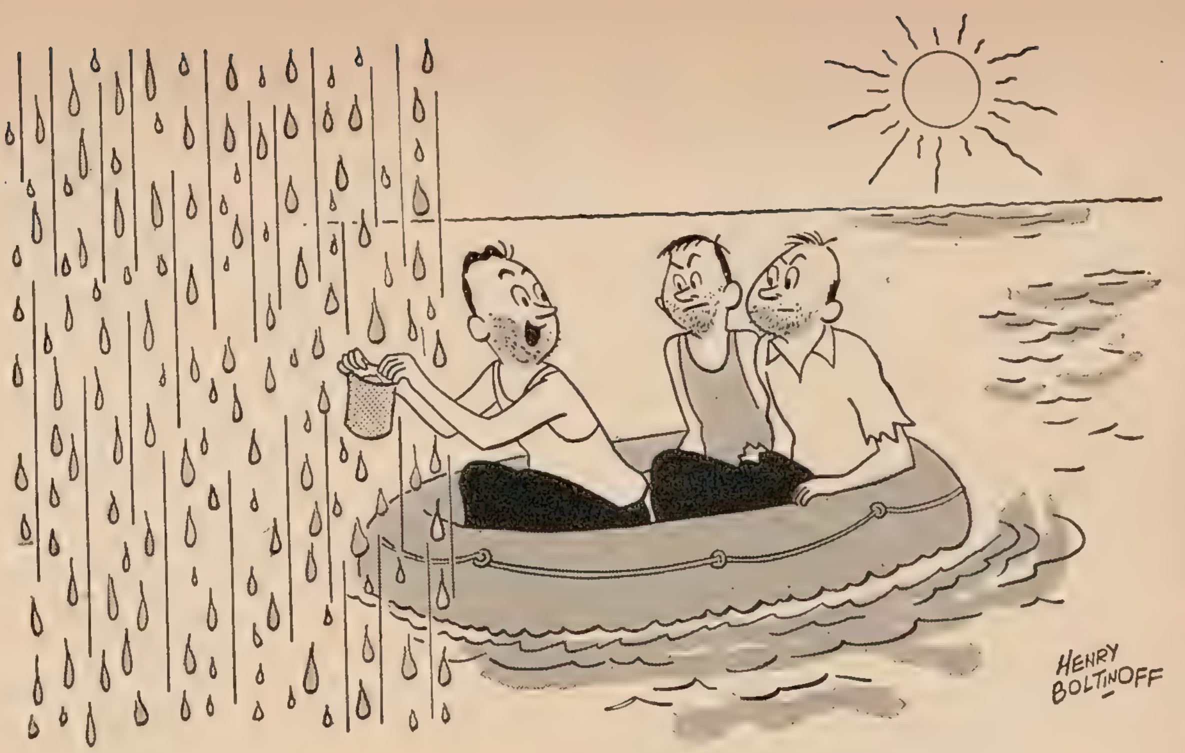
"I kept on my run, waiting for the stuff to hit me. Just a couple of hundred yards ahead of me the big blossoms of ack-ack unfolded. Damned close!"

For the next ten or fifteen minutes Fowler and the Jap destroyer engaged in a strange duel. The destroyer managed to keep between the big bomber and the tanker and Fowler couldn't get in. Finally Fowler decided it would be wiser to go look for the other tanker.

"That's where the Jap made his mistake," says Fowler. "I guess he was like the little puppy, so happy at chasing the big dog out of his front yard that he carried the chase just a little too far. He lit after me for a mile, and when I saw how far off base he was, I simply doubled back, dropped low, and, keeping the tanker between the destroyer and me, unloaded six bombs."

Next morning there wasn't any tanker in sight—only a big oil slick on the ocean. Fowler's plane didn't even have a bullet hole.

Truk, Japan's big naval base in the Cen-



"I prayed for rain. Why didn't you guys?"

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh Eveready Batteries

"Keep your eye on the Infantry—the doughboy does it!" He's in there lugging, plugging, slugging every minute.

It's a matter of simple arithmetic, this "Eveready" flashlight battery shortage! The demands of the Services and war industries subtracted from what we make leave an awfully small supply for civilians. These important users are served first—and take nearly all we can make.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →

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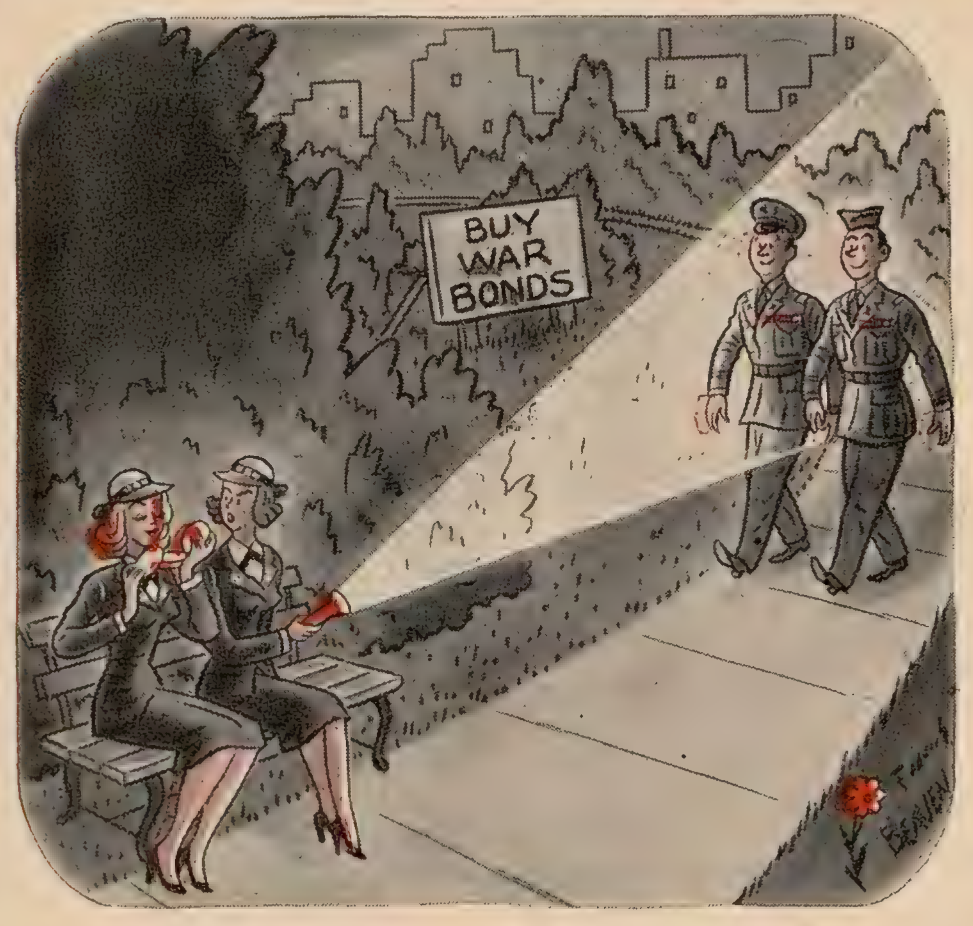


"Save your powder until you see the whites of their eyes!"

FEB. 1945
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY

tral Pacific, still was a threat to us when Commander Sears' squadron flew into Guadalcanal in August, 1943, and later followed our advancing troops to Munda on New Georgia Island. The Buccaneers, a hot lot who adorned their planes with life-sized pictures of bathing girls (without the bathing suits), played a big part in neutralizing Truk. Commander Sears went out one day in his own plane, the Buccaneer, and caught six Jap vessels trying to run supplies from Truk to islands whose garrisons were under siege. He attacked them at masthead level, sinking four, probably sinking a fifth, and badly damaging the sixth. "For this one-plane blitz," Admiral Halsey radioed him, "Well done!"

Another member of Sears' Buccaneers, Lieutenant Commander Whitney Wright of Waterville, Maine, got the Navy Cross for his deeds. A shaven-headed, taciturn, nerveless flier, Wright one day took on a twin-engined Jap Betty, similar to our B-25, and seven Zeros. Another time he came down so low to bomb a Jap munitions ship that the blast knocked more than 100 holes in his own wings and fuselage. He was 750 miles from home when this happened and he barely made it, but the Jap didn't get home at all.

Commander John T. ("Chick") Hayward's VB-106 squadron, one of the most recent to return to this country from the combat zone, has a superb record. In their seven months in the South and Central Pacific, Hayward's Hellions flew 1,262 sorties (16,000 hours) and lost only eight men. That's fewer than one crew, for a Liberator carries eleven. They destroyed twenty Japanese planes, had twenty-seven probables, and damaged thirty-one, and they sank or damaged ninety-seven craft, including three submarines. In addition, Commander Hayward, who flew a plane called Chick's Chick (decorated with a beautiful babe wearing blue slippers and a small fragment of eggshell), managed to sink four Jap soldiers in a rowboat one day. His ground crew dutifully painted the rowboat next to the plane and ship symbols on the side of his plane!

TWO of the many fine fliers with VB-106 were Lieutenant Douglas C. Davis of Webster Groves, Missouri, and the late Lieutenant Allan Seaman of Berkeley, California. Commander Hayward says Seaman was the greatest aviator of the war in the Pacific, and places Davis a close second. Seaman fought through the Philippines and Java campaigns and had a savage hatred of the Japanese. He named his plane Mike, after his baby son, whom he never saw. He was flying Mike the day he sank an 8,000-ton Jap cargo ship in a masthead attack off Biak and was jumped by four enemy fighters on his way home. His luck had run out. The Japs began dropping aerial bombs on his Liberator and one hit squarely on a gas tank. He was killed when he coolly landed his plane in the water, but some of his crew survived.

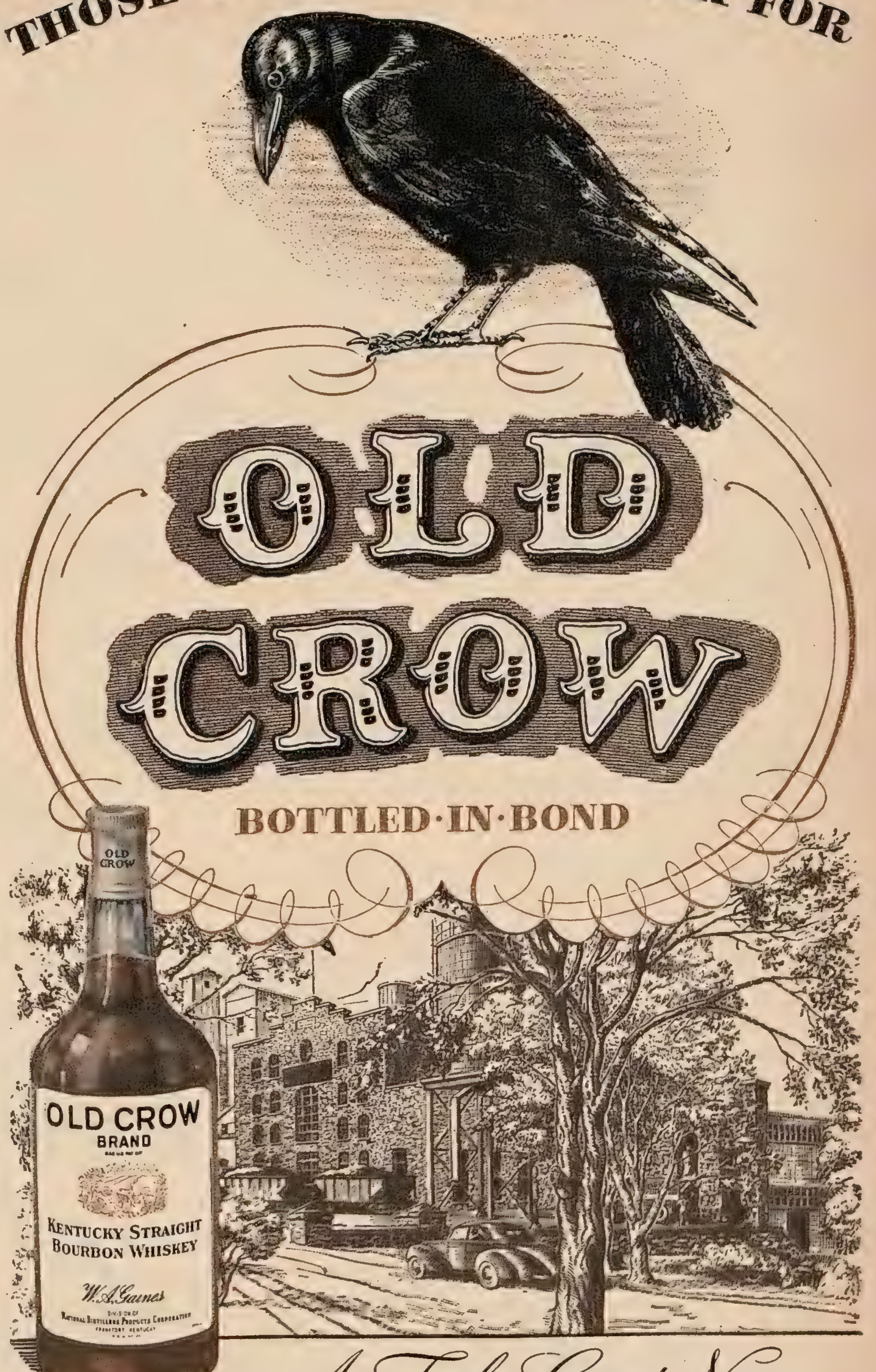
Seaman was an insatiable chess player. He and Davis used to play all the time before their flights. Seaman always carried a pocket chess set with him. Once during the ill-fated Philippine campaign he was

* * *

Before he invented the telegraph, Samuel Morse was a painter. Once he asked a physician friend to look at a picture in which he had tried to depict a man in death agony. After the physician had examined the picture closely, Morse said, "Well, what is your opinion?"

"Malaria," replied the doctor.

* * *



THOSE IN THE KNOW – ASK FOR

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A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. The Old Crow Distillery, sketched above, is cooperating with the government alcohol program. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

COOL shaves

...at no extra cost!

The coolest tube in town...that's Mennen Lather Shave Menthol-iced...smooth, easy shaving *plus* refreshing coolness, at no extra cost to you. This cool "follow through" has made Mennen Menthol-iced Lather the largest-selling shave cream of its kind...the greatest lather bargain on the market today. So get in the swim with the coolest tube in town. Enjoy extra coolness...extra comfort...at no extra cost... get Mennen Lather Shave Menthol-iced!

MENNEN
LATHER
SHAVE
MENTHOL-ICED

Matt Curzon

forced to land on a lake in some wild interior country, and a fierce-looking Filipino carrying a bush knife approached him.

The Filipino didn't speak English and Seaman didn't speak Filipino. The native grunted. Seaman grunted back.

Then the Filipino saw Seaman's chess set and began gesticulating wildly. Seaman set up the board. The native squatted on the ground, ostentatiously placing his knife beside him, and Seaman squatted too, hauling out his .45. When Seaman finally got back to base, he described the incident and confessed, "That blankety-blank Filipino chief beat me five times hand running!"

Later, when he served under Hayward, he used to beg, "Cap'n, you just got to let me go back to the Philippines and find that native!"

Davis was supposed to make the flight to Biak on the day Seaman was killed, but there had been a switch in plans. When he learned of his friend's death he was wild. For a month he went out with unholy fury and shot up everything that had a Rising Sun on it. He wanted to make a flight to the Philippines where there would be a bigger cluster of Japs for him to kill, but Commander Hayward restrained him.

The stories of the Lib daredevils will be coming through as long as there's a war in the Pacific. Right now there's a squadron commander out there named Norman M. ("Buzz") Miller, an "old man," aeronautically speaking, of thirty-six from Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He's fast becoming a legend as one of the wildest of the wild men in the air. He probably is the only flier alive who ever deliberately took up a Liberator to stage an attack on a steam roller.

The Japs were using the steam roller to build an air strip on Ponape that promised to be a nuisance. Commander Miller set out with his 50,000 pounds of airplane and bombs, flew right into the middle of the well-protected enemy base, and put the thing out of action with a direct hit. Scratch one steam roller!

There seems to be no limit to the future usefulness of the Liberator search squadrons. Naval authorities are extremely enthusiastic about their performance. Since the Libs make a practice of moving forward with our advanced bases, it is extremely likely that they will be spotting for the fleet and the air arm over Japan itself before the final showdown in Japanese home waters comes.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

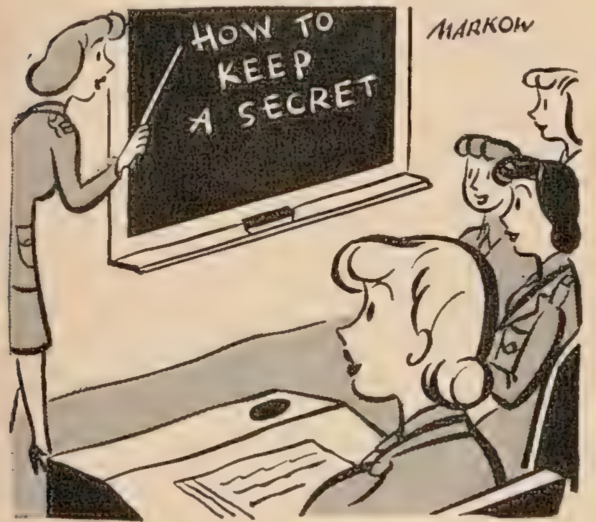
DON'T think I'm rushing the season, but have you done your shopping yet for that Christmas package for your serviceman overseas? If not, better get busy. It's later than you think.

Because of the great bulk of Christmas parcels to be handled—and the Army Postal Service expects to deliver 40,000,000 packages this year, or twice the number in 1943—mailing for overseas must be done early. The month between September 15 and October 15 has been designated for that purpose.

During that period packages marked "Christmas Parcel" may be mailed overseas without the sender having to submit a written request from the serviceman.

Regulations as regards weight and size of packages are the same as last year. Five pounds is the maximum weight. Your package may be fifteen inches long and it may have a combined length and girth of thirty-six inches—in short, the dimensions of the average men's shoebox.

If possible, get one of the new standard-sized cardboard boxes which many department stores and local stationery shops are obtaining as the result of priorities arranged by the WPB and the War Department. These boxes are extra strong and designed to help prevent breakage which wrecked a number of Yuletide parcels in transit last year.


HOW TO KEEP A SECRET
MARKOW

They're taught

If you can't get one of these special boxes, a shoebox will serve, provided you wrap it in a good shipping paper and tie it well with strong cord. I'd suggest an extra layer of cardboard around the sides of the box to give it additional support.

If you were thinking of including some alcoholic cheer, forget it and pick something else. Post Office regulations forbid the mailing of intoxicants. You will have to leave it to the ingenuity of the serviceman, if he is so inclined, to find a wee drop of the liquor of the country, wherever he may be. American ingenuity, I might add—and it's the voice of experience you're listening to—is considerable in this regard.

Old Sarge.

* * *

I was in service in World War I, but for less than ninety days. What is the minimum to be eligible for a pension? Also, will my present service in the Coast Guard Auxiliary (Volunteer Port Security Force) count toward that ninety-day minimum?

W. N. S., Savannah, Ga.

Ninety days is the minimum active service veterans must have to establish eligibility to file claim for a pension, except in the case of a service-incurred disability, for which there is no minimum. The auxiliary service you cite is not classified as active service and does not count toward building up pension eligibility. Those with the requisite minimum, who left the service under honorable conditions, may apply for pensions if (1) they have become permanently and totally disabled and lack adequate income for support, or (2) have reached the age of sixty-five. The yardstick as to what constitutes adequate income is $1,000 a year in the case of unmarried veterans and $2,500 for those who are married or with minor children. Pensions are under the jurisdiction of the Veterans' Administration.

* * *

Gangway for a Woman Reserve of the Marine Corps, Sarge! I want to answer Plain Jane, who charged that the war brides our servicemen are wedding abroad are just a flock of designing females. It isn't so. I know, because my brother married an Australian girl. Aside from joining the Army instead of the Marines, my brother's judgment has always been sound and his choice of a bride proves it. The girl is at our parents' home now and she's a lovely person. She hasn't told this, but my brother wrote me the full story. Far from being lured into matrimony, he had to pester her half to death before she would listen to his proposals. So meouw-w-w! That's for Plain Jane.

Lady Gyrene, Washington, D. C.

I'm awarding you round one on points.

* * *

I sued for divorce and got an interlocutory decree. No children, no nothing. Do I have to wait for the final decree, or can I stop my ex-wife's allotment now?

S/Sgt. I. S. N., Alaska.

You can stop it now, provided no alimony was awarded by the court. Turn over a certified copy of the interlocutory decree to your C. O. for forwarding to the Office of Dependency Benefits, Newark, New Jersey.

* * *

It has often been said, and frequently proved, that when you want the correct answer on any military subject, just ask Old Sarge. So here goes. There has been a lot of argument here concerning the Veterans of Foreign Wars and eligibility to join that organization. Can you state their requirements? I served outside the continental U. S. for two years before the outbreak of this war (Canal Zone, August 8, 1939, to May 5, 1941). Am I eligible to join? Can the V. F. W. ribbon be worn on an Army uniform?

A Soldier, Fort Myer, Va.

Any serviceman—present or former—who has participated in a war or expedition outside the continental limits of the United States

Whether 'tis or 'taint a Ronson
You had better be advised
That to get most from your lighter
You should keep it
RONSON-ized

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USE
RONSON EXTRA-LENGTH REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
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If your RONSON needs attention send it to Ronson (Dept. S Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.
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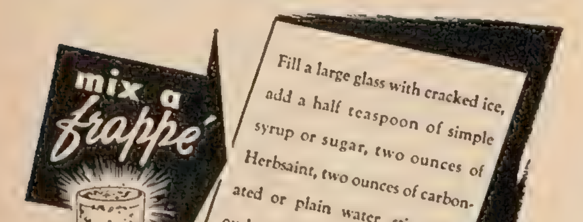
LIQUEUR

From the city, long famed as the home of the bon vivant, comes Herbsaint, the famous drink of the connoisseur. Made from a secret age-old formula, Herbsaint is delightful as a frappe and so easy to prepare. So sip your Herbsaint Frappe slowly to fully enjoy its delectable smoothness and subtle bouquet.



Fill a large glass with cracked ice, add a half teaspoon of simple syrup or sugar, two ounces of Herbsaint, two ounces of carbonated or plain water, stir vigorously with a spoon until glass is well frosted. Remove most of the ice and enjoy.

Legendre & Co.
IMPORTERS AND RECTIFIERS
NEW ORLEANS 12, LA

for which a service ribbon has been authorized is eligible for the V. F. W. Your Canal Zone service in peacetime, therefore, does not qualify you for membership under V. F. W. rules. The V. F. W. ribbon is not a government-authorized ribbon. It can be displayed on the Army uniform only while the wearer is attending a function of the V. F. W.

* * *

What are the qualifications for the new glider badge?

Cpl. J. B., Camp Upton, L. I.

The badge is authorized for Army officers and EM belonging to glider or air-borne units who satisfactorily complete an instruction course in loading equipment in planes and gliders. Knots and lashings and principles of safe loading are outstanding features of the course. Those earning the badge must also have participated in at least two glider flights under tactical or simulated tactical conditions. Qualification must be after April 11, 1943.

* * *

Sarge, I'm 'way out here on a lonely South Sea island and haven't seen a white woman in over a year. Occasional newspapers and magazines reach us, showing gals in the uniforms of WACs, Waves, Spars, Women Marines, etc. They look lovely beyond belief, and must be great for morale. But they tell me these beyootiful warriors also answer telephones, do office work in headquarters, and the like. That's confidential duty. It's of military importance. So please satisfy my curiosity quick. How do they teach these women to keep secrets? Or do they?

Sgt. J. D. R., Southwest Pacific.

You don't catch Old Sarge trying to pose as an authority on women. I won't try to say how they teach 'em. But the girls do keep military secrets—as well as we men. Maybe better. Lieutenant General Joseph T. McNarney, Deputy Chief of Staff, recently dished out some high commendation for a group of Washington WACs for their leakproof job of printing and handling highly confidential and secret Army papers.

* * *

After four and a half months in the infantry, I received a medical discharge. I've been out six months and now I feel fine and 1-A. I want to get back in service quick as I can. How does a fellow go about it?

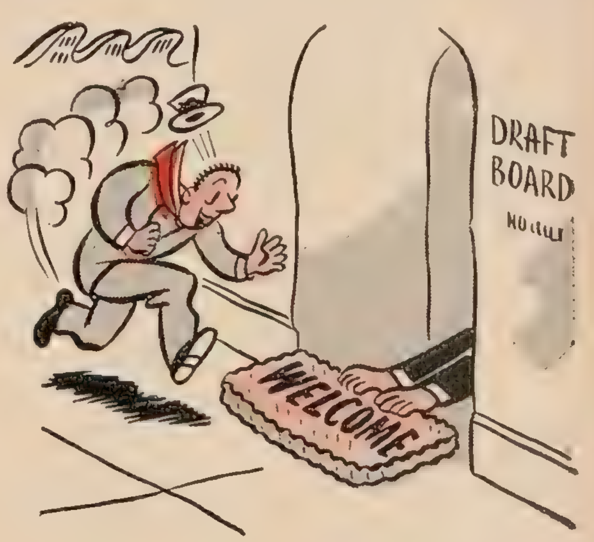
W. C., St. Louis, Mo.

Step in and talk to your draft board. When they learn you're rarin' to go, they'll probably roll out the welcome mat quick. They can reinduct you if your disability has been cleared up.

* * *

A woman reader asked a while back where she could inquire about the personal belongings of her husband, a lieutenant, missing in action for six months. You gave the address of the Army Effects Bureau (c/o Kansas City Quartermaster Depot, 601 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City 1, Missouri). But suppose her husband was a lieutenant in the Navy. What becomes of a Navy officer's gear if he is killed or missing in action?

R. T. B., Jr., CBM,
c/o F. P. O., San Francisco.



The mat

The Navy has two Personal Effects Distribution Centers, one at Scotia, New York, and the other at Clearfield, Utah. While the two work in co-operation, I'd suggest that the serviceman's kin write to the Scotia center if they believe he was lost in the Atlantic or in European or Mediterranean waters, and to the Clearfield center if he had been serving in the Pacific.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Eric Peters

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SOME-BARE-OH: Large-brimmed hat for a nudist.

SARCHASM: Abysmal satire.

LEXICONN: Book of Nutmeg State phrases.

MOBSOLETE: Hitlerite gangsters after a purge.

SERUMONY: The rite to give blood.

NAGGREGATION: Stall-wart collection of race-horse owners.

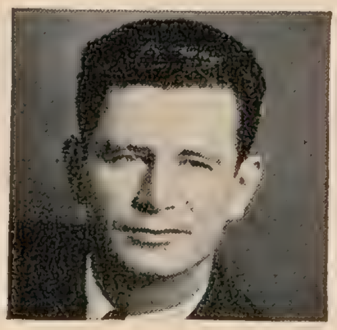
STATOOT: The law against blowing your horn.

NEIGHBOOR: The lout next door.

THEATRICKLE: Only a few at the box office.

SPAWNTANEOUS: Roe at the drop of a hat.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



ASK HIM HOW he started in as an author, and Bill Gulick will tell you with his Oklahoma grin: "Four years ago I bought a secondhand portable typewriter at a hock shop for thirty dollars, and went at this fiction-writing business with more enthusiasm than good sense. The pawnbroker must have known from the gleam in my eye what I was up to, for he said, 'I'll give you twenty-five bucks for it when you bring it back.' But the writing bug was kinder to me than to most authors-in-the-egg, and I haven't had to take up that twenty-five-dollar offer, though there have been times . . ." Bill sat down to his portable from his colorful experience with high-line construction crews covering the State of Oklahoma, and his yarns about them "took."

HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S name was Jeanie Burns, and she was related to the immortal Bobby, and such blood ought to produce a writer, but Norbert Davis isn't bragging. "I've murdered too many people—on paper," he sighs. After a road lined with corpses, he adds, "I found myself sitting on the front steps of Stanford University with an A. B. in one hand and an LL. D. in the other, and no job in sight for miles around, so I had to go right on killing people." Aside from that, he served for two years in the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the U. S. Army, and was honorably discharged in 1941, and now, to quote him again, languishes under a 4-F classification.

THAT TITLE, The Corpse Came C. O. D., has probably intrigued you long before this in these pages. Jimmy Starr, the author, ran away from home in 1919 to see what Hollywood was like, and is still finding out as motion-picture editor for the Los Angeles Evening Herald and Express.

THE EDITORS.

GETTING OUT THE G. I. VOTE

Continued from Page 21

job, with a subject as potentially explosive as a Presidential election, is to see that this law, carrying criminal penalties, is scrupulously obeyed by everyone from the Chief of Staff down to the Sad Sack. When the Congress passes a law, the services toe the mark.

Although the law may forbid the Army to distribute a book or magazine of a certain character, the fact remains that the same book or magazine may be mailed to any serviceman who wants it by any civilian or private organization, and the Army doesn't care a jot. Its sole concern is to see that nothing showing partiality to any party or candidate is paid for or distributed with the taxpayer's money. Even the big poster giving candidates' names will list them in the same order as that used by the states, to prevent charges of discrimination. This arrangement cannot be fairly criticized by anybody.

There is no ban on free discussion among troops, and they may continue to receive by mail the material that the folks at home want to send them.

All of which still leaves unanswered the question, How many men and women in uniform will vote? Unofficial and nonmilitary guesses have run all the way from a cynical low of 55,000 to an impossible high of 6,800,000. Never before has such a large block of potential voters been so hard to measure, and this time there are no Gallup polls or khaki straw votes to predict the outcome. The law strictly prohibits them.

However, a few rough-and-ready calculations will make it clear that neither of the two extremes mentioned above is likely to be near the mark. Counting the Army alone, there are approximately 6,250,000 men and women, at home and abroad, who are eligible to vote on the basis of age. Of these, about 5,000,000 come from states which make it relatively easy to get an absentee ballot. The other 1,250,000 come from states whose absent voters, if not already registered, must take more trouble. If we assume that only half of the latter can meet the eligibility requirements, we have a potential Army vote of about 5,600,000.

How many of these will *want* to vote?

If their desire were exactly equal to that of civilians in the United States, approximately 62 per cent would cast a ballot. That would be around 3,400,000 votes, or about the same size as the total vote from California. But you'll want to make deductions from that total when you remember that some 2,000,000 changes of duty status occur in the Army every month. That means that a lot of state ballots won't catch up with their soldiers in time. Then you'll want to add some for those who can use a federal ballot and enough more to take care of the Navy and the merchant marine.

YOU'LL probably reach the conclusion that 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 service votes represent the very maximum estimate, a maximum not likely to be reached with the war approaching a climax of fury. Obviously, any man who is storming a beachhead or who is crouching in a foxhole is going to be more concerned with bullets than with ballots, and even the law recognizes that. It says that every commander shall use his best efforts to see that everyone who is entitled to vote

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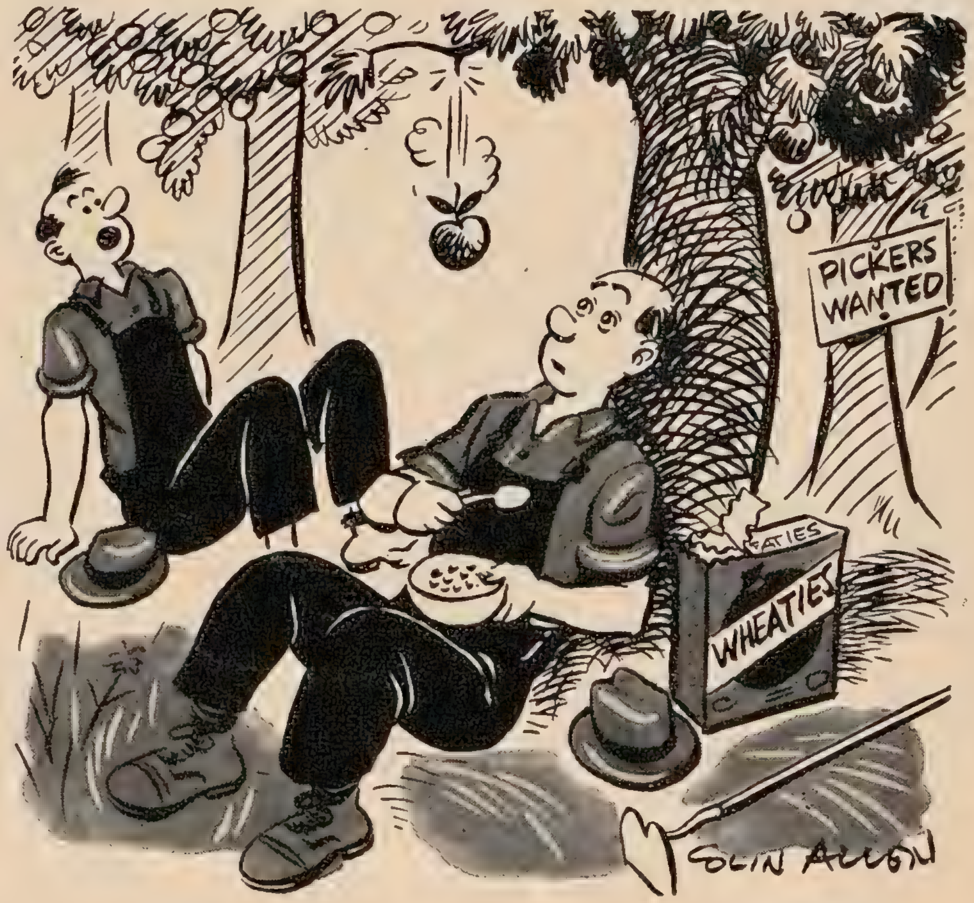
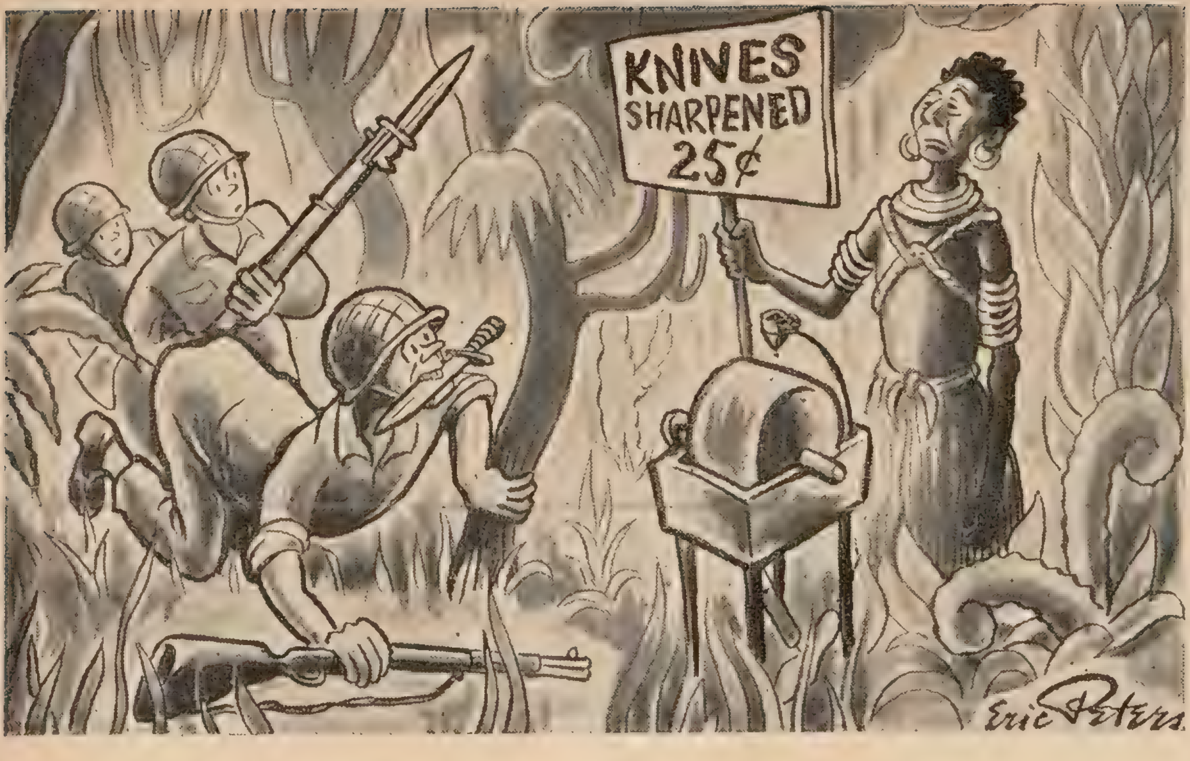


"That's what I call service."

And that's what we call a swell breakfast dish: apples and Wheaties. Something new and nifty in good eating. Try those big whole wheat flakes with lots of rich milk and juicy, fresh apples — grated, sliced, or as luscious applesauce. Three exciting ways to enjoy apples and Wheaties.



and desires to vote shall be given the opportunity "wherever practicable and compatible with military operations."

Assuming that 4,000,000 is a likely maximum, what's the minimum? Some columnists are figuring as low as 200,000. They cite the case of an infantry company in Italy whose men were told that applications for ballots in primary elections were available on request. Not a single man applied. But that isn't indicative, either. Americans are notoriously uninterested in primaries. Furthermore, many states have broadened their laws, particularly for the general election, and the services have taken even more informative steps for the general election.

If, when the service vote is finally counted, it falls far short of the possible maximum, will that mean that the men and women who are fighting for freedom don't care about preserving the most precious privilege of their own democracy? Far from it. Many of them, possibly a majority, believe that their job is fighting and not voting. They believe that they can safely leave their franchise at home with those they love. They expect *you* to vote.

THE END

JUAN GOES TO THE CIRCUS

Continued from Page 33

guorous eyes. She sighed. "So tall, so handsome, and so brave-looking—ah, *oui, oui!*"

Señor Percival beamed. "Just the ticket, isn't he? I knew you'd like him."

Mlle. Magnifique kept looking at Juan. She waved the other two out of the wagon. "Go. I wish to be alone."

Juan turned to follow his friends. "It has been of much pleasantness meeting you. Señorita Magnífico."

She stopped him with an imperious gesture. "Stay! Eet izz you I wish to be alone wiz."

She sat up and patted the couch beside her. "Come, sit wiz me."

Juan sat down on the edge of the couch. "I do not think I should stay," he said nervously. "Rosita undoubtedly will not like it."

"Pouf wiz thees Rosita person! She does not appreciate you as I do."

Juan could see that Señorita Magnífico was a person of rare insight. He nodded. "*Sí.* Rosita does not understand me. So with her—pouf!"

Mlle. Magnifique patted his cheek. "Now you are talking like a man."

"This job you have for me," Juan said, "is it of much difficulty?"

"But of course no! For you eet will be—how you say?—ze snap!"

"I have never watered an elephant," Juan said doubtfully.

"Who said anything of elephants? But enough of this talk. Let us have ze one leetle drink—and zen we weel talk bizness."

For whom the "belle" falls...

NOT for tousled Tim—
who uses water to keep his hair down. After water dries—his hair stands on end, so wild and unkept looking. Kreml keeps rebellious hair *neatly* in place all day long—so handsome looking.

NOT for slickum Sid—
who plasters his hair down with grease. Girls laugh at Sid and call him "gigolo" behind his back. Kreml used daily keeps hair naturally lustrous without ever appearing greasy or "plastered down."

NOT for dandruffy Dan—
whose shoulders are covered with untidy dandruff flakes. Too bad Dan doesn't know how effective Kreml is to relieve itching of dry scalp and remove untidy dandruff flakes.

Handsome Herbert rings 'belle'
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KREML HAIR TONIC
Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

Magnifique crossed the room and got a bottle and glasses. She mixed Juan a drink, putting into it many strange ingredients. Juan did not like its taste, but out of politeness he drank it all.

Mlle. Magnifique sat down on the couch, much closer to him this time. Juan found it difficult to concentrate.

"About this job," he said.

Mlle. Magnifique was looking at him strangely. *"Oui,"* she said, "ze job—eet izz . . ."

Juan's head felt light. For some unaccountable reason he was suddenly very sleepy. He tried hard to listen to what the lady bareback rider was saying, but could not. Soon he was fast asleep.

JUAN'S head, when he woke up, felt as if it had swelled to twice the size of his sombrero. With a groan, he opened his eyes and sat up. He was lying under a wagon inside a very large tent. It was suffocatingly hot. He could not see the sun, but from the heat he knew that the hour was far past midday.

"Por Dios!" he muttered. "I did not think I got that drunk last night."

He crawled out from under the wagon and looked around. A number of circus laborers and people dressed in fantastic costumes were hurrying about. A short fat man wearing purple trousers and a white silk shirt came toward him and said, "Good afternoon, Juan. Did you sleep well?"

It was Señor Percival. Juan groaned. *"Sí,* but my head she is pounding to pieces. What did you do with Diablo?"

"Put him with the other circus horses. Come on, it's time for your performance."

Juan scowled. "Performance? What am I to perform?"

"Why, the stunt you talked over with Mlle. Magnifique last night, of course. You're going to ride a wild bronco. The deal was that if you could stay on his back for fifteen seconds the circus would pay you one hundred dollars."

Juan brightened. For a moment he had feared that he had promised to fight a lion

---

ODE TO A RUBBER TIRE

Hail to thee, O precious thing!
Of thy resilience must I sing. . . .
Just a tire slightly used,
Before Pearl Harbor so abused.
Still a thing of rugged beauty,
Nonskid, tough, and double-duty.
Oh, hail to thee, real rubber tire!
As thy value soars e'er higher,
Of thy dearness must I sing,
Darling four-ply, white-walled thing!

—ERIC ERICSON.

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or some other thing of much difficulty. But merely riding a horse—he chuckled to himself. That one hundred dollars was as good as in his pocket.

He hitched up his trousers and said, "I am ready."

Señor Percival guided him down the long row of wagons and into a runway which led to the main arena. The performance had already started, and Juan could hear the roar of many people as they applauded.

"A full house," Señor Percival whispered to him. "You'll really be a hero if you can ride that horse."

Juan wondered if Rosita would be watching. He would show her and Señor Roberto that he was a person of much worth.

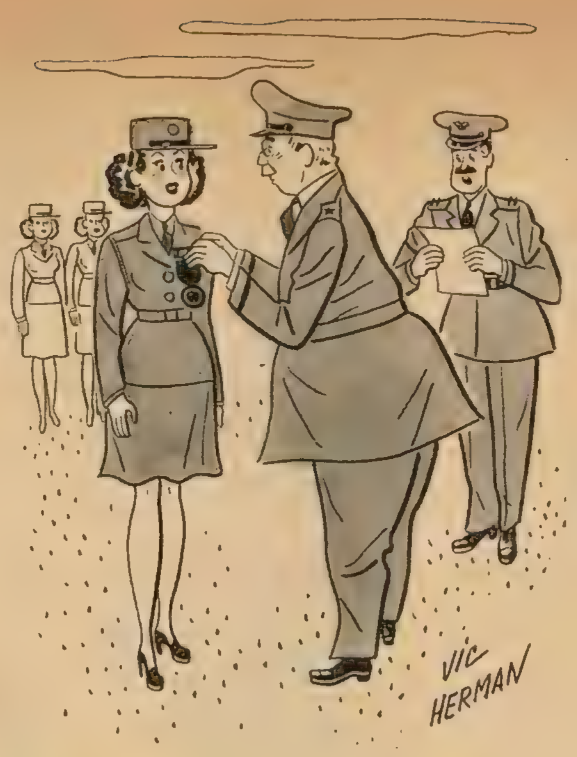
Señor Percival nudged him. "It's time. They're waiting for you in the ring."

Juan was conscious of many eyes upon him as he walked out into the arena, but he tried to act as if he did not notice them. A man wearing a silk plug hat, white satin trousers, and glistening black boots led him to the center of the ring.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he roared in a voice that could be heard in every corner of the huge tent. "This is the bravest man in Tres Rios County! He will attempt to ride the fighting mare Striped Lightning, the wildest, fiercest quadruped ever to set foot in these United States. If he succeeds in staying on Striped Lightning for fifteen seconds—only fifteen seconds, mind you—we will give him one hundred dollars. If he does not, we will pay his funeral expenses." The ringmaster paused significantly, then turned to Juan. "Are the terms agreeable?"

Juan nodded confidently. "But of course. I can ride anything with four legs."

Suddenly a man in the front row of seats jumped up. "Juan Ibáñez could not ride a fat sawhorse!" he jeered.



"For injuries sustained at a U. S. O. dance."

Juan scowled and put his hand on his gun. The man was Señor Roberto. Beside him sat Rosita. She was staring at Juan.

"And to show what I think of Juan Ibáñez," Senor Roberto continued, "I will double what the circus has offered. I will give him *two* hundred dollars if he can ride this Striped Lightning horse!"

An excited bedlam of voices broke out as the onlookers started laying wagers. Juan barely heard it. Three hundred dollars! *Por Dios*, he would be rich!

"Bring out this Striped Lightning," he ordered.

The ringmaster waved his hand. Half a dozen men came out of the runway, dragging behind them a pitching, fighting, struggling animal. Juan stared in amazement.

Never had he seen such a horse. It was small, with mean, wicked-looking little eyes. Its color was a dull yellow, and its entire body was covered with broad regular black stripes. Juan blinked and wondered if he were still drunk.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" the ringmaster bawled. "The fighting mare from darkest Africa—Striped Lightning!"

"Is it—is it a horse?" Juan faltered uncertainly.

"Of course. A zebra belongs to the horse family."

Juan could not imagine any self-respecting horse family accepting this animal as a member. He shrugged. He had said he could ride anything with four legs; it had to be done.

"What is the difference? Put on the saddle and I will ride this striped mare."

The ringmaster shook his head. "Can't use a saddle. She isn't broke to one."

Juan looked at the single strap of leather which encircled the zebra's middle. It would not be much to hold on to, Six men held the animal while he mounted. Its spine was very sharp. Juan wondered why the circus had not fed it better.

"Ready?" the ringmaster asked.

Juan braced himself. "I am ready."

"Then let 'er go, boys!"

A thunderous roar broke out from the crowd as the zebra started bucking across the ring. Juan thrust his toes under the strap, clenched his knees down tight, and held on for dear life. The zebra did not buck like any other horse Juan had ever ridden. Sometimes it would stand still in one spot and shake like a wet dog; again, it would chase its tail around in a tight

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circle until Juan got so dizzy he did not know whether it was his head or the circus tent that was spinning.

"Five seconds!" the ringmaster shouted.

It had seemed like five years to Juan. His aching head was full of exploding skyrockets. The zebra's sharp spine had nearly cut him in two. He knew he would not be able to sit down for a month.

"Ten seconds!" the ringmaster screamed.

Juan's left foot came loose from the strap. The zebra pitched frantically. Juan soared high in the air, and for a moment he felt gratefully relieved that it was all over. But it was not over, for when he came down the zebra was still under him. He wondered how many teeth that jolt had cost him.

There were still several seconds left to go. He lay sprawled out on the zebra's back, barely conscious, and he knew that the next movement, however slight, would dislodge him. But he did not care. All he wanted was to stretch out on the soft, unmoving ground—on his stomach.

Suddenly an outraged nicker sounded across the tent. The zebra froze. Juan opened one eye. Diablo, dragging a broken halter, was lumbering into the ring, and his eyes were filled with anger.

The zebra started to tremble. She gave a feeble, apologetic nicker. Diablo glowered at her, then came up and laid his head affectionately upon Juan's knee.

Juan did not understand it, but he was too far gone to be curious. He kissed Diablo on the ear. "My little turtle," he gasped, "you have saved my life."

"Fifteen seconds!" the ringmaster bellowed.

Pandemonium broke forth in the tent. Diablo and the zebra bolted. Juan, dumped unceremoniously to the ground, was dimly conscious of people rushing up to him, shouting words of praise. Then he felt a pair of soft arms around him and heard an anxious voice saying, "Juan, my brave one, my hero! Speak to me! Speak to me!"

But Juan did not feel like speaking. He sighed, and became very unconscious.

WHEN he opened his eyes the arms were still around him and the voice was saying, "Drink thees. Eet will make you feel good."

He drank, and felt considerably better. He looked around. He was lying on the couch in Mlle. Magnifique's wagon, and the lady bareback rider was regarding him anxiously. "Are you all right, my brave one?"

Juan felt as if every bone in his body had been broken at least twice. Painfully he sat up. It was nearly dark. He and Mlle. Magnifique were alone.

"Where is Rosita?" he inquired.

"I zink she izz run off wiz that Señor Roberto person."

"Where is Diablo?"

"He izz run off, too. Wiz ze leetle zebra, I zink."

Juan groaned. He could not understand why everyone had deserted him. Suddenly a happy thought struck him. He did not need friends. He had three hundred dollars! He was a rich man!

"The money," he said, "where is it?"

Mlle. Magnifique dropped her eyes.

"I do not like to tell you thees."

Juan scowled. "Tell me what?"

"It was all ze frame-up. Señor Roberto wanted to make you look like ze fool in front of your girl. He paid Percival and Gerard to bring you here, and I—I put sleeping powders in your dreenk so you would not wake up until ze performance."

"But the money?"

"Señor Roberto was to pay it all if you rode the zebra. No one believed you could do eet." Mlle. Magnifique suddenly squeezed his hand. "Oh, Juan, you are so brave! So handsome! Forget thees Rosita and come away wiz me!"

"You mean I should marry with you?"

"*Oui!* Wiz ze circus we would be sensational. I, the greatest woman bareback rider in ze world; you, ze greatest zebra rider in ze world. We would be famous!"

Juan got up and disengaged his hand. "It has been of much pleasantness knowing you, señorita," he said, "but I do not think I would like being a zebra rider."

Limping out of the wagon, he hurried away from the lot as fast as he could.

It was a long way home. He was not used to walking, and when he was yet a mile from his *casa* his feet grew so tired that they would no longer support him, so he sat down beside the road to rest. His thoughts were bitter. Rosita had deserted him for that *ladrón*, Señor Roberto. Diablo had run off with the little zebra mare.

Señor Roberto had robbed him of three hundred hard-earned dollars. Besides that, he had a terrific hangover, he ached in every joint, and his feet hurt. Was ever a more miserable *caballero?*

A buggy drawn by a gray horse came down the road, stopped in front of him. Painfully he struggled to his feet. Then Rosita was in his arms.

"*Juanito mio!* I have been looking all over for you!"

Juan scowled. "But why did you run off from me at the circus?"

"To get the money, of course. Señor Roberto tried to sneak out without paying. I caught him and made him confess to everything. See, three hundred dollars have I got for you!"

Juan kissed her on the nose. Had any man ever such a clever sweetheart? The gray horse nickered impatiently. Juan raised his head. "*Por Dios!* Diablo!"

"But of course," Rosita said. "Who else would I let pull my buggy?"

"The zebra," Juan protested—"I thought Diablo was in love with her—"

Rosita laughed. "It was the other way around, my little potato. The zebra was in love with Diablo. That was why she did not throw you off when Diablo scolded her at the circus. She followed him home, but he would have nothing to do with her."

"So," Juan murmured, "he does not want to work with the circus, either."

He looked at the sheaf of bills Rosita was holding. "Let me see them," he begged. "Perhaps they are not real."

She shook her head and slipped them down the bosom of her dress with a smile. "They are real. But I am saving them to buy you something useful—a windmill, perhaps."

Juan felt very happy as he got in the buggy and picked up the reins. Even the prospect of seeing three hundred dollars wasted on such a foolishness as a windmill could not dampen his spirits. He put an arm around Rosita and hummed a gay Spanish love song as Diablo plodded through the twilight. Beside him, Rosita murmured, "Juan, it was very brave of you to take such a dangerous job as riding the zebra—just because you loved me."

"It was nothing."

"And, Juan, I do not blame you for not liking a plowing job. I have found you another kind."

Juan stopped humming. "*Pues,*" he said philosophically, "so long as it is not plowing—"

"I told you it was not. Señor Roberto said you could go to work for him tomorrow morning—breaking horses."

Juan was silent for a time, then he lifted his shoulders in a fatalistic shrug. *Mañana* was a long way off. And Señor Roberto would have no zebras to be broken. Or would he?

THE END

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WHAT ABOUT THE POSTWAR AUTOMOBILE?

Continued from Page 25

ability—will equal or even exceed the high prewar standard. Its speed and ability to accelerate will not be greatly different.

How about the price? That's most important! From its very beginning the automotive industry has consistently devoted its engineering to offering a greater value to the consumer each year. It has not hesitated to spend millions upon millions in research, engineering, and the most effective instruments of production. It knows that as it can offer a better value, it can sell more cars, hence expand its business and provide more job opportunities for its workers—a most essential objective of the postwar period. It can be counted upon to pursue that policy even more aggressively, if possible, in the years to come.

But, again, what about the price? An answer today is impossible. It depends upon the price level of material and the cost of labor. Both have increased considerably during the war. Nobody knows how much more they will increase. Involved in this question, among other factors, is the matter of inflation. The manufacturer has little to say. He must pay the going rates for the materials and labor consumed in the production of his goods and establish his selling price accordingly. One thing is certain: Cars will not cost less, unless we are willing to accept a radically different standard of design. That can be said with conviction, because the whole trend of prices postwar is likely to be higher than prewar—at least, for the first few years. Beyond that, little can be said about anything.

WHEN will we get the "real" postwar car? No one in the automotive industry can answer that question in the abstract, but we can make a guess, relatively.

Due to the demands of the war effort, no engineering work has been possible on the postwar car. What has been said in this article is entirely based upon general knowledge of the facts and circumstances as they exist, rather than upon any special engineering developments. As a matter of fact it may well be said that little has developed out of the war to add in any striking way to our knowledge of motorcar construction and design. We have learned to do many different things better; so, in the aggregate, we should do a more in-

More has been learned about infantile paralysis in the last ten years than in the previous 100. Among the high spots of recent knowledge are:

There are healthy human carriers of polio who have no symptoms of the disease but who carry the virus in their bodies for weeks or months after an epidemic—or before.

Flies carry the virus, although it is not known as yet how, if at all, they pass it on to humans.

Excretions from the human body carry the virus to such an extent that city sewage may be heavily contaminated with it—even though only a very few cases are known to exist.

Victims can be attacked by the disease more than once.

The disease can be introduced into the bodies of experimental animals through the nasal passages, in food, by injection, and even in some cases by breathing air in which the virus is suspended.

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Don't punish your upset stomach by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics! Be kind to your stomach . . . take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls, thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. *Get a bottle from your druggist today.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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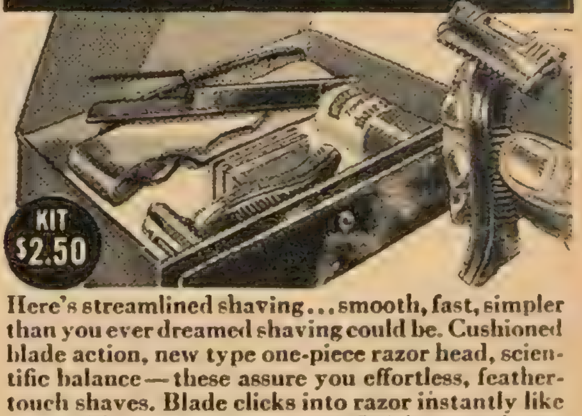

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ROY WILLIAMS

tensive job, although, as stated, nothing radically new. However, in view of the fact that four or five years will in all probability have elapsed between the designing of the last prewar car and the designing of the postwar car we are talking about, it is reasonable to assume that a substantial amount of progress will be reflected. In other words, the normal progress of several years should be evidenced in the "real" postwar car.

IT is an enormous engineering job to create a new line of automobiles. For General Motors it means the expenditure of something like $75,000,000 for new tools, machinery, engineering expenses, etc., before the first car comes off the assembly line. That represents an enormous number of man hours. Time is an essential factor. The job must be done thoroughly—no short cuts or compromises. That would prejudice the end result. And we must do the best we know how. There is too much at stake. It may well be something like two years after the start of design before the "real" postwar car will be available to the consumer.

Of course we all realize that when production is resumed, the first cars to come off the line must be based on existing tooling, although modernized both in appearance and mechanical details. The demands of employment, the need for replenishing the rapidly reducing inventory of miles in existing cars and many other circumstances permit no alternative. It will require about six months after war contracts have been canceled, plants have been cleared of war material and machinery, and all restrictions have been removed to reach volume capacity. Perhaps four months to get started would be a good estimate. As things stand at this writing, almost everything of an engineering and development nature is to a large degree very definitely frozen. All the resources of General Motors—and the same is true of the whole automotive industry—are dedicated exclusively to the winning of the war. Ahead of anything else, weapons for our armed forces must continue to be provided until victory is won. But the time is coming when, without interfering with war production, a start can be made toward getting ready for production and, even more important, toward planning for the postwar car we have been talking about.

THE END

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

How YOU can Avoid The Danger of DENTURE BREATH

SOMETHING'S wrong, Mister Man. You'll probably be sitting out the next dance. Could it be your . . . Denture Breath? You seldom know when your breath offends—but others do. Avoid this danger—don't brush and scrub your dental plates with ordinary cleansers that may scratch your plate material. For such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

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HIDEAWAY

Continued from Page 19

Loretta had given him his only soaring. His thoughts went back to his days as a green kid on the Paris Herald, after working his way over on a cattle boat; and later, rising, in the bank. He had no family. He had only Loretta. Now he did not have her.

All that early time was a blurred poignance; he could scarcely associate the haunted creature in the nursing home in England with the Loretta he first knew—lithe and dark and gay and headstrong. And the accident of her being in England when France fell! And the later accident of meeting the British officer in the hotel lobby in Bern, where he was on business for his bank—only equaled by the accident of his mother having been Alsatian and so giving him a chance to win the confidence of the occupying Germans.

It was the image of Loretta that bolstered his courage, kept him going. She was very near in the nights and in the tight places. Now he thought: So much loving through so many bleak, dangerous hours; so much devotion and anticipation—all ending in nothing. Or rather ending in a horror, with Loretta a hopeless mental case trapped in a Hitchcock dream of spies and stone walls and firing squads.

With an effort he pulled his thoughts back. Had he really seen the Nazi, Unsner, on Pennsylvania Avenue? After too many months Inside, the senses could play queer tricks on you. He recalled the time in the church in Nîmes. He had entered to meet, by appointment, another agent. And, staring at the painted figure of Christ above the altar, he had been astonished to see—or think he saw—the lips moving in urgent, soundless warning. He had left the church without making contact. Next day the man he was to have met was arrested and shot. Simple strain? Illusion? He did not know, but there had been several episodes of the kind he had heard about.

It was maddening, but the more he thought about it, the more unsure he became that he actually *had* seen Unsner.

But, as with the figure of Christ, you couldn't ignore a sign.

JOAN said, "Mother's sick today. Her sciatica is back. I'll do the best I can, but I'm a sorry cook, brother."

Her attitude had subtly changed. She wasn't as hostile but she was harder. Flip and businesslike. She wore a short simple white frock that followed the line of her spine like a brook.

Paul felt her beauty sting his eyes again. Loretta wasn't spectacularly pretty like that. Loretta was eager and reckless. Joan glowed away like a brazier—a sultry blonde; he had never been so close to a sultry blonde before. And it was pleasant to be objective; he had his objectivity for keeps now.

She placed a plate with toast on it before him.

"I don't know what we'll do for dinner. I can do eggs, but that's all."

"You don't need to cook—today or probably ever." He calculated risk. "Isn't there a joint down the road that has chicken dinners?"

"Yes, the Parrot's Wing. Two miles south of here. You must be my guest."

"Don't be silly. I'd love to take you to dinner."

He felt at peace again. The six days ahead were endless; the thin flat watch on his wrist had stopped racing.

At half past ten he went up to his room and worked for an hour at the new cipher he was going to use. Then he burned the papers over the wastebasket and disintegrated the ashes with his thumb. He lay down on the bed and drowsed.

At noon Joan knocked on his door.

"Wake up, captain," she called in the friendliest tones yet. "It's chow time."

He scrambled up and opened the door.

"Do we walk or take a bus?"

"I've got a car," Joan said, "with about two gallons in it, I think."

In the long, narrow room there were twenty-odd tables and a juke box. Several soldiers sat at the tables, but the place wasn't crowded. A fat Negro in a soiled apron came for their order.

"Where you been keepin' yo'self, Miss Joan?"

"I've been around, Tom. What gives in food?"

"You want some fried chicken?"

Joan raised the little amber streaks above her eyes.

"Fried chicken," Paul nodded.

Joan was thoughtful until the dinner came, but thawed out then. They enjoyed themselves. Using the little remote control box on the table, they coaxed Manhattan Serenade out of the juke, and Cow Cow Boogie. But when Paul started to push the button for As Time Goes By, she knocked his hand aside.

"Not that one. Something else."

"Oh, sure."

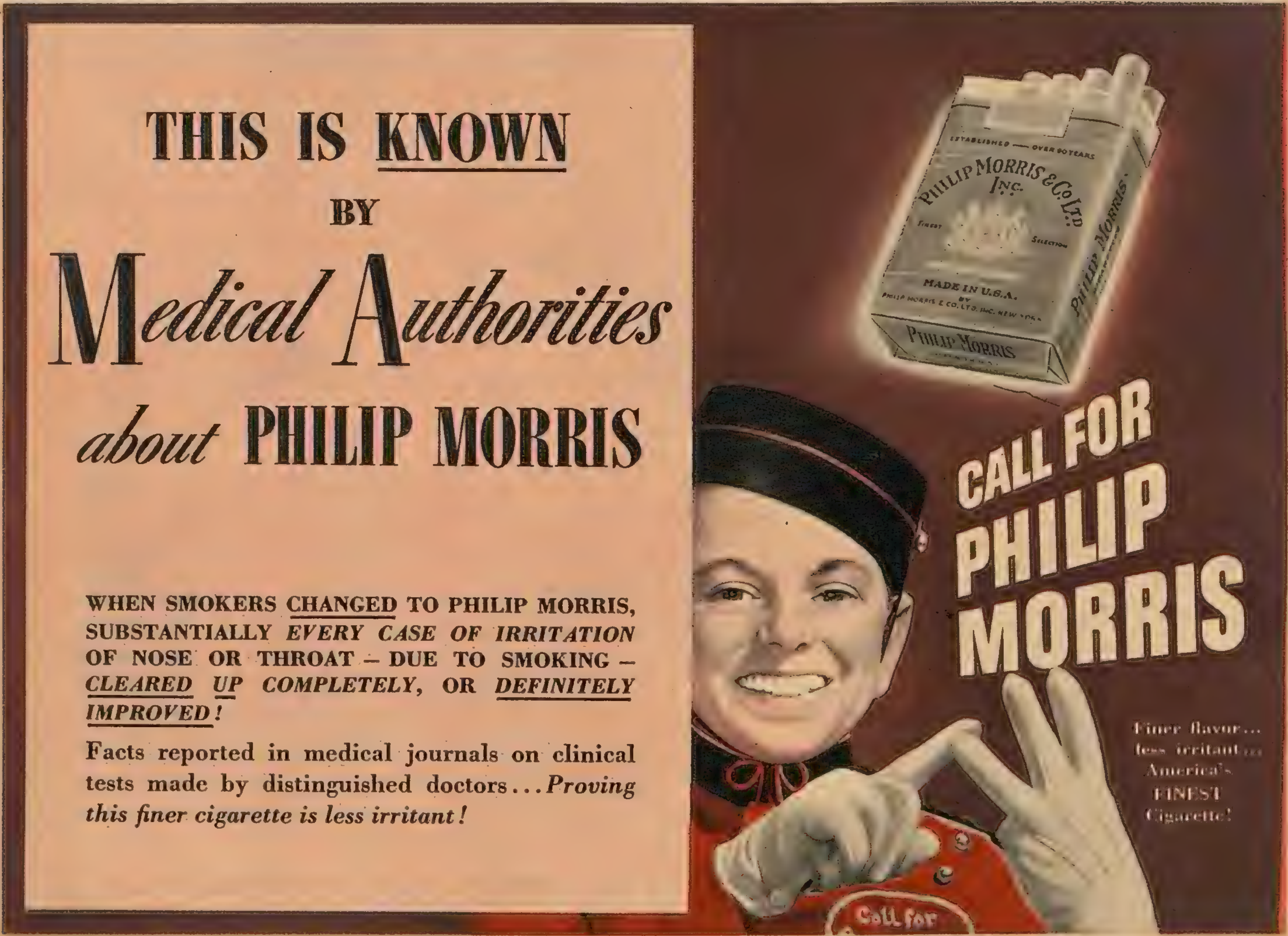
He pushed the button for Good to Me, trying to hold her eyes. But she wouldn't play that way.

"You're out of it for good?" she asked carelessly.

"I'm afraid so."

"Your wound—it's serious?"

He chuckled. "Oh, no. It wasn't really a wound. Just malaria and jaundice, a lot of tropical bugs. I'm practically all right now, but they drummed me out on a medical just the same."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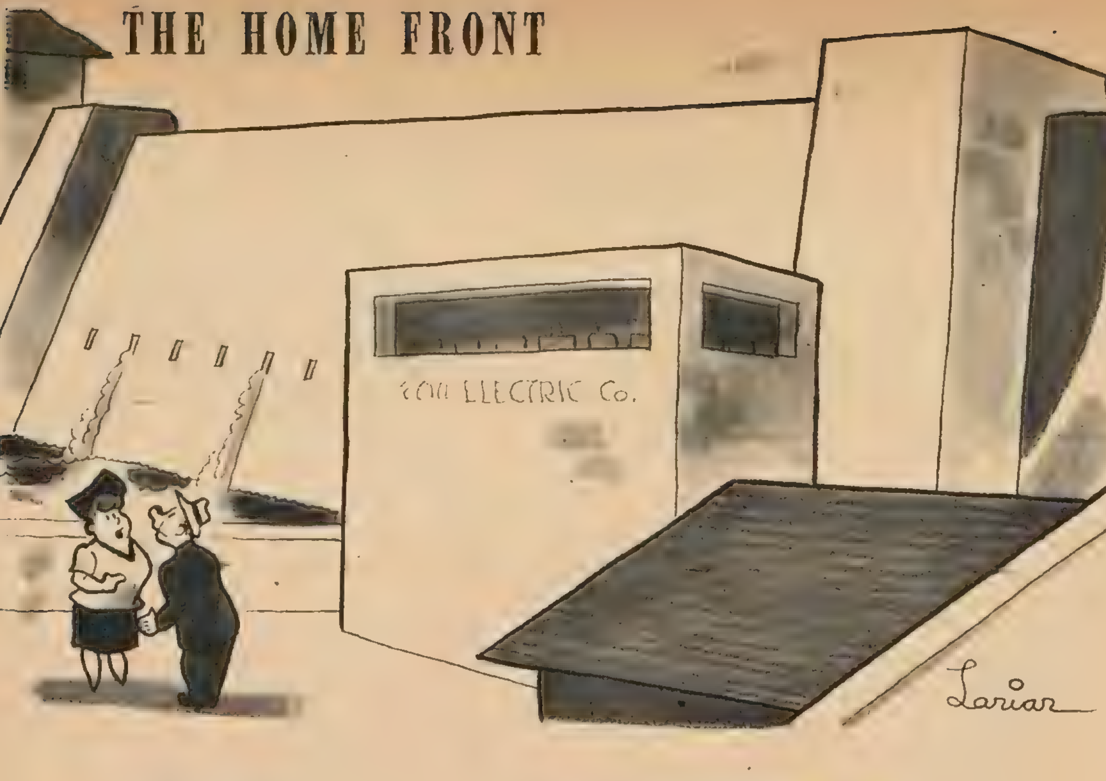

"It still looks like a lot of trouble to me—just to get electricity!"

She smiled and he leaned toward her. "Why did you hate me so yesterday?"

She straightened. Her eyes were level.

"I didn't. Oh, the hell with it! I did, then. It was because it was you coming back instead of somebody else."

"Somebody you loved and you said, Why should it be this jerk instead of—him?"

She inhaled softly.

"That's correct, or more or less correct. But I've snapped out of it. For good. I've worried enough. I've stopped that. I stopped last night."

"He's missing?"

"Sure. Ten months missing over New Guinea. A boy named Gordon Jones. I decided last night Gordon was dead. He is dead, as far as I am concerned. And I'm not hard. I'm soft as milk. I've got to protect myself. After a certain point, worry brings on the paper dolls. And not the kind in the song. I had reached that point. I quit. Now would you mind not discussing it any more?"

"It's out of my mind."

"You have funny eyes," she said.

"I like that angle," he grinned, "to corn a phrase."

"No. I mean it. They scare me a little. What have you seen?"

"You," he said. He had never been good at this kind of thing. Now he was very cool, enjoying himself. He was detached. After all, in six days. . . .

THAT was Tuesday. On Wednesday he took her to a triple-feature Western movie in the village. There he held her hand. Thursday night Mrs. Pettie, recovered in health and voice, produced broiled steaks and a bottle of gin from the pantry. While they were mixing Martinis in the kitchen together, Paul kissed her.

For the first time in his life he kissed a girl without emotional involvement in himself. There was no drag of the future on that moment. It was stalled in time and he found it was extremely pleasant simply to kiss a lovely girl.

After dinner he played gin rummy with Joan while Mrs. Pettie knitted and held forth on the Pettie family. At ten, Joan, gay and flushed, rose suddenly and said, "Good night. I'm going to bed. I've got some thinking to do."

Mrs. Pettie said, "You see, her nerves are much better. Isn't she a lovely girl? Not all on the outside, either; she has a brain in her head and uses it. Did you hear her say she wanted to think? She often does that. Just thinks."

At one, Paul took a second slug of the dark rum. It wasn't any good. He couldn't sleep. He kept thinking about how it was over yonder across the dark water, and about how, in perhaps ninety days, he might be dead. Fear was in him, but it was a slight, dim pulse. He thought of Joan. He had been a good boy all his life, shy and solemn in love. Perhaps there were compensations. Perhaps destiny was offering him this golden girl to atone for the horror of Loretta.

HIS heart pounded at the thought. Now sleep was gone altogether. He pulled his slacks over his pajamas, slipped into his leather coat, and cautiously tiptoed out and down the stair. He stepped out on the flagged porch into late sickle moonlight.

He walked to the far end of the porch. A fox barked, startlingly near. Paul peered and made out the animal a dozen feet away on the lawn, big as a dog, its brush trailing. Suddenly he felt an enormous kinship with the dark savage world around him; with the fox. "Hello, fox," he whispered. "We know how it is."

The fox sauntered away. Paul knew then that somebody was behind him. He tensed. Then he smelled a perfume like the shampooed hair of a baby. He turned.

"I couldn't sleep," Joan said. "Maybe because you didn't kiss me good night."

In his arms she shuddered.

"Paul," she said, "you're mine. You're here. You're going to stay forever."

She kissed him fervently again and then pushed him a little away.

"Paul." She turned the word over experimentally on her tongue. "Paul, I don't deal in futures any more."

"No. Neither do I."

"Thank God you're here, safe. Thank God you're through with the war."

Paul stepped back a pace, frowning. Suddenly he began to talk as something flipped over inside him.

"Listen here, kid. I'm married. My wife's in a hospital in England. She won't ever get well, most likely, but still, I'm married. And I'm not through with the war. I'm headed out into it again in a few days." Seconds ticked in the chains of a truck on the highway. "At least," he finished finally, "I had *planned* to head back into it."

"What do you mean by that, Paul?"

"I might make a separate peace—if you'd go with me somewhere—tomorrow."

"I'd go like a shot," she said firmly. "But I'd have to be sure you didn't get

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remorse later, get a conscience, get an ideology like—like some men I've known."

"You don't need to worry on that score."

"But I've got to be sure. Have you got a pencil and a piece of paper? The moon's bright enough to see." He fished them from his inside pocket and she scribbled on the porch banister. "I'm going in to Washington early tomorrow morning. Now I want you to think this over. If you're at this address by three tomorrow afternoon I—I'll go with you, Paul, but provided only you're absolutely—*absolutely* through with the war. If you don't show—I'll understand. Now kiss me quick good night. I'll see you tomorrow—maybe."

And she was gone.

HE sat on the porch in the sun and watched the jaloppy rattle out of the yard into the highway, bearing Mrs. Pettie, market bound, to the village.

He dozed. The bucktoothed boy's bicycle pedal scraped the porch step and at once he was wide awake.

"Radiogram for Miss Joan Pettie."

"I'll sign for it," Paul said.

After the boy was gone he held the blue-and-white rectangle in his hand. It wasn't sealed. Paul fought the temptation to read the message. Temptation won.

"Escaped captivity," he read. "Hospitalized, improving rapidly. Love." And the signature was "Gordon."

He replaced the paper in the envelope.

HE left the cab on a corner far out on Fourteenth Street. He stood at the curb inspecting the neighborhood. That would be the apartment house, midway in the block. Joan would be waiting.

Again he felt irresponsible, immune to all the ancient penalties. Joan was his—free and clear—the unutterable golden girl, delivered up by a penitent destiny. Mexico—South America—life, not death.

He entered the drugstore on the near corner and bought a bottle of rum at the liquor counter. Then he turned, whistling, to leave. The whistle froze.

Sitting in a phone booth three feet in front of him was Unsner, the Nazi agent. Their eyes met. Unsner turned away a little and continued telephoning.

Paul clenched the bottle of rum in both hands, sweating out the series of wild impulses to run, to kill Unsner on the spot, to jump into the remaining booth and put in a call to the major. . . . He kept his eyes on the booth and slowly quieted. Sweat formed around his hatband, trickled into his eyes; but he relaxed.

He walked deliberately to the booth and knocked on the door. That took more courage than any other single act of his life. The occupant turned to face him in irritation and surprise.

The man changed visibly before his eyes, slipping into focus like the view in a twirled lens. He was not Unsner at all. He wasn't even redheaded. He was a mild government-clerkish individual who peered angrily back at Paul from behind horn-rimmed spectacles.

"I'm sorry," Paul said. "I thought you were somebody else."

Paul walked out and stood on the corner for about a minute. After that he grinned and shook his head twice.

He sighed then and began to walk fast away from the apartment house faced in yellow brick. Two blocks downtown he could see the big square sign of a telegraph office hanging over the sidewalk. A messenger could take the radiogram—Joan's radiogram—to her.

"Thank the Lord," the major sighed at the other end of the wire. "Been trying to get you all afternoon. Your transportation's come through. Got your gear?"

"Yes."

"Thank the Lord for that, too. I'll meet you at the airport in an hour."

"Whew!" said Paul happily.

He extricated himself at last from yards of paperwork with a bored captain and walked out across the field toward the huge brown C-57 in a flurry of new snow. He was suddenly happy and excited. But as he approached the plane he squinted anxiously at the small figure in a large fur coat standing beside the major.

"Hi, keed," the major beamed. "You know Miss Pettie, I believe."

"I know her," Paul said.

She laughed, pink and perky as a pin-up gremlin. Suddenly she grabbed his arm and pulled him out of earshot.

"Forgive me, Paul. But I knew you'd come through. That is—" She gave him a wry look. "Except for *one* little moment, I knew you would."

HE removed her hand. "All that was a plant? The major's little plant?"

"Yes, Paul. Your mission was so terribly important. He was worried about you and, for your own good, he wanted to test you and make sure you were on the beam. You had a touch of strain—but now you've sweated it out. By the way, Unsner was killed by one of our men in Paris four months ago."

"I see. You do this regularly?"

She puckered her lips, then grinned roguishly.

"I try to help. But I never enjoyed it so much—and never went quite so far."

"What about Gordon?"

"There isn't any Gordon. And they don't deliver telegrams to our house."

Suddenly she stepped close, as the propellers began to roar.

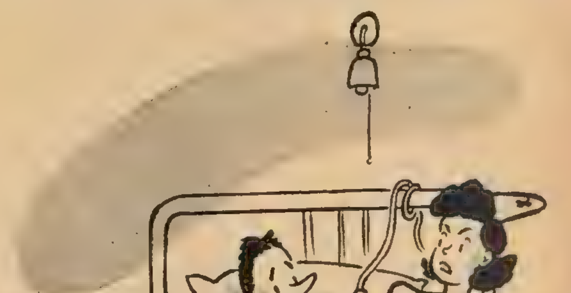
There was a snowflake melting on her lips, which were clean and salty and, presently, warm enough.

"If—" Paul whispered in her ear.

"If. Uh-huh," she said.

In his seat, taxiing slowly for the take-off, Paul slouched down with his hands in his pockets. He became aware of the torn pieces of Loretta's picture. He regretted that he didn't have any paste. He would like to put that picture together again. He felt rich in love and encouragement, ready for his mission. And there was all America at his back now—an America foolish and daring and imaginative, like the major; an America going to heaven with bells on; and if going somewhere else, then very likely he would be there, too.

THE END.



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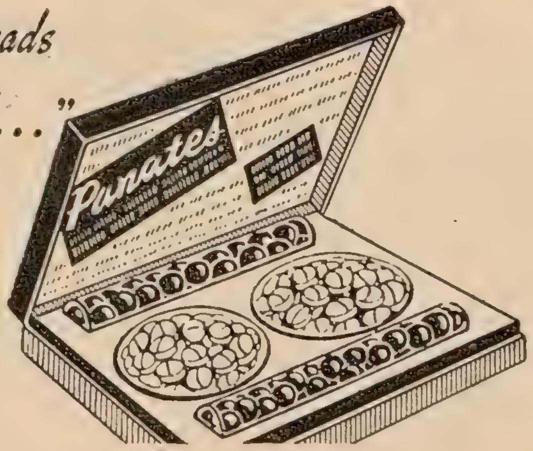

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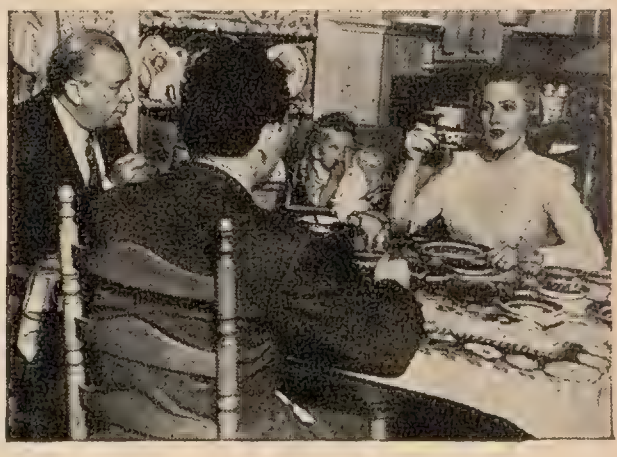
LIBERTY GOES

THE IMPATIENT YEARS

WHAT happens when a dashing young soldier (Lee Bowman) comes home to the girl (Jean Arthur) he scarcely knew before their whirlwind wedding? Suppose they had only twenty-four hours of marriage before he was shipped out—and he comes back to find a bouncing son, a dangerously domesticated male roomer, and a strange wife hopelessly swamped in household routine. This, in outline, might well be the story of countless young couples these days, and so the picture has a basic



1 Janie (Jean Arthur) finds herself saddled with a household and baby before she ever gets a chance to feel married.

3 On the brink of divorce, Janie and her husband (by court order) re-enact their whole courtship, revisit the minister.

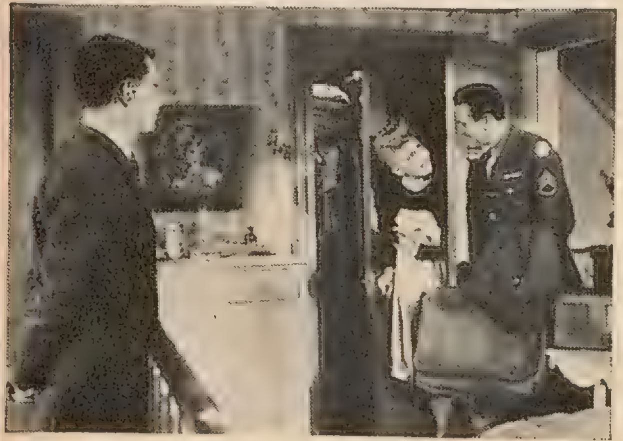
O THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

(Columbia)
Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, Charles Coburn

validity and depth, even though it lacks the rollicking entertainment value usually found in the Arthur-Coburn combination. Coburn functions here as the worried, kindly oldster who does his astute best to keep his daughter's marriage from going on the rocks.

As comedy-drama this is all stretched rather thin, and the principals do their best with an indifferent script and setting. Still, the broader aspect of wartime marriage is approached with a sincerity and understanding which often touch the heart.



2 When her husband returns, it's pretty embarrassing to find that the roomer is more at home in the house than baby's papa.

4 Complications ensue, and Janie's left on her "honeymoon," neither wife nor widow. (But just wait till she gets home!)

THE MERRY MONAHANS

(Universal)
Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan, Jack Oakie

THIS is Donald O'Connor's best picture to date, and it's got a lot of good things, chief of which is a genuine atmosphere of warmhearted camaraderie and affection. In spite of a wandering, overlong backstage story, old vaudevillian Jimmy Monahan (Jack Oakie) and his two loyal kids make such a credible family unit that they hold things together through thick and thin. There's lots of song-and-dance (non-jitterbug), plenty of production, and a couple of gaily off-key ensemble numbers with a real nostalgic ring. And the old-time backstage scenes have excellent authentic touches. Since all these pleasant people plainly wish nothing more than to make one another happy, enjoying 'em becomes quite an easy matter.

SWEET AND LOWDOWN

(Twentieth Century-Fox)
Benny Goodman, Lynn Bari, Jack Oakie

HERE are Benny Goodman and the boys, beating out their own brand of sweet-hot rhythm before your eyes, with Linda Darnell, Lynn Bari (vocalizing in some mighty snazzy creations), and Jack Oakie for good measure. There's a story, too, of sorts—all about a young trombone player (James Cardwell) who becomes Benny's protégé, makes good with the band, and straightway tries to grab the maestro's place. Linda and Lynn contribute glamour and complications while the band plays on—but the chief interest here is the jive itself. Besides four brand-new tunes (good, too), there are six tried-and-true B. G. favorites, with a jam session thrown in. And that's all we need to tell Goodman fans.

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OUR SCHOOLS TRY CHILD GUIDANCE

Continued from Page 34

gree in social work, with special training in psychiatry.

When Clara came again she was given a psychometric test, which helps reveal the nature of a person's emotions and character—whether timid or aggressive, with many interests or few, and other traits.

It was not until her third visit that the little girl would talk.

"Did you like the book I gave you?" the psychologist asked.

Clara burst into tears. "My brother tore it up. He tears up everything. He messes up my things while I'm at school."

"How old is your brother?"

"Four. And I've got two big brothers. They don't like me, either. They won't let me play with them." She kept on talking, with fresh showers of tears, in response to sympathetic questions and comments. From her point of view, nobody liked her much and everything she did turned out wrong. While at school she spent so much time feeling sorry for herself she couldn't listen or study.

ANOTHER angle of the story came out of the social worker's talk with Clara's mother. Clara had always been small and sickly; she was sensitive, jealous, a kill-joy. Pretty dresses or hair ribbons were wasted on a child with her appearance. Her mother said frankly that the child's tears and whining got on the whole family's nerves, so much so that nobody could speak to her without scolding or teasing.

"Why can't she be like the boys? They're always healthy and happy. They can do everything—never give me a minute's trouble. But Clara spoils it. She can't do anything; she won't even try. She's impossible."

Clara was "rejected" not only at school but at home. For some reason a child who feels loved by his parents, accepted with all his faults, can stand almost any amount of hardship, but a child who does not feel secure, protected by the love of his parents, has two strikes on him right at the start.

The psychologist had to decide whether to call in the psychiatrist, who gave two days a week to the clinic. A psychiatrist is a physician who, in addition to meeting the regular requirements for an M. D. degree, has had special training and experience in dealing with mental illness. No conscientious psychologist or guidance counselor attempts to treat serious emotional illness, but many minor problems can be met without psychiatric help. The psychologist decided that the problem in Clara's case could be worked out without the psychiatrist.

She called together Clara's mother, her teacher, the social worker, and the school principal. She explained what, in her opinion, the problem was. The first step, she said, was to encourage Clara, give her a taste of success, more approval and affection, in order to build up her confidence. Since Clara was fairly good at drawing, she was allowed to work with older children in the art room. Each day she was sent to the remedial reading teacher for special help.

The teacher offered to give Clara the job, much prized, of watering the plants every day, and, in every way she could, to make the little girl feel useful and wanted.

The mother agreed to the suggestion that Clara have a special place to keep her books and toys, since she could not have a room of her own. She promised

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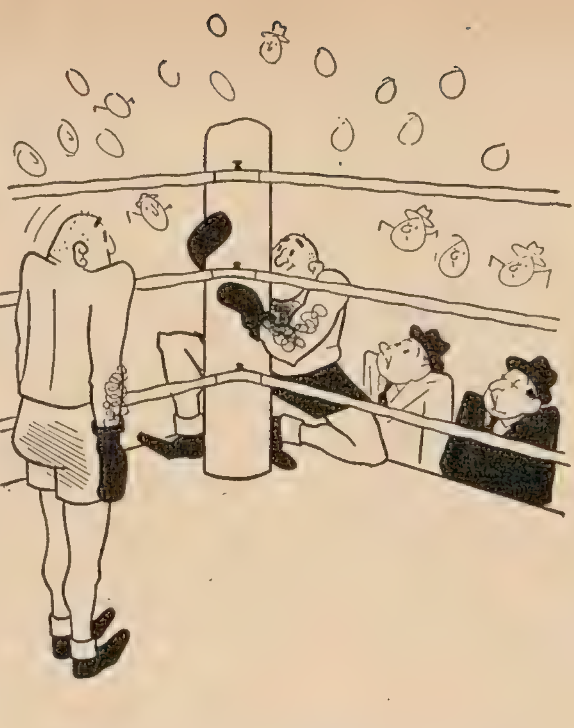

"Damnedest man to lay a glove on I've ever seen."

to set aside a few hours of each week to spend with Clara, baking cookies, planting a garden, arranging flowers, going to the movies—anything, so long as the brothers were not present. She also thought her husband would be willing to read to the children for a few minutes each evening, letting Clara choose the story sometimes, and encouraging her to read to her little brother. The mother felt that they could all make an effort to scold Clara less and to praise her efforts, no matter how feeble.

Of course, no miracle was performed overnight. Clara did not have the capacities to be a leader. But she gradually gained more self-confidence, made a friend or two in the class, and seemed to spend less time worrying and feeling sorry for herself. At the end of the year she was promoted, with a schedule for more work in remedial reading. Her case was marked in the records, "Closed, with successful adjustment."

The clinic in Clara's school was fully staffed; that is, it had the services of a psychiatrist, a psychologist, and a social worker. It also had a vocational counselor, since most high-school students need help in deciding what work they have the abilities for and what studies will help them in that work. Many psychological problems come out in connection with choosing an occupation. The teacher of remedial reading was also a member of the staff.

In some small schools one trained person may attempt to do the work of a clinic, and is often quite successful if she has the co-operation of parents and teachers and of specialists outside the school. In a great city like New York, the Bureau of Child Guidance is a large organization with a dozen or more psychiatrists and many psychologists, social workers, and clerical workers. It makes use of other public agencies such as the Department of Public Welfare and the Department of Health. It also makes use of clinics connected with the Children's Court, private welfare organizations, and the hospitals and universities.

All clinics, large or small, have one thing in common: a questioning attitude, an understanding that all behavior, good or bad, has a cause, that abnormal behavior is a symptom. They try to treat the underlying emotional cause, just as doctors treat the disease that causes fever, not the fever itself. Some schools consider that they have child guidance when they have only a

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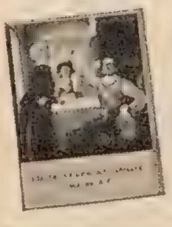

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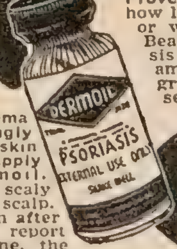

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truant officer or an old-fashioned schoolmarm who has been set up in an office with "Guidance" on the door and who thinks she has done her duty when she has scolded or punished. But these are behind the times.

Psychology as a scientific study is fairly new. The first psychological clinic was established at the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. The first psychiatric clinic for children was established in Chicago in 1909 as an experiment in dealing with delinquent children.

In 1922 the Commonwealth Fund, taking advantage of increased public interest in mental health after the first World War, financed a number of demonstration child-guidance clinics. These were placed under the supervision of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene.

This organization, by the way, has an interesting history. It was founded in 1909 by Clifford Beers, the author of A Mind That Found Itself. Mr. Beers was able to turn his own experience of severe mental illness into a constructive and highly successful effort to interest people in mental health. The demonstration clinics were only a small part of the Committee's work.

In these first demonstration clinics it was soon found that dealing with delinquent children was something like shutting the stable door after the horse had been stolen. By the time a child came to the attention of the courts, he usually had many years of failure behind him, both at school and at home. Often his unhealthy attitudes and habits were so strong that he could not be reclaimed as a useful citizen. Meanwhile children by the thousands were starting along the road to failure and bitter unhappiness. The time to start was earlier; the place, in the home and the school. A little investment of time and money there might save enormous costs in public care and human waste later.

THE scope of the child-guidance clinic was broadened to include an interest in all children. It really has three aims: First, to find the children who need help and to help them. Second, to learn what mistakes we are making with *all* children, what unreasonable demands or overindulgent coddling. The third and most important aim of child guidance is to help all adults who deal with children to understand more about human nature, to recognize a problem when they see it, and to examine their own emotions and behavior to see how they are influencing children.

This last is important. There are not many "problem children," but there are many children with problems, and still more whose troubles are caused by the problems of their parents or teachers. Until all of us learn to have the questioning attitude common to expert workers with children—the habit of always asking *why*—the clinics can do comparatively little. Why does Johnny lie to his father? Could it be because the father lies to Johnny, or kicks up such a rumpus about everything that a lie seems a small price to pay for peace in the family? Why does little Mary have horrible nightmares? Perhaps because her grandmother, in her charming way, once threatened to cut Mary's tongue out for swearing, and Mary still dreams about it.

How many children really need help? A child-guidance clinic is expensive. Is it only a fad, a frill, for the benefit of a few abnormal children? No; it is estimated that at least 20 per cent of all children need some special psychological help, over and above the routine tests, supervision, and assistance in choosing a job that all modern schools try to give.

Those who obviously need help are the resentful, sullen child; the stubborn, an-

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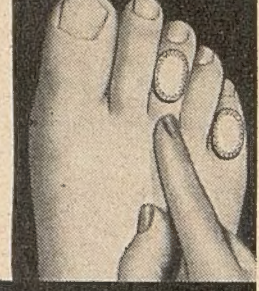

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tagonistic child; the child who studies too little, will not try; the child who studies too much, trying to find in books the satisfaction which should come in part from friends and recreation. A boy who cannot accept his limitations, insisting on being a doctor when he cannot pass in high-school science, may need help; a child who has the potential ability to do brilliant work in college needs help if he is failing in high school. There are many others. It takes an expert to recognize them all. Teachers and parents can often spot these children; sometimes they cannot.

The wrong attitude toward them, especially an attitude of blame, of putting on more pressure, can do them more harm than good. That is where the clinic comes into the picture.

Some of these children can straighten things out for themselves, of course. But out of those who cannot will come not only the next generation of delinquents and criminals, about whom we hear so much, but the far greater number of the mentally ill, the misfits and ne'er-do-wells, and the vast army of people who manage to get along somehow, but who take out their emotional sufferings on their friends and business associates, their husbands or wives, and particularly their children.

THERE are children no clinic can help. Child guidance cannot solve problems of grinding poverty, stunting child labor, and other social evils. It cannot cope with children whose homes offer no security—the children of alcoholics, criminals, brutal parents who must be restrained by law. Child guidance can do little for Henry, whose mother, fancying herself a great though unrecognized actress, is furious when told she must stop playing to an imaginary audience long enough to give Henry a little affection and a few good meals. It cannot do much for Imogene, whose father hates his boss and his job and takes it out on the dog, the furniture, and Imogene by kicking them. When parents cannot or will not help, the case is usually marked in the clinic records, "Unsatisfactory adjustment."

Today there are about 700 fully staffed child-guidance clinics, treating about 50,000 children each year. There is growing public interest in child guidance. Inquiries come in every day to schools of psychology and organizations like the Committee for Mental Hygiene. Nearly all large cities have child-guidance staffs; nearly all rural sections and small towns have none, not even one trained worker. But some states have traveling clinics that serve many schools, and a few counties, like Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, have a clinic serving the whole county. Once a clinic has been organized and financed by volunteers, it is often taken over by city or county. Not all child-guidance clinics are within the school system, but all of them co-operate with the schools.

Only a handful of children are reached today. But the outlook is promising. The teachers themselves and parents everywhere are beginning to see the need for more understanding of children. It is to be hoped that some day we shall all understand ourselves and our children so well that we shall perhaps not need the clinics at all.

Meanwhile it is comforting to know that there are proved scientific ways of helping our children to make friends, to accept responsibility, to work with self-confidence, and to triumph over defeat, just as there are scientific methods of teaching reading and arithmetic. What we demand for our children we can always get. We have only just begun.

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SEPT. 23, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor

We still need these trained women fliers. Let's assure the continuance of their services.

IT'S NOT THE WOMEN WHO ARE HYSTERICAL

It has become the fashion among certain groups to point the finger of scorn at Congress; to find, or pretend to find, no good whatever in it; to consider it composed of moribund reactionaries who never get anything done right. No one, of course, would claim that Congress is always the perfect representative body, but it nevertheless does represent the sovereign power of the people of the country. Its ability or ineffectiveness is, in the last analysis, the responsibility of the voters.

One does not have to be a scorner of Congress to realize it has its faults. One of its greatest is the occasional tendency to legislate by hysteria. Once in a while a measure comes up for consideration which stands or falls not on its merits but upon whatever emotional mood happens to grip Congress at the time. This tendency holds elements of great danger. Our national decisions are supposed to be reached after a careful weighing of pros and cons. All too often needed laws are killed or harmful legislation is adopted because thoughtful debate gives way to a surge of hysteria in which reason flies out the window.

A minor case in point is the fate at the hands of Congress of a small group of women fliers known as the Wasps. When war broke out, the Army Air Forces set out to determine to what extent women could be of value to the country in military flying, and to what extent they could take the place of men pilots in routine flying duties, thereby releasing men for more important work, including combat. In all, some 1,000 young women have been trained or are now completing training. Both in training and in the performance of their duty the Wasps have been an unqualified success.

These women pilots, though they perform military duties, occupy a civilian status. At the instigation of Army authorities a bill was introduced in Congress to place these fliers in the Army and thus give them military status. But suddenly the whole idea of women flying seems to appall Congress. Discussion of the measure in committee becomes involved with the Army's utilization of male pilots, and as a result the proposal is thrown out and the whole Wasp training program discontinued.

General Arnold himself is the best judge of what pilots he needs and the way he uses them. He wants to continue training Wasps. But even if we grant the time has come to discontinue further training of women for military flying, there doesn't seem much sense in withholding military status from the women fliers already trained.

As matters stand now, they can quit whenever they want to. They are not subject to Army discipline and, theoretically, do not even have to obey orders. A lot of money has been invested in training these girls and this investment of taxpayers' money should be protected. The girls are good and can do needed work. Giving them military status insures their continuance in this work as long as needed.

Paul Hunter

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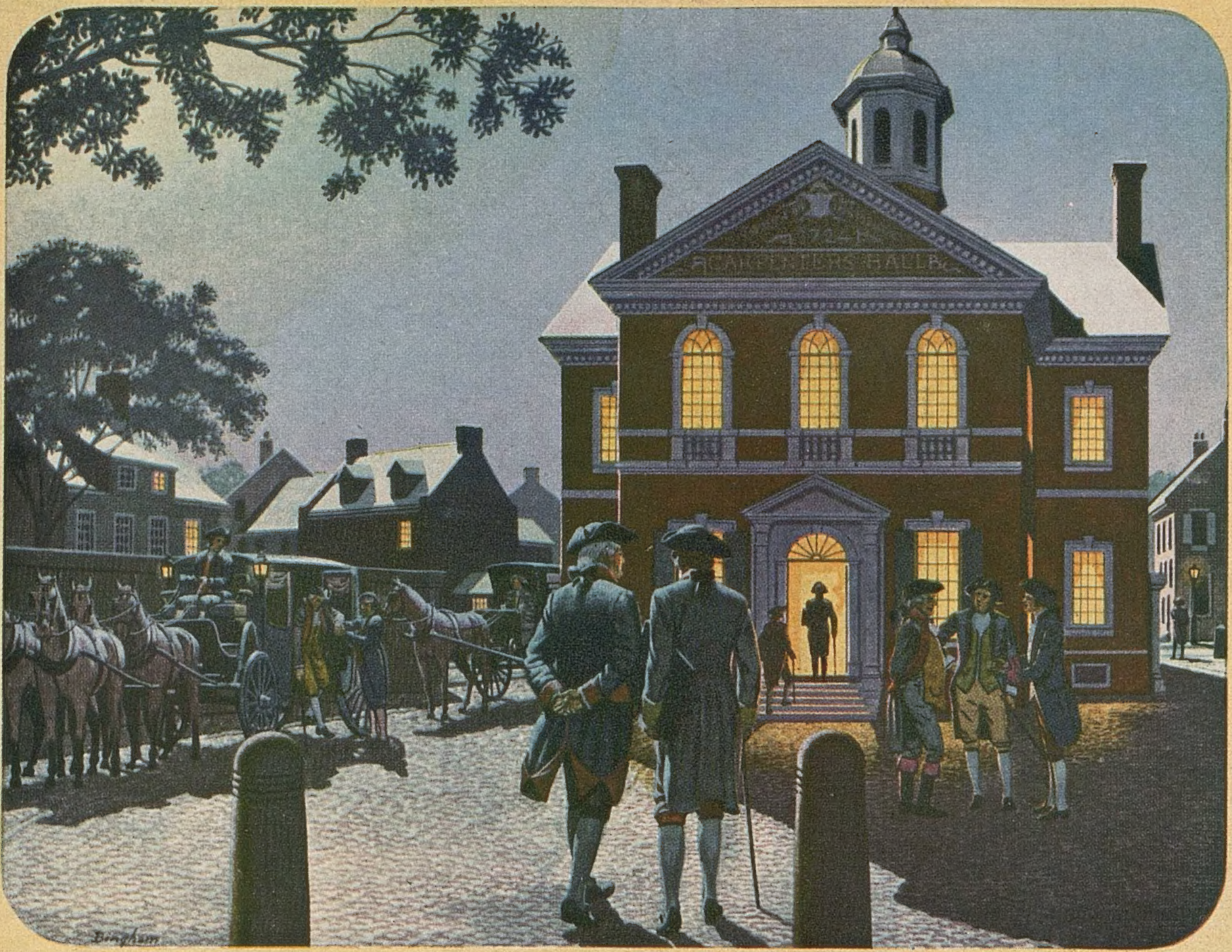
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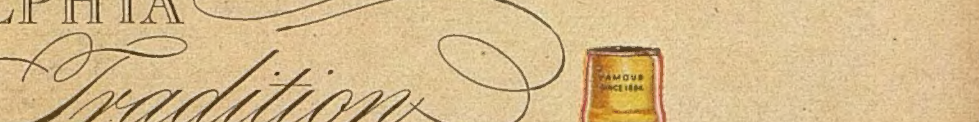
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